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# Chetham Society:

ESTABLISHED M.DCCC.XLIII., FOR THE PUBLICATION OF  
HISTORICAL AND LITERARY REMAINS  
CONNECTED WITH THE PALATINE COUNTIES OF  
**Lancaster and Chester.**

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REMAINS  
Historical and Literary  
CONNECTED WITH THE PALATINE COUNTIES OF  
Lancaster and Chester.



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THE  
**P**oems  
OF  
JOHN BYROM.

EDITED BY  
ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD,  
LITT.D., HON. LL.D.,  
*Principal of Owens College, Manchester; and*  
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VOL. I.—MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

PART I.

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PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

1894.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE present edition of the *Poems of John Byrom* was undertaken many years ago, at the joint suggestion (if my memory serves me) of the PRESIDENT of the Society, who will I trust long continue to inspire its labours and direct its counsels, and of the late Mr. JOHN EGLINGTON BAILEY, then our Secretary. A long interval ensued, during which my engagements permitted me little beyond a hope that the time might come, sooner or later, for me to redeem my promise. I beg very sincerely to thank the PRESIDENT and my Colleagues on the Council, as well as the Members of the Society at large, for the indulgence extended to me throughout these revolving years. Since I have at last been able to set my hand to the task, Mr. CHRISTIE's considerate and suggestive advice has been wanting to no stage of my progress. The late Mr. BAILEY, as is well known, so long as he was able to work at all, worked for others rather than for himself; and I am happy to think that not a few of his notes enhance whatever value may attach to my own. For a revision of (virtually) the whole of my proofs I am indebted to my old friend Professor T. N. TOLLER; he has, I trust, corrected (to use the late Master of Trinity's

famous phrase) most of my grosser blunders; but I flatter myself that the labour bestowed by him upon these pages has been a labour of something besides the file. The obligations—too varied and numerous to mention here—conferred upon me in connexion with this edition by other Members of the Society and by outside friends and correspondents, I have, so far as I am aware, acknowledged *ambulando* in the course of the following volumes. Should any service obligingly rendered to this book remain without notice in it, I hope that I may be forgiven a quite unintentional gracelessness.

The two earlier editions of Byrom's Poems, dated 1773 and 1814, are cited as A and B respectively in the present edition. The first and the second edition were alike posthumous; nor is there any reason for supposing that the arrangement of the poems which is substantially common to both was in any sense due to their author. But it was manifestly dictated by a loving perception of what he would have approved, had he ever thought—which to be sure was never the case—of collecting his verse, or of publishing it when collected. I have accordingly maintained the general division of the following poems into two main groups—miscellaneous and sacred,—only here and there transferring a previously published piece from the one class to the other. And, while endeavouring in the main to order the succession of the several poems in each volume so far as possible in their chronological sequence, I have, where all clue to this was wanting, and where identity or close cognateness



of theme seemed imperatively to demand collocation, followed the arrangement preferred by my predecessors.

I have modernised Byrom's spelling only where it seemed to me incorrect, or inconsistent with itself. I have respected the capital letters of the first edition, and of earlier impressions of particular poems, because I am still of opinion that capitals meant a good deal in the eighteenth century.

It is proposed to print, as an Appendix to Vol. II., Part II. of the present edition, a transcript of Byrom's Common-place Book, including his Journal and Letters for the years 1730-1, which has been recently made for this Society, with the kind consent of the Feoffees of the Hospital, from the *MS.* now in the Chetham Library. Of this *MS.* I hope in an Introductory Note to the Appendix in question to give some account. I only wish that it had been possible to recover, for concomitant publication, the collection, chiefly in copies, of twenty-one letters written by Byrom from Trinity College in the years 1718 and 1719, which, according to the late Mr. BAILEY, in his Report presented to the Chetham Society on April 30th, 1866, were at that date in his possession.

It forms no part of the purpose of these few introductory pages to abstract either from the *Poems* to which they are prefixed or from the ample biographical materials already in the hands of the members of the Chetham

Society, a character of John Byrom,—one of the best known, as he is assuredly one of the most memorable, of older Manchester worthies. Such a task may possibly await some better qualified writer of the future, to whose lot it may fall to revise for the benefit of a later generation, a book which, if more widely known, would rank among the popular works of English biographical literature,—the late Canon PARKINSON'S edition of Byrom's *Private Journal and Literary Remains*. Speaking for myself at least, having of late years become thoroughly familiar with these volumes, I have learnt to love them for their own sake and for that of their perfectly natural and accordingly always delightful style, and likewise for the sake of their author, as true a gentleman as ever loved learned leisure while working for his daily bread. Familiarity, says a rather musty proverb, breeds contempt; but experience shows that, on the other hand, ignorance is at times apt to breed familiarity. Of Byrom's literary qualities as a writer of verse I shall have occasion to speak immediately at some little length; while of the merits of his system of shorthand, whether as compared with other methods that competed with it, or with those by which it has been superseded, I must leave the tachygraphers upon whom his mantle has descended to pronounce an opinion. But I feel sure that a change would come over the condescendingly contemptuous tone frequently adopted towards Byrom by critics whose acquaintance with him is manifestly slight (it was only the other day that



I found him described in a sympathetic article on William Law in a well-known London weekly journal as "that odd fellow, Dr. John Byrom of Manchester"), would their engagements but permit them to become really acquainted with him through his *Remains*. For they would find in him, among other rare and exquisite qualities, a high moral conscientiousness and a profound tenderness of heart, which when blended together suffice of themselves to lift a man above the multitude;—and Byrom was so conscientious, that an unkind word into which he had been betrayed by haste burnt itself into his mind, while his heart went out towards the helpless and the unfortunate with the tenderness of Oliver Goldsmith himself. And again, the most fastidious of his censors might go far before they would meet with another mind so singularly free as was Byrom's from the slightest taint of vulgarity. Whether or not his physical sensitiveness to what was gross or coarse should count for something in this innate refinement, it is certain that many of his intellectual and moral aversions—such as, *imprimis*, his repugnance to the contemporary stage, of which his poems contain abundant illustrations both grave and gay,—were in a large measure due to no other cause. Lastly, unless I mistake, these worthy gentlemen would not fail to perceive in Byrom a kind of piety which is something more than a religious tone of mind, and which is not to be regarded as merely the natural concomitant of excellent qualities shared by Byrom with many good men and women of his own and other ages.

For, besides being a tender husband and parent, a faithful friend and a loyal partisan both in fair weather and in foul, he had a reverence for higher things to which—so far as it is possible to judge—he was through life not even momentarily untrue, and which stamps his character (I will not scruple to use the word) with something of the nature of holiness. Neither his love of disputation, which the course of his academical training and the singularly contentious habits of his age combined to encourage, nor his eager temper, nor his love of good fellowship and his lively sense of humour, could hurry him into even a passing oblivion of the reverential awe which controlled his being. Yet, although this consciousness was, as it were, never absent from him, nothing could conceivably have been simpler than his bearing through life. “True religion, Ralph,” he writes to one of his most intimate friends,<sup>1</sup> in a letter printed for the first time in this edition, “is the plainest thing in the world. It is not a word but a thing; not a matter of dispute, but of practice.”

I cannot, as I have said, in due conformity with the plan of the present edition, pause to dwell upon those personal qualities in John Byrom which (as it seems to me) would of themselves distinguish him sufficiently among his contemporaries, even had he never written a

<sup>1</sup> Ralph Leycester, the “Sir Peter” of his *Poems*. See *Chetham Library MS.* (Appendix to vol. ii. of this edition of the *Poems*).



verse or connected his reputation with that of writers more celebrated than himself. But I have not thought it superfluous to avow both my conviction that the qualities in question were among the moral characteristics of John Byrom, and my belief that they would render his journals and letters worthy of attentive study, even if his verse had deserved the most rigorous of the cavils to which it has been exposed, or although we were to judge his "incontinency" on religious subjects, of which so much of this verse treats, as severely as it was judged by Law on an occasion when Byrom, perhaps, talked "without his book."<sup>1</sup> The immediate subject of this *Introduction* is, however, Byrom's verse alone; and I propose, so far as the space at my disposal admits, to examine its literary qualities, although I am well aware how futile it is, in judging either of religious or of other poetry, to attempt to dissociate from these qualities the intellectual and moral characteristics of its author.

In the present edition, as in its predecessors of 1773 and 1814, the old-fashioned plan has been pursued of dividing Byrom's poems, according to their subjects, into a "secular" and a "religious" volume. Very reasonable objections might no doubt be taken to this method of division; and they will, I do not doubt, readily present themselves to the minds of my readers. On the other hand there are assuredly poets—Herrick occurs to one as a sufficiently striking example; in the case of Donne

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Remains*, ii. 271.

plain-sailing may perhaps not be quite so easy—in whose works such a division not only naturally suggests itself, but is hardly to be avoided without very obvious peril. Now, Byrom, I am ready to allow, is not one of these; for although in the facetious verse thrown off by him in his early London days, or, for that matter, in the *Pastoral* which may be said to have formed the basis of his poetical reputation, it is difficult to divine Law's "laureate"<sup>1</sup> of a later period, yet, so far as purity of tone or sentiment is concerned, there was nothing that in his honoured old age he need have desired to blot from the most vivacious or facetious productions of his salad days. But, more especially since, in accordance with the main object of the present edition, as put forth by a Society devoted to the preservation and elucidation of historical as well as literary antiquities, the whole of Byrom's extant verse, whether or not published, or intended for publication, by himself, has been here reproduced, a grave injustice would have been done to the conduct of his life as well as to the spirit of his writings by refusing to maintain in substance, though not invariably in detail, the broad division adopted in the earlier editions. For my part, I venture to think, albeit aware of examples to the contrary, that editors should show some feeling for their authors. What would Byrom have thought of the juxtaposition of *Tunbridgiale* (I forbear from more

<sup>1</sup> Law to Byrom, March 26th, 1757: "My dear Laureate, whom I love and esteem with all the truth of Christian fellowship," &c. (*Remains*, ii. 588.)



striking contrasts) and one of the Paraphrases of the *Psalms* which he was composing in the same period of his career? This, however, by no means implies that, from all points of view under which it can be legitimately considered in common, Byrom's verse should not be judged in its entirety; though of course the purely occasional or *extempore* sort of pieces, the stray leaves of note-book, ought in common fairness to be left out of account in any critical estimate, as they would have properly been excluded from any edition not mainly antiquarian in its plan. For, in truth, when I think of Byrom's Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred, as a whole, I can recall very few English writers that have committed to paper an equal amount of verse, who might, if the expression be allowed, so freely challenge a general criticism on their poetical compositions. For motives of which he made no secret, and which, with his usual ingenuousness, he readily avowed, he had accustomed himself to turn the most heterogeneous kinds of materials into rimed verse that never sought to disguise the family likeness between the several specimens issuing from the common mint. The *arundines* of Cam and Thames—and Irwell—readily whispered back the music breathed into them by this genial votary of their Naiads. This gift of riming which was his—Mr. Leslie Stephen<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (2nd ed.), ii. 393. Nothing, I must take this opportunity of saying, could be kindlier in tone than the notice with which Mr. Stephen has honoured Byrom in vol. viii. of the *Dictionary of National Biography* (1886).

calls it "a morbid faculty of riming," but no matter!—was incontestably open to abuse ; and Byrom now and then indulged it in moments of desipience, even when engaged on compositions which will be found in my second volume. It was also liable to the censure which such misuse provokes, and to the ridicule attending upon its unrestrained exercise. By all his critics, in their divers ways, his possession of this gift, and the drawbacks accompanying it, have been alike recognised—by none in terms at once more reasonable and more polite than by the *Monthly Reviewer* of the first collected edition of the *Poems* :

"It will be natural," the *Reviewer* wrote, "for our Readers to expect much excellent poetry from the Author of the celebrated song in the *Spectator* ; but making poetry the vehicle of his sentiments on almost every subject, familiar or abstracted, he threw them off in the form of verse, seemingly without regard to what the verse itself might be. It is generally, however, as good as could reasonably be expected, considering the subjects he frequently set the Muses to work upon. He made them, what surely they have been seldom made before, casuists, antiquarians and, in pity of them be it spoken, polemical divines. However, a reason is assigned for it in the preface, and we are satisfied."<sup>1</sup>

In an earlier tribute, published at Manchester in the year after Byrom's death by a friendly writer, he is not

<sup>1</sup> See the *Monthly Review*, vol. xlix. pp. 241, *seqq.* (October, 1773). The *Reviewer* remembered Pope's :

"In Quibbles Angel and Archangel join,  
And God the Father turns a School-divine."



infelicitously described as having been in the habit of

“So wisely temp’ring profit and delight,  
He scarce took aim, yet seldom miss’d the white.”<sup>1</sup>

More prosaically, it was said of him by his friend and correspondent, the learned antiquarian Dr. Samuel Pegge, when discussing the question of the identity of St. George, on which Byrom had formerly hazarded one of the most audacious of his paradoxes in verse,<sup>2</sup> that “amongst his other qualifications, he had a particular knack at versification, and has accordingly delivered his sentiments on this subject, as well as on all others, in a metrical garb; for, I presume, we can scarce call it a poetical one.”<sup>3</sup>

What, in sum, shall be said of this *facility*—occasionally I fear beyond dispute a fatal facility—which friend and foe of Byrom’s manner as a writer of verse must agree in allowing to have been one of its most distinctive characteristics? It is, to begin with, correctly described as an inborn instinct; and this circumstance itself deserves to be reckoned with in any attempt at analysing the idiosyncrasy of a literary genius certainly not deficient in the force which flows from originality.

<sup>1</sup> See the lines *To the Memory of the late ingenious Dr. Byrom*, cited from Whitworth’s *Polite Miscellany*, Manchester, 1764, in *Remains*, ii. 652. Candour obliges me to relegate to the twilight of a note the further compliment in this memorial poem, asserting that Byrom

“Too many lines, without remorse, destroy’d  
Which, save himself, pleas’d every judge beside.”

<sup>2</sup> See the lines *On the Patron of England*, *infra*, vol. i. part ii.

<sup>3</sup> *Observations on the History of St. George*, in *Archæologia*, vol. v. p. 13 (1779).

We all remember Pope's assertion, to which, as on this occasion he avoided mentioning a date, no exception can well be taken, that he "lisp'd in numbers." Byrom was by nature less audacious ; so that he may easily be allowed credit for accuracy, when he tells us that in his "younger" days the rimed couplet, which lorded it over the contemporary Parnassus, completely mastered his own youthful efforts in literary composition :

" Me, Numbers flowing to a measur'd Time,  
Me, sweetest Grace of *English* Verse, the Rime,  
Choice Epithet, and smooth descriptive Line,  
Conspiring all to finish one Design,  
Smit with delight, full negligent of Prose,  
And, thro' mere liking, tempted to compose,—  
To rate, according to my Schoolboy Schemes,  
Ten lines in verse worth half a hundred Themes."<sup>1</sup>

Yet it should not be overlooked in this connexion that Byrom's style as a prose-writer was an admirable example of an admirable species. His, to all intents and purposes acknowledged, contributions to *The Spectator* (which I have thought it worth while to reprint in this volume) were published during his college days, previously to the "Colin and Phœbe" *Pastoral*; but when at a later date he printed a set piece of prose composition in the shape of the *Letter* prefixed to the Poetical Essay *On Enthusiasm*, his pedestrian style proved to have lost nothing of its simplicity and force. Indeed, holding as I do the theory that there is no man of two styles any more than there

<sup>1</sup> See *An Epistle to a Friend on the Art of English Poetry*, ll. 17-24, *infra*, vol. i. part ii.



exists a man of two characters, I am inclined to think that the excellence of our author's literary manner as a diarist and a correspondent is attributable to the same union of perfect naturalness with instinctive self-restraint, which in prose as in verse had come to be to him a sort of second nature.

But of facility there are different kinds, as well as different degrees. Frequently, we may conclude, Byrom permitted his pen to take things easily, and this, even when it might be occupied with themes of greater importance than the annual gift of a hare from the Squire of Toft. This license he may be supposed to have accorded on the general principle

"That if Verses were willing, one might as well write 'em."<sup>1</sup>

But he repeatedly gave expression to a conviction, which was no doubt as serious as it was sincere, that no method of *preserving*—or, to use a longer word, crystal-lising—a thought or an argument commended itself to his mind equally with that of reproducing them in one of his favourite kinds of verse. "Labours of this kind," he writes apologetically to Law, who had reason enough to think anything but meanly of them, "afford the most agreeable occupation to me."<sup>2</sup> But it was not in his lighter hours alone that he was apt to resort to them, or merely when in that mood for desultory trifling from which elegant or fashionable rimesters of his own or later

<sup>1</sup> To R. L., Esq., on receiving another Hare, l. 10; *infra*, p. 249.

<sup>2</sup> Byrom to Law, October 10th, 1751 (*Remains*, ii. 518).

generations have drawn their chief inspiration, like the waggoner who whistled "for want of thought." "I perceive," he writes late in his life,<sup>1</sup> "by a blotted paper that I had put some of the thoughts" [in Howe's *Meditations*] "into rimes as custom is now and then when I steal a little prose for my own memory, or that of an acquaintance or two who can retain a meditation better in that shape, such as these for instance." And, with a winning amiability, he, in accounting for this tendency, even ventures far enough in self-depreciation to make us at last understand how, in an age of letters more conscious of its own dignity, he should have come to be called "an odd fellow :"

"Since diff'rent ways of telling may excite  
In diff'rent Minds Attention to what's right,  
And Men (I measure by Myself) sometimes.  
Averse to Reas'ning, may be taught by Rimes."<sup>2</sup>

I will immediately consider the question whether Byrom's method was specially appropriate to the didactic species of poetry in which he essayed his most elaborate efforts ; at present I am rather concerned with his quite extraordinary love of versification at large, and with the facility which it bred in him when employing the poetic form of speech.

Of course I may be met at once by the weighty objection, which I must, however, beg to be excused on

<sup>1</sup> Byrom to Bishop Hildesley, October 8th, 1757 (*ib.*, 597).

<sup>2</sup> *Epistle to a Gentleman of the Temple*, ll. 425-8 ; *infra*, vol. ii.



the present occasion from discussing, that Byrom was fundamentally wrong in his conception of the purpose of the poetic art. An illustrious modern critic of our literature, the late M. TAINE, has demonstrated the full significance of the theory, such as it is, that poetry is prose "to advantage dressed."<sup>1</sup> This theory, which was put into practice throughout the age of Pope, and which Wordsworth is supposed to have definitively overthrown, may perhaps not be so altogether barren as it seems to be at first sight; but its insufficiency may be taken for granted. Byrom never made a pretence of writing verse with any purpose beyond that of heightening, broadening, or otherwise (to use a modern phrase) accentuating effects which he might have conveyed in prose, or which the prose of other writers had already sought to convey. As a matter of course, this does not preclude his having been possessed of poetic gifts of other kinds. And, in point of fact, the *Pastoral* to which, during his lifetime at all events, he chiefly owed his wider celebrity as a poet, displayed a promising spontaneity of lyric utterance — however trivial might be the particular kind of sentiment conveyed in the lilting lines of this singularly successful piece. Nor was this promise to remain unfulfilled; for, apart from a few lyrical efforts of merit scattered

<sup>1</sup> " Buffon finit par dire, pour louer des vers, qu' ils sont beaux comme de la belle prose. En effet, la poésie devient à ce moment une prose plus étudiée que l'on soumet à la rime. Elle n'est qu' une sorte de conversation supérieure et de discours plus choisi. (Taine, *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise* (2nd edn., 1866), iv. 203.)

through his secular verse,<sup>1</sup> he vindicated to himself a distinguished place among our writers of hymns, and of psalmodic poetry, both adapted and original. The qualitative wealth of English hymnology is not so excessive that we can afford to neglect among the contributors to it the author of a carol so sweet and quaint as *Christians, awake*, which will live as long as Christmas is kept in England, and of a series of versions or adaptations of the *Psalms* among which the *Divine Pastoral* is, as it seems to me, an example, almost perfect in its kind, of fluid directness.<sup>2</sup> Byrom belongs to the small band of writers who redeem our English hymnology of the eighteenth century from the uninteresting sameness which (to speak distinctly) characterised its main course. These writers differed largely from one another in manner and in substance; but most of them drew their inspiration from channels of thought and sentiment which, to the ordinary literary public at least, were unfamiliar, distasteful, or obscure.<sup>3</sup> Perhaps, now that the materials for a history of our English hymnology have at last been compiled

<sup>1</sup> I direct particular attention to the really excellent *Song* ("Why, prithee, now, what does it signify, &c."), *infra*, p. 115.

<sup>2</sup> "The Lord is my Shepherd, my Guardian and Guide,  
Whatsoever I want, He will kindly provide," &c.

— See vol. ii., *infra*.

<sup>3</sup> See C. J. Abbey, *The English Church and its Bishops, 1700-1800* (1887), ii. 201, *seqq.*; and cf. his essay on the subject in the first edition (but omitted from the second) of Abbey and Overton's *English Church in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. (chap. v.).



and digested by competent scholarship,<sup>1</sup> such a history will before long take its proper place in surveys of our poetic literature.

Byrom, as some of the shorter pieces in the first volume of this edition will, I think, suffice to prove, was not devoid of a distinct gift for narrative poetry, especially in short "moralised" tales, fashioned—*mutatis mutandis*—on models of the kind in which such writers as Prior and Parnell excelled;<sup>2</sup> and the vivacity of some of his *Dialogues*<sup>3</sup> suggests the possibility that he might, under different literary as well as social conditions, have been attracted to dramatic composition; from which, as it was, he averted his eyes, except on the unique occasion when he helped to caricature one of its most eccentric species.<sup>4</sup> The balance of such an estimate as this would hardly be disturbed by the large quantity of his occasional—largely humorous—verse; because even of those (chiefly early) pieces of this kind which were not only made public by him but achieved a legitimate success after their kind, it may, I think, be safely asserted that the merits are due, partly to a geniality of disposition,

<sup>1</sup> I refer to the *Dictionary of English Hymnology*, &c., edited by Mr. John Julian, 1892; a work of which I have made frequent use in the notes to vol. ii. of the present edition of Byrom's *Poems*.

<sup>2</sup> *The Nimmers — The Beau and the Bedlamite — Moses's Vision*, &c. I refer entirely to manner, not to matter.

<sup>3</sup> See especially the excellent Derby *Dialogue between a Gentlewoman and her Maid*.

<sup>4</sup> See the *Epilogue to HURLOTHRUMBO*, and, perhaps, the text of that "Opera" itself.

which cannot be regarded as more than a subsidiary poetic quality, and partly to an attractiveness of outward form, which is more or less common to all Byrom's elaborated productions in verse.

Our author's "note," or (to use a more pedestrian phrase) his "speciality," as a writer of verse lay in his power of paraphrasing in verse prose writings, which, excellent in themselves from the point of view of style, gained rather than lost by his metrical rendering. Doubtless, he had exercised his powers in this direction upon lyrical portions or passages of Holy Writ,—thus submitting himself to the severest test which he could have undergone. For, in comparison with the endless series of tentative endeavours, how very remarkably few "versions" (ancient or modern) of the *Psalms* or of cognate portions of Scripture, have survived,—or at least have deserved to survive! From the considerable number of paraphrases of Scripture contained in Byrom's Library<sup>1</sup> it may be conjectured that he had sedulously endeavoured to select the best models of this kind of literature. Not that his lyric vein, even when thus fed and stimulated, was in any sense opulent in its flow. His habits of mind, half contemplative, half argumentative, naturally reflected themselves in the qualities of his favourite species of literary production; and Warburton hit the nail on the head, when he averred of Byrom's two masterpieces in

<sup>1</sup> See *Catalogue of Byrom's Library* (1848, privately printed), p. 140 *et al.*



this form of composition,<sup>1</sup> that, "were it not for some unaccountable negligence in his verse and language," they "would show us that he has hit upon the right style for familiar didactic epistles in verse." A Warburtonian sting is traceable in this felicitous compliment; for "familiarity" and "negligence" are near neighbours, and Byrom's foible in literature as well as in life was—if I may so describe it—a love of his dressing-gown rather late in the morning and rather early at night. But his almost invariable good taste, good feeling and good sense made him an incomparable versifier of prose which in almost any hands but his own must have suffered from any translation of the kind, and which, indeed, even in his hands could not but undergo something of impoverishment in the process. But this impoverishment, unlike the attenuation to which Bolingbroke was deliberately subjected by Pope, was chiefly in the way of omission.<sup>2</sup> If his versions of portions of Law's later treatises are conscientiously compared with those treatises themselves, it will, I think, be generally found that the interpreter has not passed beyond the outer courts of the sanctuary, to the *arcana* of which he has, for reasons best known to himself, declined to introduce the uninitiated. This remark in some measure applies also to Byrom's treatment of the writings

<sup>1</sup> *The Epistle to a Gentleman of the Temple*, and *Enthusiasm* (see vol. ii. *infra*). Cf. *Remains*, ii. 522.

<sup>2</sup> I should like thus to modify Mr. Leslie Stephen's statement (*History of English Thought*, &c., ii. 394), that "Byrom was perfectly serious in versifying Law's sentiments with a closer fidelity than Pope exerted in turning Bolingbroke's philosophising into poetry."

of "Jacob Behmen" himself, although his acquaintance with these was necessarily less complete and thorough, notwithstanding that he had learnt German on purpose to understand them. But the prose "master" whose spiritual influence Byrom sought to enhance and intensify by means of his verse was, above all others, William Law. I do not know whether many readers of the present day (and they must be students as well as readers to care for such things) will be found prepared fully to appreciate Byrom's literary identification of himself with Law's teaching. Law, it is needless to say, was not and could not be "popular" in any age, and least of all in the age in which his lot was cast. Through life, almost, he could have told his disciples on the fingers of his two hands; and although both authority and liberty in religious matters in turn found in him a most forcible defender, he was as a theologian far too unfettered and unbiassed a thinker to be accepted on either side as an acknowledged auxiliary. When as a writer he had arrived at the height of his power, the mysticism to which his religious opinions were ultimately subdued, isolated him from all but the few disciples whom he had irresistibly attracted to his side; and it may be doubted whether, notwithstanding recent indications to the contrary, masterpieces such as the *Spirit of Prayer* and the *Spirit of Love* will ever command the sympathy of numerous readers. While his intense moral force, together with his singularly concrete humour, which agreed excellently with the literary taste of his age, had commended his *Christian Perfection*, and



far more emphatically his *Serious Call*, to a wide area of readers, his finest writings, in which his peculiar system of doctrine is, with much reiteration, expounded, were left by his contemporaries, and will probably continue to be left by future generations, to unfold their high literary qualities only to devoted, or at least to protracted, study.

Among these qualities the most notable were, perhaps, an argumentative power unsurpassed at all events in the cardinal quality of internal as well as external self-consistency, and an imaginative sublimity of conception which may be compared to Milton's, all the more so that it specially addressed itself to subjects which engaged the maturest labours of Milton's genius. But these are qualities whose presence is but rarely brought home (as it was in Milton's case) to a large public; and it was to such a public that, speaking comparatively, Byrom sought, if not to bring home, at least in some measure to introduce, the later writings of Law. The high-mindedness of this endeavour in itself reflects no mean credit upon the single-minded enthusiasm of Law's disinterested "laureate"; and if the execution was not always adequate to the design, may not the translators of great writers be allowed occasionally to nod, when not less is condoned in their originals? Byrom's paraphrases of Law are now and then wanting in strength; on the other hand, Law's prose itself is at times wanting in "distinction." Moreover, in justice to our poet, his plea that want of time prevented him from giving some of his

paraphrases the proper finish should at least be recorded.<sup>1</sup> The reader of the present edition will be interested in comparing with the religious verse of Byrom which was immediately inspired by Law, a series of pieces suggested by the productions of other religious writers, who at a rather earlier period of his life were specially admired and revered by our author. For his nature was beyond all doubt, as Law told him, more "easily wrought upon" than "the harder strings" of Law's own; Byrom resembled, as he himself confessed, "an instrument that was pinned too soft, and wanted to be better quilled."<sup>2</sup> Among the writers in question, Antoinette Bourignon, "*bewundert viel und viel gescholten*," excited in him a sympathy from which he was only gradually weaned by becoming accustomed to the stronger food with which he was fed by the great English mystic of his own day; but most of his versions from, or tributes to, her works, were of the nature of unrevised jottings; and I own to a qualm of conscience for having printed them in this edition by the side of more finished compositions on cognate subjects. But in the case of a writer with whom, as with Byrom, publication was rarely more than an accident,<sup>3</sup> while hardly anything that he wrote was altogether without the impress

<sup>1</sup> See his letter to Law in *Remains*, ii. 518.

<sup>2</sup> *Ib.* ii. 275.

<sup>3</sup> So much may be gathered from the fact that only a few of his numerous poems were published by his own authority, and still fewer, if any at all, with his name during his life. As to his carelessness concerning the preservation of his poetical pieces, copies of which he



of his personality, these indiscretions may, I trust, find pardon.

Byrom's taste in poetry was under the control of tendencies and convictions which were far from being of their essence literary or æsthetic, and on which it seems unnecessary, after what has been hinted, further to enlarge. They were, however, engrafted upon a classical training, of which the scholarly influences are (happily or otherwise) apt to prove ineradicable, even in a writer who professed himself comparatively ignorant of the masterpieces of ancient pagan literature, and who scouted the notion that the classics, and more especially those of the lighter poetic kind, form the appropriate staple of the intellectual training of a Christian gentleman. Thus, though he was fain to treat Horace *de haut en bas*, he was to some extent influenced by the study which in his youth he had devoted to the pleasantest of all the classics,<sup>1</sup> and which after his College days he carried on as a critic belonging to Bentley's school, though by no means partaking of Bentley's power. He exhibits little interest in the poetic literature of modern foreign peoples, except in the case of hymns or other religious verse of a more or less mystical type. On the other hand, he was, in common with the literary age to which he belonged,

seems by no means always to have kept, see the interesting letters of Dr. Vernon in *Remains*, ii. 612-3 and 615. Cf. an early utterance of Byrom's on the printing of his occasional effusions (1724), *ib.*, i. 70.

<sup>1</sup> "In ancient classics tho' but little read,

I know and care as little what they said."

—*The Art of English Poetry*, ll. 40-1.

surprisingly unfamiliar with our English poetry of the Jacobean and Caroline periods, with the Donnes and Crashaws and Herberts and Vaughans, to whom it might have been thought likely that he would be attracted by something of an elective affinity. He was, however, a reader of Spenser, who, in some sense, was the poetic ancestor of these *epigoni*;<sup>1</sup> and he spurned with indignant contempt a notorious attempt to cast discredit upon the genius of Milton.<sup>2</sup> His love of quaint humour—and odd rimes—could not but give him a relish for *Hudibras* (to the elucidation of which a near kinsman of his<sup>3</sup> was a notable contributor); although, as it chanced, Butler's satire was largely directed against those eccentricities of belief with which, or with the like of which, Byrom openly or latently sympathised.<sup>4</sup> But, after all, the Augustan age, in which he lived, must claim him as one of its literary children.

True, he had no blind admiration for Pope himself, though in his younger days he had been naturally eager to make the acquaintance of so prodigiously successful a writer.<sup>5</sup> But in his didactic verse, as in a less marked degree, in the rest of his poetry, Byrom modelled his diction and versification more or less consciously upon

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Remains*, i. 86.      <sup>2</sup> See the lines on *Lauder v. Milton*, *infra*, p. 178.

<sup>3</sup> Christopher Byrom. See Grey's *Hudibras*.

<sup>4</sup> "He Anthroposophus, and Floud,  
And Jacob Behmen understood."

— *Hudibras*, Part i., Canto i.

<sup>5</sup> See *Remains*, i. 167. As to his critical attitude towards the *Essay on Man* and the *Imitation of Horace*, cf. *ib.*, ii. 55 and 137.



Pope and the school of Pope; and indeed it would have been difficult for him to do otherwise. For the drier and more pompous poetic fashions which set in towards the close of his life he felt little liking; he had formerly declared Glover's *Leonidas* "stuff;"<sup>1</sup> while the lyrics of Akenside and William Whitehead were effectively satirised by him as alike pretentious in form and empty of matter.<sup>2</sup> To his contempt for mere prettiness like that of the English "Aristippus" it is hardly necessary to refer.<sup>3</sup> Byrom's "art of poetry," like Pope's, amounts in truth to what he states to be his *vademecum* on the pilgrimage to Parnassus, viz., a determination to keep

"Good verse in prospect, and good sense for guide."<sup>4</sup>

It was in no other way than this that both the chief of the Augustans and the genial *dilettante* who followed in their wake sought to make "the sound an echo to the sense."

And this brings me in conclusion to a few remarks on the versification of a writer who, it will hardly be gainsaid, is to be reckoned among those gifted with "the nicer taste of liquid verse."<sup>5</sup> Byrom was, in the first instance, a staunch and consistent upholder of rime,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *ib.*, ii. 149.

<sup>2</sup> See *below*, Part II., the verses on the patriotic lyrics of these two worthies.

<sup>3</sup> See *below*, Part II.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. *An Epistle to a Friend on the Art of English Poetry*, Part i., l. 202, *infra*, Part II.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. the conclusion of the lines on *Horace*, *Bk. iv. Ode iii.*, *vv.* 13-15; *infra*, Part II.

which he felicitously called "the sweetest grace of English verse,"<sup>1</sup> and on behalf of which he gallantly broke more than one lance, as against the claims of its persistent rival. There is no proof, so far as I am aware, that he wrote more than one copy of blank-verse in his life.<sup>2</sup> It would of course be easy to argue hence that rime was with him the rudder of verses; but of this I see little evidence either in his graver or in his lighter productions. In the latter he was, to be sure, much addicted to odd rimes, which occasionally, but not invariably, are Hudibrastically surprising;<sup>3</sup> but it must be allowed that these rimes generally come in "pat," instead of being, after the fashion of second-rate artists, dragged in by the hair of their heads. In his serious verse, more especially in the best of his paraphrases, Byrom's rimes, as it were, drop from his quill with delightful facility, and add most distinctly to the music of his verse.<sup>4</sup>

Neither Byrom nor any other competent authority ever

<sup>1</sup> See especially *The Contest* with Roger Comberbach; also, *Thoughts on Rime and Blank Verse*, *infra*, Part II.

<sup>2</sup> A paraphrase of the verses concerning the resurrection of the body in *I. Corinthians*, chap. xv.; see *Remains*, i. 98. It is not extant.

<sup>3</sup> Vicious — Acrisius; faith is't — Ath'ist; metropolis — populous; Theseus — facetious; pulpit — gulp it, &c., &c.

<sup>4</sup> See, for instance, *A Divine Pastoral*, and *A Thanksgiving-Hymn* (vol. ii.). To quote particular instances would be to ignore the heightening of effect which is produced by their succession to one another; but I confess to being as it were carried away by the combination of rime and metre in such a couplet as this:

"By His wonderful Works we see plainly enough  
That the Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."



regarded rime, or the equivalents of rime, as more than an adjunct to metre. Byrom's metrical genius was beyond all dispute remarkable; and sheer ignorance alone could suppose this gift to stand on the same level as his facility in riming. The only question is whether his altogether exceptional readiness and skill in metrification were generally under the control of a taste at once sound and refined. I say "generally;" for no poet, small or great, should be judged by inelegant any more than by elegant extracts; false concords may be found here and there in Lord Byron, and Shakspeare gives his name to a whole Grammar of exceptions. Byrom's treatment of the heroic couplet—his metre-in-ordinary, as it was that of his age at large—was in my opinion, as a rule, vigorous, varied, and effective. His didactic verse lacks the continuous glitter which dazzles us in the best Augustan silver; but it will serve. That occasionally he could catch the essence of (may I call it?) the Twickenham manner—and even at times of an earlier manner which the master himself never quite mastered,—might, I think, be exemplified to the satisfaction of any candid critic.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I can only append in a brief foot-note one or two instances, varied as widely as is possible:

*Epping Forest:*

"A dreary landscape, bushy and forlorn,  
Where Rogues start up like mushrooms in a morn."

*Collins and Middleton:*

"Collins himself th'absurdity forbore;  
That height was left for Middleton to soar."



On the other hand, it is not to be denied that there is some speciousness in the censures which Byrom has incurred from critics obsolete and recent, by his fondness for a different kind of verse, which he undoubtedly employed for a curious variety of themes. It is nothing but a variety of that kind of measure which Mr. Gosse calls "the cantering metre," and of which he has traced the genesis with a learning and acumen familiar to all students of our later English literature.<sup>1</sup> The particular variety of verse much affected by Byrom, and used by him both in the *Pastoral* which established his literary reputation in a large circle of friends, and in his subsequent *Divine Pastoral* and other paraphrases or

*Contentment :*

"The more we gather, still the more it thrives,  
Fresh as our hopes, and lasting as our lives."

*Adam and the Trinity :*

"Partner of their communicated breath,  
A living soul, unsubjected to death."

The following two couplets are more like Dryden, who would not have disdained to own the Alexandrine in the second :

*A Second-hand Author :*

"He moulds a matter that he once was taught  
In various shapes, and thinks it to be thought."

*The Blessings of a Sober Life :*

"Sweet health, to pass the present moments o'er,  
And everlasting joy, when time shall be no more."

<sup>1</sup> See *From Shakespeare to Pope* (1885), pp. 188-190. Cf. the very interesting and generous, though necessarily brief, notice of Byrom in Mr. Gosse's *History of Eighteenth Century Literature* (1889), pp. 214-5.



versions of sacred psalmody, is amusingly called by one of his censors "the *Haunch of Venison Metre*."<sup>1</sup> But this allusion to Goldsmith's lines, written several years after Byrom's death and about seventy after the publication of his *Pastoral*, which directly suggested to him the use of the same measure in sacred verse, is not very damaging to the earlier writer. The *Divine Pastoral* obviously announced itself as an experiment in form; and, to my mind, this experiment proved successful both in this poem and in nearly all of those which followed in the same measure from the same hand. I am of course prepared to admit that not every metre can be married to every theme; and that a rhythm may suit Prior's and Tom Moore's *Chloës* and *Houris* which is less appropriate to Beattie's *Hermit*;<sup>2</sup> but I venture, with all deference, to point out that the expression of religious feelings is entitled to be not less varied, whether in poetry or in music, than those feelings are themselves, and that a "voluntary" may be played with effect on the organ as well as a "fantasia" on the violin.

Few poets—or, since I claim for Byrom not more than he would have claimed for himself, few writers of pleasing verse,—have ever achieved success without having been distinguished by a manner of their own; and any such manner is apt to be accompanied by its characteristic

<sup>1</sup> See Overton, *William Law* (1881), a biography largely cited in vol. ii. of the present edition of Byrom's *Poems*.

<sup>2</sup> "And darkness and doubt are now flying away,  
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn," &c.

excesses and defects. In the case of Byrom, who was by nature inclined in all things to moderation and self-control, these mannerisms are very slight and pardonable of their kind. He was fond of a certain oddity of accentuation, largely provoked by his favourite anapæstic metre;<sup>1</sup> while it was probably the exigencies of rapid versification which led him to indulge in what cannot but be termed awkward inversions of construction.<sup>2</sup> Other peculiarities of a similar kind might very possibly be noted; but I am not of opinion that these faults of verse or style, taken altogether, seriously impair the effect of his material writing.

That effect, viewed as a whole, is, in my judgment, principally due to the sweetness, simplicity, and purity of its author's nature, nor can it be said to be materially affected by anything that was peculiar in his subjects or in the tastes and tendencies which had led to their selection. Without vanity, or even volatility, his "honest muse"<sup>3</sup> ranged from the topics which interested or amused himself and a kindly circle of like-minded friends in their hours of work or play, to themes which may be

<sup>1</sup> *Amphithéâtre*; *énthusiásm*; *ástonishíngly*; *únmercifúllly*; *goddésses*; *incórruptible*, &c., &c.

<sup>2</sup> "The willing to be saved;" "The parched with thirst;" &c., &c.; together with probably intentional effects like the following:

"And of all Worship, that deserves a Name,  
The Word of Life by faith to apprehend  
That was in the beginning,—is the end."

<sup>3</sup> See *Dulces ante omnia Musæ*, l. 2, *infra*, p. 163.



said to have verily absorbed his innermost spiritual life.  
He held that to an English poet

“All within bound of innocence is free;”<sup>1</sup>

nor, I imagine, will those of his readers who agree with me that his verse merits preservation both for its own sake and because it completes our intimacy with its author, be of opinion that this particular poet used his freedom of choice and of treatment otherwise than worthily.

<sup>1</sup> See *An Epistle to a Friend on the Art of English Poetry*, l. 309, *infra*, Part II.

A. W. WARD.

MANCHESTER,

OCTOBER, 1893.





# The Poems of John Byrom.

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## A PASTORAL.

[These stanzas made their first appearance on Wednesday, October 6th, 1714, in No. 603, vol. viii., of *The Spectator*, where they were introduced under the heading :

“*Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.*

VIRG. *Ecl.* viii. ver. 68.

— Restore, my charms,

My ling’ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

DRYDEN.

The following copy of verses comes from one of my correspondents, and has something in it so original, that I do not much doubt but it will divert my readers.”

In the edition of Byrom’s Poems of 1773 (A) these stanzas are headed “A Pastoral, written by the Author, when a Student at Trinity College, Cambridge, and first printed in the 8th Vol. of the Spectator.” In the edition of 1814 (B) the title is “Colin and Phebe, a Pastoral, &c.”

The earliest of Byrom’s compositions in verse is at the same time—with the solitary exception, perhaps, of his *Christmas Hymn*—that which has achieved the widest and the most enduring popularity. This result manifestly is due neither to any strength of pathos or of humour, nor to any exceptional beauties of imagery, but in the first instance to a captivating success in the management of a metre which when thoroughly well handled is irresistible. After being more or less tentatively essayed by some of our later seventeenth century poets, this “cantering measure,” as it has been happily called, celebrated a series of facile but secure triumphs in Prior and Tom Moore (see Gosse, *From Shakespeare to*

*Pope* (1885), pp. 188-190). Nor can the dactyls even of Prior's masterpiece in this kind, the immortal stanzas to Cloë, be said to trip along more lightly than does the greater part of Byrom's *Pastoral*. In addition, the latter must be allowed an attractiveness proper to things which are both quaint and pretty. Like nine-tenths of modern verse of its species, it is artificial, but far too fresh and playful to seem in the least degree affected; and it is altogether free from the banality which, in the very year of the publication of Byrom's poem, Gay burlesqued in *The Shepherd's Week*.

From the first no doubt remained as to the success of these stanzas. Byrom himself, who at no time thought otherwise than very modestly of his own verses, shortly after writing this particular piece, informed his friend John Stansfield, that he had by him "a good pastoral song," and that Pharum the London bookseller might have it if he would (*Remains*, i. 25). *Mr. Spectator*, however, having been at once struck by the originality of the verses, anticipated the trade. Nearly eleven years after the publication of the *Pastoral*, Byrom was gratified by an enquiry addressed to him in a London coffee-house, as to his being its author (*ib.*, 159; cf. 173); and a few years later still (1729), he notes a more extraordinary proof of the esteem in which the book was held: that Mr. Mills (otherwise unknown) observed, without much sense of propriety, that "when he read it, he kissed the book" (*ib.*, 370). So thoroughly did Byrom continue to be identified with his juvenile literary success, that as late as 1753, in the course of his controversy with Roger Comberbach on the comparative merits of rime and blank-verse, his accomplished and amiable antagonist addressed him in a blank-verse eclogue as "My Colin," and thus, in the words of a contemporary critic (which almost imply that some doubts as to the authorship had hitherto existed in literary circles) "ascribed to him that celebrated pastoral, *My time, O ye Muses*." (See *Monthly Review*, vol. xiii. (1755), p. 99; for the eclogue see *Remains*, ii. 555-7.) Ten years after Byrom's death, the *Pastoral* is cited in the *Monthly Review* (*l.c.*) as its author's masterpiece. "As long," says the reviewer, "as love and gallantry shall animate this island, so long shall the author of *Colin and Phœbe* be remembered with delight."

Although Canon Parkinson thought this poem, as consisting of ten stanzas of eight lines each, a formidable undertaking for a vocalist, it



appears to have been repeatedly set to music. In 1731 Byrom was told that "one Gardiner in Wine Court in Fleet Street, an engraver, sung it the best (better than Leveridge)" (*ib.*, 448). The bracket is significant; for Richard Leveridge, who, after singing on the stage, about the year 1726 opened a coffee-house in Tavistock Street, Covent-Garden, was, according to Sir John Hawkins, by reason of his fine voice, "a welcome visitor at all clubs and assemblies where the avowed purpose of meeting was an oblivion of care," and published a collection of songs in two pocket volumes. With the aid of the contributions of his admirers he survived to the age of 88 years, dying in 1758; it is *tali auxilio* that songs are apt to live. (See Baker's *Biographia Dramatica* (1812), i. 452.)

The popularity of these stanzas was further proved after a fashion which is dying out only at the present day. In 1730 Byrom mentions that at Trinity Hall Dr. Nichols gave him a copy of Knatchbull's translation of "My time, O ye Muses," beginning "*Tempora, Pierides*" (*Remains*, i. 407, 410). Another translator of the piece was Gilbert Walmsley, Registrar of the Prerogative Court of Lichfield (d. 1751), whose patronage of Samuel Johnson in his boyhood was rewarded by a memorable panegyric inserted in the *Lives of the Poets*. In a note to his *Life of Johnson* Boswell mentions that Walmsley was the author of many translations in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and that one of them is a translation of *My Time, O ye Muses*. (See Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell's *Life*, i. 81. The translation will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xv. pp. 102-103, side by side with the original, but it will hardly repay the search.)

The *Pastoral* is generally supposed to have been written by Byrom in token of his admiration for Joanna ("Jug"), the second daughter of the great Dr. Bentley; nor is this tradition altogether contradicted by Byrom's statement that on his visit to Cambridge shortly after his marriage in 1721, he and his wife were invited to the Master's Lodge by "Jug," who asked him "if my wife be not Miss Phebe, and I tell her yes" (*Remains*, i. 43). This is not the occasion for dwelling on Byrom's pious admiration for "our Dr. Bentley," "the great Dr. Bentley" (*ib.*, i. 25, 87, &c.); among whose adversaries his brother-fellow Colbatch in vain sought to enrol him (*ib.*, 345 *seqq.*); whom he chivalrously defended in debate (*ib.*, 360); and whose example as a critic of classical texts he followed afar off, but without faltering. His

admiration for the Master's favourite daughter was in itself inevitable. Joanna Bentley, so-named after her mother Joanna, daughter of Sir John Bernard, Bart., of Brampton, Hunts., was in 1728 married to Denison Cumberland, of course also a Trinity man, son of Richard Cumberland, Archdeacon of Northampton, and grandson of Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough. But before that event (sarcastically referred to by one of Byrom's correspondents in *Remains*, i. 318) had taken place, she had enchained a considerable proportion of the Society subject to her father's rule. Her son ("the Terence of England") in his *Memoirs* (4to, 1806, pp. 18-19), while paying an obviously truthful tribute to her intellectual gifts, describes her social powers as "brilliant, but not uniform"; at times she could tantalise the company by her taciturnity, and again "lead off in her best manner, when perhaps none were present who could taste the spirit and amenity of her humour." Such young ladies are made to break the hearts of fellows of Colleges and others; and "Jug," as she was called till the time of her marriage, was able to register divers conquests. One of these was Henry Wickham, a fellow of Trinity, and afterwards rector of Guiseley (see *Remains*, i. 183 note). Mason, also a fellow of the College, was, in his younger days, another. Her charms converted him from being a supporter of Colbatch into one of the Master's most devoted adherents; so as to bring upon him the savage ridicule of yet another of "Juggy's" admirers, Edward Prior, a scholar of Trinity (see his satirical lines, which contain a whole Iliad of woe derived from the same source, in Nichol's *Literary Anecdotes*, i. 224 *seqq.*; and cf. Monk's *Life of Bentley*, 4to, 1830, p. 544). As for Byrom himself, he was far from making a secret of what he calls his "courtship" of "Jug" (see *Remains*, i. 113, where in April, 1725, he records himself to have sat up with her brothers till past one o'clock night, talking on the subject with her brother Tom and others). It should, however, be noted, that when the *Pastoral* made its appearance the original of Phebe—assuming this to have been "Jug"—was only eleven years old. If this fact be remembered, Bentley's biographer seems justified in hinting that little force is left in the observation of some sagacious critics, that Byrom's *Pastoral* "does not breathe the full spirit of tenderness and passion. One doubts whether Colin was ever really in love with his Phebe; another has discovered, from private information, that Byrom was not sincere in his attempt upon the heart of Miss Joanna, but being



candidate for a fellowship" — which he actually was in the latter part of 1714 — "took that method of ingratiating himself with her father" (*Monk*, u.s., 423). The critics who thus over-reached themselves, succeeded only in betraying their want of insight into the real character of this charming piece.]

## I.

MY Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,  
 When *Phebe* went with me wherever I went;  
 Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my Breast:  
 Sure never fond Shepherd like *Colin* was blest!  
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,  
 What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find!  
 When Things were as fine as could possibly be,  
 I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

## II.

With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep,  
 To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep: 10  
 I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,  
 My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day.  
 But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,  
 So strangely uneasy, as never was known.  
 My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,  
 And my Heart, — I am sure it weighs more than a Pound.

11 So good-humour'd made me. — B.

16 Om. it. — B.

1. *My Time, O ye Muses.* These were the lines (see above) parodied with exquisite refinement in Anstey's *Bath Guide* (Letter iv.) as follows:

"Dear mother, my time has been wretchedly spent,

With a gripe or a hiccup wherever I went;  
 My stomach all swell'd, till I thought it would burst;

Sure never poor mortal with wind was so cursed."

It was no doubt a peculiar kind of distinction to be travestied together with Milton and Pope by a hand imitated in its turn by that of the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*.

2. *Phebe.* The name was unquestionably chosen by Byrom in honour of his favourite youngest sister, of whose abilities he had a high opinion (cf. *Remains*, i. 287), and whom he makes his interlocutrix in the *Dialogue on Contentment* (*vide infra*).

## III.

The Fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,  
 And dance to soft murmurs the Pebbles among,  
 Thou know'st little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* was there,  
 'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Music to hear. 20  
 But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,  
 And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide :  
 "Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain ?  
 Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain."

## IV.

My Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,  
 And *Phebe* and I were as joyful as they,  
 How pleasant their Sporting, how happy their Time,  
 When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime !  
 But now, in their Frolics when by me they pass,  
 I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grass ; 30  
 "Be still, then," I cry, "for it makes me quite mad  
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad."

## V.

My dog I was ever well pleasèd to see  
 Come wagging his Tail to my Fair one and me ;  
 And *Phebe* was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,  
 "Come hither, poor Fellow," and patted his Head.  
 But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look  
 Cry "Sirrah," and give him a blow with my Crook ;

25 When my lambkins.—*Spec.* ; when round me my lambkins.—B.

26 And when Phebe.—*Spec.* 27 The time.—B. 35 Phebe likewise was.—B.

38. Cry "*Sirrah*" and give him a blow. berry in calling upon Don John's follower  
 Whether the etymology of the word Conrade for his name addresses him as  
 "sirrah" be English or Irish, it retains "sirrah," that worthy sensitively retorts :  
 the contemptuous flavour which belonged "I am a gentleman, sir."  
 to it in Elizabethan usage. When Dog-



And I'll give him another ; for why should not *Tray*  
Be as dull as his Master, when *Phebe's* away ?

40

## VI.

When walking with *Phebe*, what sights have I seen !  
How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the Green !  
What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,  
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry Thing made !  
But now she has left me, tho' all are still there,  
They none of them now so delightful appear :  
'Twas naught but the Magic, I find, of her Eyes  
Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

## VII.

Sweet Music went with us both all the Wood thro',  
The Lark, Linnet, Thristle, and Nightingale too ;  
Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did Bleat,  
And "chirp" went the Grasshopper under our Feet.  
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,  
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone :  
Her Voice in the Consort, as now I have found,  
Gave ev'ry Thing else its agreeable Sound.

50

## VIII.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue ?  
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue ?

42 Fair were the flowers.—B.

45-6

Me, they all are in tears ;

Not one of them half so delightful appears.—B.

48 Which made all these beautiful.—B.

53 Now, since she.—B.

39. *Tray*. Possibly Campbell may have remembered this passage when he immortalised the Irish harper's "poor dog Tray" in much the same metre as Byrom's. In Gilbert Walmsley's Latin version "Tray appears as "Hylax."

55. *Consort*. I have retained a misspelling too common in both the Elizabethan and the Augustan age to need special illustration.



Does aught of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile ?  
 That Meadow, those Daisies, why do they not smile ? 60  
 Ah, Rivals ! I see what it was that you drest  
 And made your selves fine for,—a Place in her Breast :  
 You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,  
 To be pluckt by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

## IX.

How slowly Time creeps, till my *Phebe* return,  
 While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool Breezes I burn ;  
 Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,  
 I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the Lead.  
 Fly swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,  
 And rest so much longer for't when she is here. 70  
 Ah, *Colin* ! old Time is full of delay,  
 Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou can'st say.

## X.

Will no pitying Pow'r that hears me complain,  
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?  
 To be cur'd, thou must, *Colin*, thy passion remove ;  
 But what swain is so silly to live without love ?  
 No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,  
 For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn.  
 Ah, what shall I do ? I shall die with despair ;  
 Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye part with your Fair ! 80

63 To please her fine eye [!].—B.

68 Wings, it would.—B.

70 And for it rest longer when she shall be here.—B.

71 Is too full.—B.

68. *His Wings*, the leaden wings of see for instance the figure of Time in  
 Father Time. This is a happy variation Quarles' *Emblems*, book i. emblem ix.  
 of the ordinary fancy that "Time flies ;"



## HOW TO MOVE THE WORLD.

[A certain biographical interest attaches to Byrom's free version of Archimedes' immortal maxim,  $\Delta\delta\varsigma\ \tau\omicron\upsilon\ \sigma\tau\tilde{\omega}\ \kappa\alpha\iota\ \chi\alpha\rho\iota\sigma\tau\acute{\iota}\omega\nu\iota\ \tau\acute{\alpha}\nu\ \gamma\tilde{\alpha}\nu\ \kappa\iota\eta\theta\omega\ \pi\acute{\alpha}\sigma\alpha\nu$ , handed down to us on the authority of John Tzetzes, and thus translated by Donaldson: "Give me a *locus standi*, and I will move the whole world with my still-yard" (K. O. MÜLLER'S *History of the Literature of Ancient Greece*, continued by J. W. DONALDSON, 1858, ii. 502). Professor John Nichol in his fine play of *Hannibal* (1873) introduces Archimedes in his Tower at Syracuse, looking at his figures:

"The tangent here, the radius, and the sine.  
Give me a base and I will move the world.  
Have I not proved it so? The mind commands."

Byrom's version occurs in a letter to his friend John Stansfield and others at home (*Remains*, i. 32-4), signed John Edwards, but supposed to have been written by Byrom when on his way to Montpelier, where he spent several months in 1717 and the earlier part of 1718, attending medical classes. There is every reason to suppose that his journey had a political object. The Chevalier was at that time at Avignon, and we have it on the authority of Byrom's own statement to Law in 1739, that he saw the Pretender there, kissed hands "and parted" (*ib.*, ii. 259). As Byrom was one of those who thought it possible to take the abjuration oath, although his political opinions were consistently Jacobite, the guarded and rather mysterious language of his letter to Stansfield, dated "Deal, Sunday night," and written before starting for Ostend, makes it probable that he was entrusted with some secret mission. He was therefore probably thinking quite as much of himself as of his friend, when he wrote: "Sir, you must be all caution and no fear, and you'll find true what our old friend Archimedes said some while ago."]

IF a man do but keep himself sober and stout,  
The world as he'd have it must needs turn about.

## TUNBRIDGIALE,

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF TUNBRIDGE, IN A LETTER TO A  
FRIEND AT LONDON.

[This poem was in all probability written by Byrom soon after his visit, in congenial company, to Tunbridge Wells, in August, 1723, commemorated by him in his Journal, and in a letter to his wife (see *Remains*, i. 54-5). On April 22, 1725 (see *ib.*, 122) he notes that he was informed by his friend Whitworth, how "the Duchess of Grafton had my Tunbridge verses and my Psalm, and liked them very well" (the Duchess was a subscriber to Byrom's *Shorthand*, "because," again according to Whitworth, "she liked Mr. Byrom's character, not that she had any curiosity for shorthand" (see *ib.*, 104). The verses were published in London in 1726 under the title of "TUNBRIDGIALE, a POEM, *being a DESCRIPTION of TUNBRIDGE, in a Letter to a Friend at London.* By the AUTHOR of *My Time, O ye Muses*, &c. SPECTATOR, vol. viii." In the edition of 1773 the chief title of the poem was dropped; it is here restored in accordance with the evident design of the author (see l. 90). On the other hand, the person to whom the stanzas were addressed is in the edition of 1773 designated as "P. M., Esq." If this is correct, the person addressed was probably Byrom's friend and correspondent, Peter Mainwaring, M.D., of Manchester, as to whom see Canon Parkinson's note to *Remains*, i. 318. I should, however, rather incline to think that the verses were addressed to "Sir Peter" (Ralph Leycester, as to whom *vide infra*), who was in London at the time (*Remains*, i. 55). There are few other differences between the 1726 and 1773 texts. I have retained the characteristic italics of the earlier version.

Byrom's description of Tunbridge Wells refers to a period considerably later than that sketched in Macaulay's third chapter, where will be found other references as to the history of the place. His verses also suggest that the tone of society at the Wells had grown more refined, since in the year 1712 Mrs Matilda Mohair complained to Mr. Spectator of the "freedoms" of the young women there, and was in return accused by some of them of various deformities and crimes (see *The Spectator*, Nos. 482 and 496). Nearly contemporary with Byrom's lines is Arbuthnot's letter to Mrs. Howard (afterwards Countess of Suffolk) of July 6, 1731: ". . . There are at present very few folks at



Tunbridge merely for their diversion. The company consists chiefly of *bon-vivants* with decayed stomachs, green-sickness virgins, unfruitful wives. The way your humble servant was used was comical enough. The medicines I prescribed, when they had done good, were prescribed by the patient to others, and so on, till at last the apothecary made gallons of bitters which they took by drams at the shop, and half-pecks of pills which they carried home in boxes. They filled my belly with good dinners at noon, and emptied my pockets at night with quadrille." (Arbuthnot's *Life and Works*, edited by G. A. Aitken, 1892, pp. 134-5.)]

## I.

DEAR *Peter*, whose Friendship I value much more,  
 Than Bards their own Verses, or Misers their Store :  
 Your Books, and your Bus'ness, and ev'ry thing else  
 Lay aside for a while, and come down to the *Wells* !  
 The Country so pleasant, the Weather so fine,  
 A World of fair Ladies, and delicate Wine !  
 The Proposal, I fancy, you'll hardly reject :  
 Then hear, if you come, what you are to expect.

## II.

Some sev'n or eight Mile off, to give you the Meeting,  
 Barbers, Dippers, and so forth, we send to you greeting. 10

8 What you first may expect.—B.

9 Off, we send to you greeting.—B.

10 Forth, to give you the meeting.—B.

10. *Dippers*. According to the *Concise Guide to Tunbridge Wells* (2nd ed., *n.d.*), p. 12, the [chalybeate] spring of Tunbridge Wells was made open and free to the public under an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of George II. "Dippers are appointed by the lord of the manor to hand the water in glasses to the drinkers and furnish them with sage-leaves to rub their teeth." The *Guide* subjoins the following extract from the pen of "an eminent Surgeon of the town," Mr. C. Tristram: "The spring scorns all adventitious aids. Some years

ago, the liberal-minded owner of the manor laid out a large sum in building and fitting up a suitable pump-room and two large baths ; but, as the spring was a public one, the old dispensers of the water (who were called "dippers") could not be dispossessed. War to the knife began between them and the more juvenile ones inside, the outsiders representing to the drinkers that the water had lost half its virtue in passing through pipes and pumps . . . and as they had some truth on their side, they very soon gained the day ; the

Soon as they set Eyes on you, off flies the Hat :  
 "Does your *Honour* want this? does your *Honour* want that?"  
 That being a Stranger, by this Apparatus  
 You may see our good Manners, before you come at us.  
 Now this, please your *Honour*, is what we call *Tooting*,  
 A Trick in your Custom to get the first Footing.

11 As soon as they spy you each pulls off his.—B.

13 Thus being.—B.

15-16 Now this in your custom's to get the first footing,

A trick, please your honour, which here we call "Tooting."—B.

pump-room was turned into a shop, and the baths were forgotten."

In *A Philosophical and Medicinal Essay of the Waters of Tunbridge*, written to a Person of Honour, by Pat. Madan, M.D., and printed at London for the Author in 1687 (see *Harleian Miscellany*, ed. Park, 1808, i. 585 *seqq.*), the reader is advised, after a course of Epsom or North-Hall waters, to "drink of Tunbridge, walking gently to the fountain-head . . . Here are women, whom they call *Dippers*, ready to fill you glasses of water."

"*Confestim advolitat, quæ pocula porrigat ultro.*

*Plena perennis aquæ, quam fons sine munere donat . . .*"

A later passage in this treatise seems worth quoting for its general value: "Many soon after drinking of these waters died, and others by the use of them received no benefit . . . I confess one may die soon after taking waters; and so he may die after taking anything else. Not that the waters, duly prescribed, are the occasion of death, but through irregularity, disorder or neglect of something that was to be done in order to the taking of them, death may ensue" . . .

15. *What we call TOOTING.* The edition of 1814 annotates "Tooting" as "a provincial word which signifies *prying, watching narrowly*;" and this is no doubt correct. In *The Shepherd's Calender* (March), a charming lyrical fancy to which Goethe's equally delightful *Wer kauft Liebesgötter?* bears an undesigned resemblance, the shepherd Thomalin describes himself as having spent a holiday "for birds in bushes *tooting*," *i.e.*, spying, looking out. For other passages see Nares, *s.v.* The origin of the word is the A.S. *totian*, to stand or glance forth; the special significance attaching to the modern *tout* was easily added.

Tooting in Surrey must have derived its name from this word, and not *vice versa*, as seems to have been supposed by Mr. Peter Cunningham. See his excellent *Story of Nell Gwyn* (1852) pp. 49-50: "The waters [of Epsom] were considered efficacious, and the citizens east of Temple Bar were supposed to receive as much benefit from their use, as the courtiers west of the Bar were presumed to receive from the waters of Tunbridge Wells. The alderman or his deputy, on their way to this somewhat inaccessible suburb of the reign of Charles II., were met at Tooting



## III.

Conducted by these civil Gen'men to Town,  
 You put up your Horse, for Rime's sake, at the *Crown*.  
 My Landlord bids welcome, and gives you his Word  
 For the best Entertainment the House can afford ; 20  
 You taste which is better, his White, or his Red,  
 Bespeak a good Supper, good Room, and good Bed ;  
 In short,—just as Travellers do when they 'light ; —  
 So, to fill up the Stanza, I wish you Goodnight.

## IV.

But then the next Morning, when *Phæbus* appears,  
 And with his bright Beams our glad Hemisphere cheers,  
 You rise, dress, get shav'd, and away to the *Walks*,  
 The Pride of the Place, of which ev'ry one talks.

18 at—for rhyme's sake, the.—B. 25 But when ruddy Phœbus next morning.—B.  
 27 Shav'd,—then.—B.

by lodging-house keepers, tradesmen, and quack doctors, with so many clamorous importunities for patronage, that the very expressive English word *louting* derives its origin from the village where this plying for trade was carried to so importunate an extent."

Readers of *The Virginians* will remember the "mistake which Harry Warrington made at some few miles' distance from Tunbridge Wells, where two horsemen stopped them, whom Harry was for charging, pistol in hand, supposing them to be highwaymen. Colonel Wolfe, laughing, bade Mr. Warrington reserve his fire, for these folks were only inn-keepers' agents, and not robbers (except in their calling)."

At a later date it seems to have been customary to drink the waters at Tooting

itself; see Pope's *Imitation of the Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, 110-3: "Alas! to Grottos and to Groves we run, To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son: Blackmore himself, for any grand effort, Would drink and dose at Tooting or Earl's Court."

18. *For Rime's sake, at the CROWN*. No such hostelry is mentioned in Byrom's *Remains*, or in the modern guide-book.

27. *Away to the WALKS*. "We walked upon the walks; a great deal of company there." Byrom's *Remains*, i. 55 (August 2, 1723). According to *The Concise Guide*, these "Walks," by which appellation "the Parade" was first known, date from the year 1638, when they were "a green bank with a double row of trees on its borders to shelter the company from the

There, I would suppose you a-drinking the *Waters*,  
 Didn't I know that you come not for any such Matters ; 30  
 But to see the fine Ladies in their *Déshabille*,  
 A Dress that's sometimes the most studied to kill.

## V.

The Ladies you see, aye, and Ladies as fair,  
 As charming, and bright as you'll see anywhere :  
 You eye and examine the beautiful Throng,  
 As o'er the clean Walks they pass lovely along ;  
 And if any, by Chance, looks a little Demurer,  
 You fancy, like ev'ry young Fop, you could cure her ;  
 Till from some pretty Nymph a deep Wound you receive,  
 And your self want the Cure, which you thought you could give. 40

## VI.

Not so wounded, howe'er, as to make you forget,  
 That your *Honour* this Morn has not breakfasted yet.

29 I'd imagine you there to be drinking.—B.

30 Knew I not that you come not for such little.—B.

32 Which dress is sometimes.—B.

33 See ; they are.—B.

34 Bright as are seen.—B.

37 Should any one look a.—B.

sun." Some years afterwards a part of this bank was built upon, and in 1688, a year in which her absences from watering-places were rather marked, "the Princess Anne of Denmark visited the Wells, and did so for many years afterwards. She gave a basin to the spring, and in 1698, her son, the young Duke of Gloucester, having fallen in consequence of the slippery nature of the soil, she, on going away, left money to be expended in improving of walks with one of the principal inhabitants of the town, who, not using the money for the purpose for which it was intended, so disgusted Her Royal Highness that she instantly quitted the place. She afterwards took effective measures for having the walks paved, and the walks covered with square tiles (from which the Parade derived the name of Pantiles), which gave place in course of time to Purbeck stone." The *Concise Guide* goes on to quote a description of the company on the Pantiles from "a play published in 1703 ; " far better known is the drawing, with references in Richardson's handwriting, of the personages who were with him at the Wells in 1748.

40. *And your self want the Cure, which you thought you could give.* A happy Ovidian turn.



So to *Morley's* you go, look about, and sit down ;  
Then comes the young Lass for your *Honour's* half-Crown ;  
She brings out the Book, you look wisely upon her :  
"What's the Meaning of this?"—"To Subscribe, please your  
*Honour.*"

So you write, as your Betters have all done before ye ;—  
'Tis a Custom, and so there's an End of the Story.

VII.

And now, all this while, it is forty to one  
But some Friend or other you've happen'd upon : 50  
You all go to Church upon hearing the Bell,—  
Whether out of Devotion, yourselves best can tell ;—  
From thence to the Tavern to toast pretty *Nancy*,  
Th' aforesaid bright Nymph, that had smitten your Fancy :  
Where Wine and good Victuals attend your Commands,  
And Wheatears, far better than *French* Ortolans.

VIII.

Then, after you've din'd, take a View of our Ground,  
And observe the fine Mountains that compass us round ;

48 And here is an.—B. 50 You've stumbled upon.—B.  
58 The grand mountains.

43. To MORLEY'S you go. "Sunday : We breakfasted at Morley's." *Remains*, i. 55.

44. Then comes the young Lass. Her apparition was traditional at the Wells. Cf. Macaulay, *u.s.* : "The wives and daughters of the Kentish farmers came from the neighbouring villages with cream, cherries, wheatears, and quails. To chaffer with them, to flirt with them, to praise their straw hats and tight heels, was a refreshing pastime to voluptuaries sick of the airs of actresses and maids of honour."

56. Wheatears. Cf the last note ; and see *Remains*, *u.s.* : "We had supper at the Glo'ster Tavern, Wheatears, &c."

58. Observe the fine Mountains. See *Remains*, *u.s.* : "Mr. Graham, Brown, D'Auteney, and I walked about the mountains." In the great bragging scene in Greene's *Friar Bacon* and *Friar Bungay*, the statement that Oxford boasts "mountains full of fat and fallow deer" is not so much as cavilled at.

And, if you could walk a Mile after your Eating,  
 There's some comical Rocks, that are worth contemplating : 60  
 You may, if you please, for their oddness and make,  
 Compare 'em —— let's see —— to the *Derbyshire Peak* ;  
 They're one like the other, except that the Wonder  
 Does here lie above Ground, and there it lies under.

## IX.

To the *Walks*, about seven, you trace back your Way,  
 Where the Sun marches off, and the Ladies make Day.  
 What crowding of Charms : Gods,—or rather Goddèsses !  
 What Beauties are here ! What bright looks, airs, and Dresses !  
 In the room of the Waters had *Helicon* sprung,  
 And the Nymphs of the Place by old Poets been sung, 70  
 To invite the Gods hither they would have had Reason,  
 And *Jove* had descended each Night in the *Season*.

## X.

If with Things here below we compare Things on high,  
 The *Walks* are like yonder bright Path in the Sky,

59 After eating.—B.

60 Some comical rocks are.—B.

64 Is seen here above ground, and there is seen under.—B.

67 What Gods ! rather Goddesses.—B.

70 Had the Nymphs,—B.

60. *Some comical Rocks.* The Toad Rock, the Parson's Head, and the Loaf and Lion Rocks on Rusthall Common.

61. *The Derbyshire Peak.* The "coarser name" from which A did not shrink, but for which B substituted the periphrasis reproduced in the text, was that applied to the Peak Cavern at Castleton, Derbyshire, till the early part of the present century. That this name had, in its day, taken literary as well as popular fancy would appear from a passage in Oldham's *Character of an Ugly Old Priest* (1680 c.)

69. *In the room of the waters had HELICON sprung.* The same mistake of confounding the Heliconian range with the Castalian spring is committed by Dryden, *Epistle to John Hoddesdon*, vv. 19-20: "Go on mingling diviner streames with Helicon." See Saintsbury's note *ad loc.*, in his edition of Scott's *Dryden*, vol. xi.

74. *The WALKS are like yonder Path in the Sky.* This almost recalls the audacious inversion by which the author of the *Night Thoughts* (*Night* iii.) apostrophises the moon as "fair P—d" (Portland) "of the



Where heavenly Bodies in such Clusters mingle,  
Tis impossible, Sir, to describe 'em all single :  
But if ever you saw that sweet Creature Miss *K*—*y*,  
If ever you saw her, I say,—let me tell ye,  
Descriptions are needless : for surely to you,  
No Beauty, no Graces, can ever be new.

80

XI.

But when to their Gaming the Ladies withdraw,  
Those Beauties are fled, which when walking you saw ;  
Ungrateful the Scene which you there see display'd,  
Chance murd'ring those Features which *Heaven* had made.  
If the fair Ones their Charms did sufficiently prize,  
Their Elbows they'd spare for the sake of their Eyes ;  
And the Men too,—what Work! its enough, in good faith is't,  
Of the nonsense of *Chance* to convince any Atheist.

XII.

But now 'tis high Time, I presume, to bid *Vale*,  
Lest we tire you too long with our *Tunbridgiale* ;

90

76 As makes it invidious their graces to single.—B.

77 See the charms of her sex unite in Miss.—B.

78 Ever you've seen her, permit me to tell.—B.

79 For, after to.—B.

83 Most ungrateful the scene which there is.—B.

84 Murd'ring the features which.—B.

skies." In the *Last Instructions to a Painter*, Marvell (Grosart, *Works*, i. 310), had addressed Charles II. as :

"You (great Sir) that with him empire share,

Sun of our world, as he the Charles is there."

77. *Miss K—y*. Not, I fear, to be identified.

81. *When to their Gaming the Ladies withdraw*. "Like worldly parents anxious to get rid of a troublesome child, and go out to their evening party, Madame Bernstein and her attendants had put the sun to bed, whilst it was yet light, and had drawn the curtains over it, and were busy about their cards and candles" . . . *The Virginians*, vol. i. chap. xxvii.

Which if the sour *Critics* pretend to unravel,  
Or at these our Verses should stupidly cavil,—  
If this be the Case, tell the *Critics*, I pray,  
That I care not one Farthing for all they can say.  
And so I conclude, with my Service, good *Peter*,  
To yourself and all Friends. Farewell, Muse ; farewell, Metre !

92 Or at these lame verses.—B.

93 If this be our lot, tell those critics.—B.

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## THE ASTROLOGER.

[This lively, if not specially brilliant, effort in a line of satire previously attempted by more than one great wit (*e.g.*, the author of *Nostradamus' Prophecy*), must have been produced about the close of the year 1723, or the early part of 1724. As is well known, Swift's humorous exposure of Partridge, in 1708, had very far from silenced the almanac-makers; and the Stationers' Company, which had a virtual monopoly of this class of publications, continued wholly indifferent to the character of their contents, or rather, went on selling what would sell. The *Penny Cyclopædia*, *s.v.*, *Almanac*, quotes from a contemporary critic the statement, that "the Stationers' Company once tried the experiment of partially reconciling Francis Moore and common-sense, by no greater step than omitting the column of the moon's influence on the parts of the human body, and that most of the copies were returned upon their hands."

In B the title of the piece is "The Astrologer's Address."

These stanzas contain one or two of Byrom's most daring experiments in the way of accentuation; but to me their effect is rather pleasant than otherwise.]

### I.

FELLOW-Citizens all, for whose Safety I peep  
 All Night at the Stars, and all Day go to sleep;  
 Attend, while I shew you the Meaning of Fate  
 In all the strange Sightings we have seen here of late;  
 And thou, O *Astrology*, Goddess divine,  
 Celestial Decipheress, gently incline

6. *Celestial Decipheress*. Astrology is here apostrophised as a celestial decipheress, just as in *A full and true Account of a Robbery in Epping Forest* (*vide infra*), there appears a goddess Shorthand, a personification of Cipheryng. In the *Verses on the Transmigration of Souls* (*infra*), i. 69, l. 79, "decipher" is less properly used in the sense of "cipher" or "typify."

"Deciphering" proper was an accomplishment much in vogue in an age of shorthand and other ciphers. Of Bishop Willis of Bath and Wells (1743-1774), who was famed for his skill in deciphering, Sir Robert Walpole is said to have remarked that he knew so many things, he might count on becoming archbishop. (Abbey, *The English Church and its Bishops*, 1887, ii. 72.)

Thine Ears, and thine Aid, to a Lover of Science,  
That bids to all Learning but thine a Defiance.

## II.

For what Learning else is there half so engaging  
As an Art where the Terms of themselves are presaging ; 10  
Which by muttering o'er, any gentle Mechanic  
May put his whole Neighbourhood into a Panic ;  
Where a Noddle well turn'd for Prediction, and Shoes,  
If it can but remember hard Words, cannot choose,  
From the Prince on his Throne to the Dairy Maid milking,  
But read all their Fortunes in yonder blue Welkin ?

## III.

For the sky is a Book, where, in Letters of Gold,  
Is writ all that Almanacs ever foretold ;  
Which he that can read and interpret also ——  
What is there, which such a one cannot foreshow ? 20  
When a true Son of Art ponders over the Stars,  
They reflect back upon him the Face of Affairs ;  
Of all Things of Moment they give him an Inkling,  
While Empires and Kingdoms depend on their Twinkling.

## IV.

Your Transits, your Comets, Eclipses, Conjunctions,  
Have all, it is certain, their several Functions ;  
And on this Globe of Earth here, both jointly and singly,  
Do influence Matters most astonishingly.

11 By mutt'ring o'er which.—B.

15 On the throne.—B.

17 Which in letters.—B.

18 Shews all things that.—B.

15. *Milking.* This is not an objection- for the old-fashioned pronunciation of the  
able rhyme to welkin, if allowance is made particlular suffix.



But to keep to some Method, on this same Occasion,  
We'll give you a full and true Interpretation  
Of all the Phenomena we have rehearst.  
Of which in their Order : the first, of the first.

30

V.

As for *Mercury's* travelling over the Sun,  
There's Nothing in that, Sirs, when all's said and done ;  
For what will be, will be ; and *Mercury's* Transit,  
I'm pos'tive, will neither retard, nor advance it.  
But when a Conjunction or Comet takes Place,  
Or a total Eclipse, that's a different Case :  
They that laugh at our Art may here see with their Eyes,  
That some Things, at least, may appear from the Skies.

40

VI.

A Conjunction of *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, and *Mars*,  
You may turn, if you please, Gentlemen, to mere Farce :  
But what if it plainly appear, that three Men  
Are foretold by three Planets——what will ye say then ?  
Now, to prove this, I'll only make one small Request,  
That is, that you'll all turn your Faces to th' East ;

42 You, gentlemen, may, if you please, turn to.—B.

33-4. *As for Mercury's travelling over the Sun,* "What doctrine call you this, Che sera, sera :

*There's nothing in that.*

What will be, shall be?"

The transits of Mercury are reckoned to occur about as many as fourteen times in a century.

35. *What will be, will be.* An imperfect translation of the Italian proverb (the motto of the Russell family), "Che sarà, sarà." The proper rendering is "What shall be, will be." See my note to Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* (Clarendon Press edition), scene i. 45-6 :

46. *That you'll all turn your Faces to th' East.* The practice of turning to the East in conjurations was no doubt due partly to the usage of christian ritual, partly to the designation of Lucifer as Prince of the East. In *Doctor Faustus*, scene iii., the hero conjures him as "Orientis princeps Belzebub."

And then you shall see, ere I've done my Epistle,  
If I don't make it out, ay, as clear as a Whistle.

## VII.

In the first Place, old *Saturn*, we very well know,  
Lost his Kingdom and Provinces some while ago ; 50  
Nor was it long after old *Saturn's* Disgrace,  
That *Jupiter* mov'd to step into his Place ;  
And *Mars*, we all know, was a quarrelsome Bully,  
That beat all his Neighbours most unmercifully ;  
And now, who can doubt who these Gentlemen are,  
*Saturn*, *Jupiter*, *Mars*?—*Sophy*, *Sultan*, and *Czar*.

48 Out as clean as.—B.

56. *Sophy*, *Sultan*, and *Czar*. This Acheroof routed them, when within four leagues of that city. allegory is explained as follows by a note on the passage in B :

"This refers to the intestine troubles of Persia. Schah Hassain, King of Persia, was in 1722 deposed by Mahmoud, chief of the Afgans, or Aghuans. Acheroof, or Esreff, succeeded Mahmoud. This usurper endeavoured to seize Prince Tamas, heir-apparent to the Persian throne. For this purpose he invited him to a conference on an extensive plain, where he intended to surround him and his attendants. The Prince was apprised of his designs, in proper time for securing his safety by flight. He applied to the neighbouring sovereigns to restore him to his dominions. They had only remained inactive that they might more readily subdue a nation weakened by civil convulsions. Accordingly, soon afterwards, the Grand Seignior commanded his troops to march against the rebels, for the ostensible purpose of placing Prince Tamas on the throne. They conquered several fine provinces, and menaced Ispahan itself.

Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, also, in 1723, carried his victorious arms beyond the Caspian Sea, and invaded the Persian dominions, certain districts of which were secured to him by the treaty, concluded soon after at Constantinople between him and the Grand Seignior."

A full account of these transactions will be found in Zinkeisen's *Geschichte des Osmanischen Reiches in Europe*, in Heeren and Ukert's collection, vol. v. pp. 591-619. It should be noted that the usurpation of the Persian throne by the Afghan Mir Mahmoud occurred in 1722, the supplantation of the latter by his kinsman and general Eshreff, and the flight of the legitimate heir Tahmasp, in 1723, and Eshreff's defeat of the Turkish invading force on November 20th, 1726. The treaty between Peter the Great and Sultan Ahmed III., which confirmed that concluded between the former and Shah Tahmasp, and amounted to a partition of the Persian



VIII.

But to prove, nearer Home, that the Stars have not trifi'd,  
 Pray have we not lost, cruel Star, *Doctor Byfield*?  
 Alas! Friends at *Richard's*, alas! what a Chasm  
 Will be made in the Annals of Enthusiasm! 60  
 As soon as the Comet appear'd in the Sky,  
 Pray did not the *Doctor* straight fall sick and die?  
 I wonder how Folk could discover a Comet,  
 And yet never draw this plain Consequence from it.

IX.

The death of the *Regent* might show, if it needed,  
 Why they saw it in *France* fo much plainer than we did;  
 And how well it forebodes to our Nobles and Princes,  
 That its Tail was here shorter by several Inches.

62 Straight sicken.—B.

63 Folks.—B.

dominions, was signed at Constantinople on June 24th, 1724, less than eight months before the death of the Czar. "The Sophy" (Shah of Persia), is the title of a well-known play by Sir John Denham.

58. *Doctor Byfield*. According to a note in A, Dr. Byfield was "a Chemist of an *extravagant* Genius, and Inventor of the *Sal volatile oleosum*. The Author had frequent skirmishes of Wit and Humour with him at Richard's coffee-house, and upon his death wrote the following short Epitaph *impromptu* :

'Hic jacet *Dr. Byfield*, diu volatilis, tandem fixus.'

Cf. *Remains*, i. 51 : "Sunday : . . . went to hear the Anabaptists ; talked with Dr. Byfield at Richard's." *Ib.*, 52 (Byrom to his wife, July 25th, 1723) : "I met with my hero Byfield and battled with him for

about an hour on Sunday evening, to the great diversion of Jo. Clowes and a coffee-house full of company."

I have not been able to ascertain the date of Dr. Byfield's death.

60. *Enthusiasm*. The satirical though not unkindly use of this word, as implying eccentricity or extravagance, in the present passage is noticeable. See the prefatory note on the poem *Enthusiasm* in vol. ii., *infra*.

61. *As soon as the Comet appear'd in the Sky*. According to a note in B it was seen in September, 1723.

65. *The Death of the Regent*. Philip II., Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, 1715-1723 (February), and, after the death of Dubois, Prime Minister, died on December 2nd, 1723.

But so near to the *Eagle* this Comet appear'd,  
 That something may happen, it is to be fear'd : 70  
 Great Men have been known by the Arms which they bore,  
 But "*God bless the Emperor,*"——I say no more.

## X.

And now for th' Eclipse, which is such an Appearance  
 As perhaps will not happen this many a Year hence.  
 The King of *France* died, the last total Eclipse,  
 Of a Mortification near one of his Hips ;  
 From whence by our Art may be plainly made out,  
 That some great Man or other must die at this Bout ;  
 But as the Eclipse is not yet, nor that neither,  
 You know 'tis not proper to say more of either. 80

## XI.

Yet two that are false I shall venture to name,  
 Men of Figure and Parts, and of unspotted Fame ;  
 Who, all Parties will own, are and always have been  
 Great Ornaments to the high Station they're in,  
 Admir'd of all Sides ; who will therefore rejoice,  
 When, consulting the Stars, I pronounce it their Voice,  
 That, for all this Eclipse, there shall no Harm befall  
 Those two honest——*Giants, that are in Guildhall.*

79 The eclipse is not yet, a king's death is there.—B.

80 So there's time enough left to predict about.—B. 82 And unspotted in.—B.

69. *The Eagle.* The constellation *Aquila*, "Lewis XIV. died September 14th, in allusion to the Imperial Eagle. As a 1715, five months and four days after a matter of fact, the period of unsettlement total eclipse of the Sun." The actual date in the relations between the Powers began was September the 1st, N.S. Readers of at this time. Michelet are sufficiently aware of the cause

75. *The King of France died, the last of the King's death.*  
*total Eclipse.* A note in B states that 88. *Giants.* Gog and Magog.



XII.

So much for great Men ;——I come now to predict  
What Evils in gen'ral will Europe afflict :  
Now, the Evils that Conjurers tell from the Stars,  
Are Plague, Famine and Pestilence, Bloodshed and Wars,  
Contagious Diseases, great Losses of Goods,  
Great Burnings by Fire, and great Drownings by Floods ;  
Hail, Rain, Frost and Snow, Storms of Lightning and Thunder :  
And if none of these happen,——*'twill be a great Wonder.*

90

## ON THE AUTHOR'S COAT OF ARMS.

[The Byrom Arms are described as follows in *Lanc. MSS.*, vol. xiv. p. 129, cited in *Remains*, i. 65 note: "Argent a chevron ermine between three hedgehogs sable, with a hedgehog for a crest, and used by Mr. Adam Byrom of Salford, who sealed his will in 1557, without the crest." The family of Byrom of Byrom (the parent house, which, as early as the reign of Edward II., had borne the name of "Byrom," a small reputed manor in the township of Lowton in the parish of Winwick), appeared at none of the Lancashire Heraldic Visitations except the last, when "a pedigree of a few descents was recorded, and the ancient arms were allowed." These arms which, with a difference, had been confirmed to the Byroms of Salford by Sir Richard St. George, in 1613, had been used by that branch of the family as early as 1558; so that it is obvious the origin and right of their coat armour was long antecedent to the seventeenth century. The charge of the coat does not identify them with any particular family of distinction, nor indicate their dependence on any feudal house. It is not improbable that the hedgehog was chosen as a heraldic device to imply that the individual bearing it was armed at all points (*armé de toutes pièces*), always on the alert and yet an enemy to no one. (See Canon Raines' Introduction to Notes to the Byrom Pedigrees, printed as an Appendix to vol. ii. of *Remains*, p. 3; and cf. the note of Canon Parkinson, *ib.*, i. 65, who thinks Byrom's poem "On the Author's Coat of Arms," scarcely inferior to Doddridge's celebrated epigram on the same subject.)

On January 30th, 1724, Byrom writes from Gray's Inn to his wife: "How do you like the hedgehog upon my seal? is it not a stout one? I intend to seal my receipts with it from Saturday next, as the judicious have advised me, and I think justly enough." (*Remains*, i. 65.) And on April 23rd, he adds: "My hedgehog is gone to have his legs shortened . . . the motto is '*Frustra per plura*' . . . It is a short-hand motto you must know, being a contraction of this sentence: '*Frustra fit per plura quod fieri potest per minora*;' the meaning of which is that it is in vain to use more means to bring anything about



when fewer will do ; or, the less ado the better ; or any expression of the like nature . . ." (*ib.* ; cf. as to the motto, Ralph Leycester's letter, *ib.*, ii. 514).

I have inserted this poem, the date of which is merely conjectural, after another composed by Byrom in the year in which he wrote the letters to his wife cited above.]

I.

THE *Hedge-hog* for his Arms, I would suppose,  
Some Sire of ours, beloved Kinsfolk, chose,  
With aim to hint Instruction wise and good  
To us Descendants of his *Byrom* Blood :  
I would infer, if you be of his Mind,  
The very Lesson that our Sire design'd.

## II.

He had observ'd that Nature gave a Sense  
To ev'ry Creature of its own Defence,—  
Down from the Lion with his tearing Jaws  
To the poor Cat that scratches with her Paws :                 IO  
All show'd their Force, when put upon the Proof,  
Wherein it lay,—Teeth, Talons, Horn, or Hoof.

### III.

Pleas'd with the Porcupine, whose native Art  
Is said to distance Danger by his Dart,  
To rout his Foes, before they come too near,  
From ev'ry Hurt of close Encounter clear :  
This, had not one Thing bated of its Price,  
Had been our worthy Ancestor's Device.

1, 2. Transposed in B.



## IV.

A Foe to none, but ev'ry Body's Friend,  
 And loth, altho' offended, to offend,— 20  
 He sought to find an Instance, if it could  
 By any Creature's Art be understood,  
 That might betoken Safety when attack'd,  
 Yet where all Hurt should be a Foe's own Act.

## V.

At last the *Hedge-hog* came into his Thought,  
 And gave the perfect Emblem that he sought.  
 This little Creature, all Offence aside,  
 Rolls up itself in its own prickly Hide,  
 When Danger comes; and they that will abuse,  
 Do it themselves, if their own Hurt ensues. 30

## VI.

Methinks, I hear the venerable Sage:  
 "Children! Descendants all thro' ev'ry Age!  
 Learn from the prudent Urchin in your *Arms*,  
 How to secure yourselves from worldly Harms!  
 Give no Offence,—to you if others will,  
 Firmly wrapt up within yourselves, be still.

## VII.

"This Animal is giv'n for outward Sign  
 Of inward, true Security Divine.

30 When their.—B.

38 Sincerity.—(B)l.

33 *The prudent Urchin*. The old use Bobbin's tale of the "Tealier e Crummil's  
 (as in Shakspeare) of "urchin" for "hedge- time" finding "an Urchon ith' Hand-  
 hog" is found in Lancashire. See Tim loomtreean."



Sharp on your Minds let pointed Virtues grow,  
That, without injuring, resist a Foe ;  
Surround with these an honest, harmless Heart,  
And He that dwells in it will take your Part.

40

VIII.

“Whatever Ills your christian Peace molest,  
Turn to the Source of Grace within your Breast ;  
There lies your Safety. O that all my Kin  
May ever seek it, where 'tis found,—*within !*  
That Soul no Ills can ever long annoy,  
Which makes its GOD the Centre of its Joy.”

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## A LETTER TO R. L., ESQ.

[These amusing stanzas were written on February 20th, 1725. See Byrom's *Journal* of that date: "Wrote some verses to Leycester about the Opera." (*Remains*, i. 87). Cf. *ib.*, Monday, 22nd: "Dined with Leycester and Clowes at the Lion in Shear Street"; and *ib.*, Thursday, 25th: "Leycester and Clowes called me up to breakfast here." (*Ib.*) Byrom had previously to this been on one occasion tempted to accompany "R. L." to the opera. See his letter to his wife, March 3rd, 1724: "Dined at Mrs. de Vlieger's on Saturday, whence they all went to the opera of *Julius Cæsar*, and I for one . . . Mr. Leycester sat by me in the front row of the gallery, and we both were there to get good places betimes; it was the first entertainment of this nature I ever saw, and will I hope be the last, for of all the diversions of the town I least of all enter into this." (*Ib.*, 69-70.)

The date of the production of *Rodelinda* was 1725; Cuzzoni left England in 1727, not returning till 1734, and Senesino was likewise away from this country between 1726 and 1730.

The "R. L." to whom both these, together with other sets of verses printed in this volume, were addressed, was Byrom's intimate friend Ralph Leycester, son of George Leycester, whom he succeeded as squire of Toft (near Knutsford) in Cheshire, by his wife Jane, daughter of Oswald Mosley of Ancoats Hall, near Manchester. His sobriquet "Sir Peter" was no doubt attached to him in allusion to Sir Peter Leycester, Bart., of Tabley, of whom he was the great-grandson, and whose *Antiquities of Cheshire* was near this time "bespoken" by Byrom from his bookseller for "about half a guinea" (it is not among his books, which, however, include Sir Peter's replies to Sir Thomas Manwaring, 1674). (See *Remains*, i. 53, note, and cf. *ib.*, 142 and 484, note.)

Ralph Leycester seems not to have returned to town and its pleasures at all events before April, 1731, when Byrom is found writing to him: "I am sometimes asked whether Sir Peter has quite forsaken the town?"



to which I answer by setting forth the embellishment of your country seat, which required your personal presence" (*Remains*, i. 484).

The "Operamania," for his share in which "R. L." is rallied by Byrom without the bitterness that afterwards came to characterise the references of the latter to things theatrical, was at its height in the London world about the time of the composition of these verses. Cuzzoni made her first appearance at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket in 1723, when Handel and Buononcini (see below) were alike in full productivity. She stood at the height of popular favour when, in 1725, Faustina, with whom conjointly she had made a first appearance at Venice in 1719, arrived in London, and the famous Faustina-Cuzzoni disputes began, of which Colley Cibber writes in his *Apology*, that "*Cæsar and Pompey* made not a warmer Division in the *Roman Republic* than those Heroines, their Country women, the *Faustina* and *Cuzzoni*, blew up in our Common-wealth of Academical Music by their implacable Pretensions to Superiority." "Cuzzoni's voice," says Mr. R. W. Lowe in his note to this passage, "was a *soprano*, her rival's a *mezzo-soprano*, and while the latter excelled in brilliant execution, the former was supreme in pathetic expression." Hence the lines in which Namby-Pamby Phillips (cited by Mr. Sutherland Edwards in his *History of the Opera* (1862), i. 154, mourned Cuzzoni's departure, when she had to leave her rival in possession of the field of battle :

"Little Siren of the stage,  
Charmer of an idle age,  
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,  
Wanton gale of fond desire ;  
Bane of every manly art  
Sweet enfeeblers of the heart :  
O, too pleasing is thy strain ;  
Hence to Southern climes again !  
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,  
To this island bid farewell ;  
Leave us as we ought to be,  
Leave the Britons rough and free !"

The Britons, observes Mr. Sutherland Edwards, had shown themselves sufficiently "rough and free" while Cuzzoni was singing to them.]

*If SENESINO do but rift,  
 "O caro, caro!" that flat fifth :  
 I'd hang if e'er an Opera Witling  
 Could tell CUZZONI from a Kitling !*

## I.

DEAR *Peter*, if thou can'st descend  
 From *RODELIND* to hear a Friend,  
 And if those Ravish'd Ears of thine  
 Can quit the shrill celestial Whine  
 Of gentle Eunuchs, and sustain  
 Thy native English without pain,  
 I would, if t'ain't too great a Burden,  
 Thy ravish'd Ears intrude a Word in.

*If Senesino, &c.* The best conjecture I can offer as to the meaning of this quatrain is due to a suggestion made to me by my learned colleague Dr. Hiles. The Cuzzoni-Faustina feud gave rise, as is well known, to a considerable literature of squibs, libellous or other; and it is probably from one of these, written by a partisan of the Faustina, that Byrom cited the lines prefixed to his stanzas. They can mean only that "if Senesino were out of the way, the claims of Cuzzoni in her struggle with her rival Faustina would be soon settled, as no better than nothing." Since Senesino was engaged at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, as were the two ladies, this would signify that, so far as voice was concerned, if he were silenced, nobody could doubt the supremacy of Faustina. Senesino, the second of the "male" sopranists who appeared in England (Nicolini having been the first), was until his return to Italy, in 1726, one of the

principal singers in Handel's operas. See SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, *u.s.*, p. 159. No evidence seems to exist unfavourable to his intonation, and the phrase "that flat fifth" must therefore probably be interpreted proleptically.

"O Caro, caro!" In Book iv. of the *Dunciad* (not published till 1742), vv. 54-5, the "Harlot form" of Italian Opera speaks "in quaint recitativo :"

"O Caro! Caro! silence all that train :  
 Joy to great Chaos ! let Division reign."

*Could tell Cuzzoni from a Kitling.* To Francesca Cuzzoni, who after leaving London returned there in 1734, and again (but this time in decrepitude) in 1750, reference has already been made. She is said to have afterwards maintained herself at Bologna by button-making, and to have died in absolute obscurity. A *Kitling* (the diminutive of a diminutive) is a very small fiddle.

1. *Rodelind.* See Introductory Note.



II.

To *Richara's* and to *Tom's* full oft  
Have I stept forth, O Squire of *Toft*,  
In hopes that I might win, perchance,  
A sight of thy sweet Countenance ;  
Forth have I stept, but still, alas !  
*Richard's*, or *Tom's*, 'twas all a Case :  
Still met I with the same Reply——  
“Saw you *Sir Peter* ?”——“No, not I.”

10

III.

Being at length no longer able  
To bear the dismal Trissyllable,  
Home I retir'd in saunt'ring Wise,  
And inward turning all my Eyes,  
To seek thee in the friendly Breast  
Where thou hast made a kind of Nest,  
The gentle Muse I 'gan invoke,  
And thus the Neck of Silence broke :

20

IV.

“Muse !” quoth I, treading on her Toes,  
“Thou sweet Companion of my Woes,  
That whilom wont to ease my Care,  
And get me now and then — a *Hare* :

9. *Richard's*, or *Dick's*. See the note to the subsequent *Letter to R. L.*

*Tom's*. *Tom's* coffee-house, No. 17, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, was so called after the landlord, Thomas West, who in 1722 threw himself in delirium from one of its windows. Cunningham's *Hand Book to London, Past and Present*.

14. 'Twas all a Case: 'Twas all one. Compare the phrase, which supplied the title for one of Ben Jonson's comedies: “The Case is Altered.”

28. *Get me now and then — a Hare*. See the two sets of verses (*infra*), *To R. L., Esquire, on his sending the Author a Hare, according to an annual Custom*.



Why am I thus depriv'd the Sight  
 Both of the Alderman and Knight? 30  
 Tell me, O tell me, gentle Muse,  
 Where is *Sir Peter*, where is *Clowes*?"

## V.

"Where your Friend *Joseph* is, or goes,"  
 Reply'd *Melpomene*, "Lord knows;  
 And what Place is the fairest Bidder  
 For the Knight's presence—. Let's consider:  
 Your wandering Steps you must refer to  
 Rehearsal, Op'ra, or Concerto;  
 At one or other of the three  
 You'll find him most undoubtedly." 40

## VI.

Now *Peter*, if the Muse says true,  
 To all my Hopes I bid adieu;  
 Adieu, my hopes, if Op'ramanie  
 Has seiz'd on *Peter's* Pericranie,  
 Drunk with Italian Siren's Cup!  
 Nay then, in troth, I give him up:  
 The Man's a Quack, whoe'er pretends he  
 Can cure him of that fiddling Phrenzy.

30. *The Alderman and Knight.* Joseph ("Dulces ante omnia Musæ;" *vide infra*.)  
 Clowes (see the subsequent *Letter*) and 43-4. *If Op'ramanie*  
 "Sir Peter." *Has seiz'd on PETER'S Pericranie.*

34. *Melpomene*, the "gentle Muse" Cf. *infra*:  
 aforesaid. "A Phrenzy 'tis, or Per'wigmanie

"Of all the Muses (for they tell of nine),  
*Melpomene*, sweet flowing *Mel.*, be mine!"  
 That over-runs his Pericranie."



EPIGRAM ON THE FEUDS BETWEEN HANDEL  
AND BONONCINI.

[The following passages in Byrom's *Diary* leave no doubt as to the authorship of this epigram, and at the same time approximately fix its date as the early part of the year 1725. "May 9th, 1725: Mr. Leycester left my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini in shorthand for Jemmy Ord." (*Remains*, i. 130.) "May 18th, 1725: [Met] Bob Ord, who was come home from Cambridge, where he said he made the whole Hall laugh at Trin. Coll. and got himself honour by my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini." (*Ib.*, 136.) "June 5th, 1725: [Mr. Hooper] told us of my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini being in the papers." (*Ib.*, 150.) "July 2nd, 1725: [Mr. Walker] said he had shown 'Tweedle' to the Duchess and others." (*Ib.*, 167.) "July 19th, 1725: Nourse asked me if I had seen the verses upon Handel and Bononcini, not knowing that they were mine; but Sculler said I was charged with them, and so I said they were mine; they both said that they had been mightily liked, and then Sculler told him I was the author of 'My time, O ye Muses.'" (*Ib.*, 173.) Four years later, Byrom is still found asserting his authorship: "July 8th, 1729: I repeated the verses 'Three different schemes' . . . and told him [William Vigor] they were mine, and 'Tweedledumdee.'" (*Ib.*, 387.)

Yet, as is well known, Byrom was long and persistently robbed of the credit due to him as the author of this famous epigram. As it appeared in the *Miscellanies* of 1727, it was frequently attributed to Swift (though in the 1755 quarto edition, vol. iii. part ii., it is asterisked as not by him), and to Pope (in the *Globe* edition of whose *Poetical Works*, 1869, I have myself been guilty of reprinting it. Mr. Courthope, who reprints it in vol. iv. of his standard edition, assigns it to its proper author.)

On the opening, in 1720, of the Royal Academy of Music, its musical direction was confided to Handel, who, besides himself composing for this house, engaged Bononcini (Giovanni Buononcini) to write for it. In this year Handel and Bononcini had brought out an opera; on the next occasion *Muzie Scévola* was produced, composed by Handel, Bononcini, and Ariosti together. In 1722 was brought out Bononcini's

*Griselda*, supposed to be his best opera, and in 1727 his last, *Astyanax*. After the production of *Astyanax* "the Duchess of Marlborough, Bononcini's constant patroness, gave him a pension of five hundred a year. A few years afterwards, however, he stole a madrigal, the invention of a Venetian named Lotti, and the theft having been discovered and clearly proved, Bononcini left the country in disgrace." He died about 1760, at an age variously stated at ninety and at a hundred. (See Mr. Sutherland Edwards' *History of the Opera* (1862), from which these dates are taken, but where I am sorry to find Byrom's epigram ascribed to Swift.)

It may be worth noticing, that in the *Epilogue to Hurlothrumbo* (1729), ll. 56-7, the rivalry between Handel and Bononcini is treated as still continuing.

There seems no necessity for adding much more concerning this celebrated feud, which infused its bitterness into the whole musical world of London. (See by way of example the note to *Remains*, ii. 486, where Dr. Maurice Greene, the successor of Dr. Crofts as organist of the Chapel Royal and subsequently Master of the King's Band, is stated to have been "treated with too much contempt by Handel, and, possibly in consequence, to have been a warm partisan of Bononcini.") It may, however, be worth noticing that, according to our pleasant English habit, politics—in this instance mainly Court politics—inflamed the quarrel. To spite the King and Queen, who with their Court were steady in their patronage of Handel, the Prince of Wales took up the opposite side. (See Lord Hervey's *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*, Croker's edition, reprint of 1884, i. 320; cf. ii. 75.)

As for the epigram itself, the sting of it was barbed by Byrom's hearty contempt, which grew into something stronger, for things theatrical in general, and for things operatic in particular. This is sufficiently illustrated by the foregoing *Letter to R. L., Esq.*; by the lines in the *Remarks on Epistles from Aristippus in Retirement* (*infra*), vv. 95-100, which recall the point of our epigram:

"Operas, where sense  
Is but superfluous expense.  
Be then the Bards of sounding Pitch  
Consign'd to *Garrick* and to *Rich*,—



To *Tweedledums* and *Tweedledees*  
The singy-singing *Euterpees* ;”

and by the *Hurlothrumbo* episode (of which in its place). Handel and Bononcini are both brought into Byrom's *Epilogue to Hurlothrumbo*. It must be allowed that, with the best intentions, Byrom's epigram was the expression of a Philistine spirit sure to delight the Philistines, and that it very closely recalls the sentiments on the same subject of Sir Robert Walpole : “ Monticelli dines frequently with Sir Robert, which diverts me extremely : you know how low his ideas are of music and the virtuosi ; he calls them all *fiddlers*.” (See Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, July 7th, 1742, in Cunningham's edition (1886) of Horace Walpole's *Letters*, i. 186.)

Charles Lamb may have remembered Byrom's *Epigram* when writing the first four of the lines by which he professed to respond to an enquiry as to his “real opinion respecting the distinct grades of excellence in all the eminent Composers of the Italian, German and English Schools.” (See *Poems, Plays, and Essays of Charles Lamb*, edited by Canon Ainger, p. 388 ; cf. *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 348.)

“Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,  
Just as the whim bites ; for my part,  
I do not care a farthing candle  
For either of them, or for Handel.”]

SOME say, compar'd to Bononcini,  
That Mynheer Handel's but a Ninny ;  
Others aver, that he to Handel  
Is scarcely fit to hold a Candle.  
Strange all this Difference should be  
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

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## A LETTER TO R. L., ESQ.,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM LONDON.

[The date of the composition of these lively verses was May 24th, 1725. See Byrom's Diary in *Remains*, i. 141-2: "Sunday [May 23rd], . . . I went to Mr. Clarke's to let him know that Mr. Leycester had gone into the country;" and *ib.*, "Monday [May 24th], . . . Jo. Clowes called on me about eleven to see Jonathan Wild, who went by to be hanged to-day; I stood at Abingdon's coffee-house door. Jonathan sat in the cart between two others, in a nightgown and periwig, but no hat on, a book in his hand, and he cried much, and the mob hooted him as he passed along. I wrote a letter of verses to Mr. Leycester at Barnet . . . Went to Richard's, saw Dr. Morgan, who said that Jonathan Wild's body was at Surgeons' Hall, and that he would enquire, and call on me to-morrow at ten o'clock, if it was true . . . I sent my letter to the coach at the Bull for Mr. Leycester; wrote P. S. to Mr. Leycester about the news:

‘What news, &c.’”

(the last stanza of the following piece).]

## I.

DEAR *Peter*, whose Absence, whate'er I may do  
 In a Week or two hence, at this Present I rue:  
 These Lines, in great Haste, I convey to the Mitre,  
 To tell the sad Plight of th' unfortunate Writer.

1 Your absence at present I rue.—B.      2 Whatever a week or two hence I may do.—B.

1-2.      *Whate'er I may do*  
             *In a week or two hence.*

Possibly a reminiscence of Swift's:

“Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay  
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.”

3. *The Mitre*. This was the famous tavern in Fleet Street (No. 39), which, after undergoing other fortunes, was taken

down to enlarge the site for Messrs. Hoare's Bank. The present Mitre Tavern in Mitre Court was originally called Joe's Coffee-house, and took the name of the Mitre, four years after Johnson's death, on the shutting up of the old Mitre. See Timbs' *Clubs and Club Life in London* (1872), p. 416.



You have left your old Friend so affected with Grief,  
That nothing but Riming can give him Relief ;  
Tho' the *Muses* were never worse put to their Trumps,  
To comfort poor *Bard* in his sorrowful Dumps.

II.

The Moment you left us, with Grief be it spoken,  
This poor Heart of mine was as thoff it were broken ; 10  
And I almost faint still if a Carriage approach  
That looks like a Highgate or Barnet Stage-coach ;  
And really, when first that old Vehicle gap'd  
To take in Friend *Pee*—so the Fare had but scap'd,  
If I did not half wish the Man might overturn it,  
And swash it to Pieces, I am a sous'd *Gurnet*.

III.

The Rhenish and Sugar, which at your Departure  
We drank, would have made me, I hop'd, somewhat heartier ;  
Yet the Wine but more strongly to Weeping inclin'd,  
And my Grief by the sugar was double-refin'd. 20

- 6 Give me relief.—B.      10 As though it.—B.      12 Indeed when at first.—B.  
14 Friend P.—B.      17 Drunk at your.—B.  
18 I hoped would make me to grief less a martyr.—B. ?      19 But the wine yet.—B.  
20 The above is the reading of B. A has, less pointedly, " My grief, I perceived,  
was but double-refin'd.

8. *Put to their Trumps*, "forced to be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a  
their last expedient." Note in B.      soused gurnet." *Falstaff before Coventry*.

12. *Highgate or Barnet Stage-coach*.      17. *The Rhenish and Sugar*. Although  
Mr. Leycester had travelled north by the      it was probably no longer customary for  
Barnet coach. See Byrom's Journal,      waiters at taverns to supply the guests with  
*Remains*, i. 140-2.      pennyworths of sugar for sweetening their

16. *I am a sous'd Gurnet*. "Gurnard      wine, as Francis supplied Prince Hal, Rhe-  
or Gurnet is a kind of fish nearly resem-      nish and sugar seems to have been still  
bling a Piper." Note in B. The gurnet      thought an orthodox compound in  
is stated to be the fish *trigla lyra*, called      Byrom's day. In our own I have seen a  
"piper" because of the noise made by it      British admiral similarly qualify excellent  
when taken out of the water. "If I      claret.

It is not to tell how my Breast fell a-throbbing,  
 When at the last Parting our Noses were bobbing !  
 Those sad farewell Accents — I think on 'em still —  
 "You'll remember to write, JOHN?" — "Yes, PETER, I will."

## IV.

You no sooner was gone, but this famous Metropolis,  
 That seem'd just before so exceedingly populous,  
 When I turn'd me towards it, seem'd all of a sudden  
 As if it was gone from the Place it had stood in.  
 But for Squire *Hazel's* Brother, sagacious Jack,  
 I should hardly have known how to find my Way back ; 30  
 How he brought me from *Smithfield* to *Dick's* I can't say,  
 But remember the *Charter-House* stood in our Way.

## V.

At Dick's I repos'd me, and call'd for some Coffee,  
 And sweeten'd, and supt, and still kept thinking of ye ;

25 Were gone than.—B.

26 Which appear'd just.—B.

27 When tow'rd's it I turn'd me.—B.

28 It was gone.—B.

29-30 Inverted in B.

32 I remember the Charter-house stood in the.—B.

34 And was still thinking.—B.

21. *It is not to tell.* A Gallicism.

letter to Byrom (*ib.*, 313), designated "known lovers of ingenuity and short-hand."

29. *Squire HAZEL's Brother, sagacious Jack.* *Remains*, i. 140: "I went with him" (Mr. Leycester) "and Mr. Gateen and the younger Hassel to the Barnet coach ; young Hassel and I went to the Charter House, &c." Richard or "Dick" Hassel, whom at his election into the Royal Society in 1725 Byrom described as "an ingenious, worthy gentleman" (*Remains*, i. 182), and his younger brother "Jack" are repeatedly mentioned by Byrom among his earlier associates in London. Both the Hassels were by Leycester, in a

31. *Dick's.* The ancient coffee-house, No. 8, Fleet-street, originally called Richard's, from Richard Torner or Turner, to whom the house was let in 1680, was much frequented by Byrom, and is constantly mentioned in his *Diary* and *Letters*. It was used by Cowper when he resided in the Temple (*Timbs, u.s.*, p. 285). Few old "Knights of the Temple" can be without pleasant remembrances of this simple and friendly house of entertainment.



But not with such Pleasure as when I came there  
 To wait 'till Sir *Peter* should chance to appear.  
 There, while I was turning you o'er in my Mind,  
 "Doctor, how do you do?" says a Voice from behind ;  
 Thought I to myself : "I should know that same Organ ;"—  
 And who should it be but my Friend Doctor *Morgan*? 40

VI.

The *Doctor* and I took a small walk, and then  
 He went somewhere else, I to *Richard's* again.  
 All Ways have I try'd the sad Loss to forget.  
 I have saunter'd, writ Short-hand, eat Custard, *et cet.*  
 With honest *Duke Humphrey* I pass the long Day,  
 To others, as yet, having little to say ;

39 I thought to myself, "I should know this."—B. 41 I walk'd together.—B.

42 My sad.—B.

40. *My Friend Doctor MORGAN.* Cf. note to line 51 *infra*. Byrom's friend and associate Dr. J. Morgan, of whom he notes in 1728 that he "has begun to read anatomy lectures in the anatomy schools with good encouragement." (*Remains*, i. 292.) He had in that year become the second occupant of the chair at Cambridge. He is of course not to be confounded with Dr. Thomas Morgan, the deistical author of *The Moral Philosopher* (cf. *ib.*, ii. 101).

45. *With honest Duke HUMPHREY I pass the long day.* Cf. *Remains*, i. 151 (June 8th, 1725): "I ate heartily" [at supper], "having dined with Duke Humphrey." On the day referred to in the text, May 24th, he records, *ib.*, 141: "I

had a mess of mild porridge to dinner." The ordinary explanation of the phrase "to dine with Duke Humphrey" is well known. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, although actually buried at St. Albans, was *supposed* to have a monument at St. Paul's; and his *supposed* monument was associated with the paces to and fro in this promenade *de pas perdue*, afterwards actually called "Duke Humphrey's walk," of persons unable to affirm that they "had dined," or would dine, "to-day." In Earle's *Microscosmography* (1628) it is said of "Paul's Walk" (in the character bearing that title): "Some make it a preface to their dinner, and travel for a stomach: but thirstier men make it their ordinary, and board here very cheap."

For indeed, I must own, since the Loss of my CHUM,  
I am grown, as it were, a mere GERUND in DUMB.

## VII.

But, Muse! we forget that our Grief will prevent us  
From treating of Matters more high and momentous. 50  
Poor JONATHAN WILD!—*Clowes, Peer Williams* and I  
Have just been in waiting to see him pass by :

48. *A mere GERUND in DUMB.* "A playful allusion," says the scholiast in B, "to a participial affection" [P] "of the verb, of which there are three in the Latin tongue, called the *gerunds in di, do, and dum.*" The Vergilian pun suggested by these "affections" has solaced many beginners on the *Via Latina*.

51. *Poor JONATHAN WILD! Remains,* i. 87 (Thursday, February 25th, 1725): "Leycester and Clowes called me up to breakfast here on coffee from Wilson's, and took coach to the Old Bailey, to be present at the trial of Jonathan Wild." And cf. the passage quoted in the Introductory Note to these stanzas, *ib.*, i. 141-2.

In a letter to his wife dated May 25th (*ib.*, p. 143), Byrom adds the following particulars: "He took opium to poison himself last night, as they say, but it did not quite take effect; he was very loath to be hanged when it came to't; the mob pelted him at the very gallows."

With Byrom's description, which savours of the reality, should be compared the corresponding passages of Fielding's *Life of Mr. Jonathan Wild*, written more than a quarter of a century after the death of its hero: "The cart now moved slowly on, being preceded by a troop of horse-guards bearing javelins in their hands, through streets lined with crowds, all admiring the

great behaviour of our hero, who rode on, sometimes sighing, sometimes swearing, sometimes singing or whistling, as his humour varied. When he came to the tree of glory, he was welcomed with an universal shout of the people, who were there assembled in prodigious numbers, to behold a sight much more rare in populous cities than one would reasonably imagine it should be, *viz.*, the proper catastrophe of a great man." A previous passage refers to his having "himself modestly declined the public honours Fortune intended him, and taken a quantity of laudanum, in order to retire quietly off the stage." There seems no necessity for recurring here to the actual biography of Mr. Jonathan Wild, thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, recipient of stolen goods, and "sufferer for the good of his country," more especially since that biography is far more widely known than the lives of most of the other great men his parallels. In Swift's lines "Clever Tom Clinch going to be hanged" written in 1727, the hero breathes a prayer that:

"My honest friend *Wild*, may he long  
hold his place,  
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year  
of grace."

*Ib. Clowes.* Byrom's relative, and intimate friend through life, Joseph Clowes,



Good law! how the Houses were crowded with Mobs,  
That lookt like LEVIATHAN'S Picture in HOBBS,  
From the very ground Floor to the Top of the Leads,  
While JONATHAN past thro' a *Holborn* of Heads.

VIII.

From *Newgate* to *Tyburn* he made his Procession,  
Supported by two of the nimble Profession :

53 How crowded and cramm'd were the Houses.—B.

whom he calls "Coz Clowes" (*Remains*, ii. 392) and repeatedly mentions in his *Diary*. Mr. Clowes, a lawyer (for some reason, as to which conjecture is idle, styled by his friends "the Alderman"), was the only member of his profession who remained at Manchester on the approach of the Young Pretender in 1745. As to his Jacobite ballad see *Remains*, ii. 419. His sons Richard and John were respectively Fellow of the Collegiate Church and Rector of St. John's, Manchester (*ib.*, 88, *note*).

In their early days (1726), "Jo. Clowes" and "Jemmy Ord" had thoughts of setting up a paper under the name of *The Proverb*, to which they seem to have desired Byrom to contribute (*ib.*, i. 223).

*Ib.* *Peer Williams*. A barrister and frequent associate of Byrom's. According to Canon Parkinson (*Remains*, i. 57, *note*), he was "most probably the author of the excellent Chancery Reports, published originally 1740-6, 3 vols., fol."

Peer (Pier, Piers, Pierce) = Peter.

54. Like LEVIATHAN'S Picture in HOBBS. The reference is to the picture in the original edition of Hobbes' famous book, published by Andrew Croke in 1651, where the Great Leviathan, with features more or less resembling those of

King Charles I., towers "head and shoulders" over a commonwealth depicted as a well-ordered and pleasantly situated city.

56. *A HOLBORN of Heads*. One of Byrom's most felicitous phrases, modelled no doubt on the Demosthenic "Iliad of woes."

57. *To Tyburn*. Executions were carried on here till 1783 :

"Scarce can our fields,—such crowds at Tyburn die,—

With hemp the gallows and our fleet supply."—Johnson's *London* (1738).

58. *The nimble Profession*, or the profession of "Nimmers" (see the verses bearing this title, *infra*). Mr. Jonathan Wild himself, according to Fielding's *Life*, "was descended from the great Wolfstan Wild, who came over with Hengist, and distinguished himself very eminently at that famous festival, where the Britons were so treacherously murdered by the Saxons; for, when the word was given, *i.e.*, *Nemet cour Saxes*, "Take out your swords," this gentleman, being a little hard of hearing, mistook the sound for *Nemet her Sacs*, "Take out their purses;" instead, therefore, of applying to the throat, he immediately applied to the pocket of his guest, and contented himself with taking all that he had, without attempting his life."

Between the unheeded poor Wretches he sat,  
 In his Night-gown and Wig, but without e'er a Hat ; 60  
 With a Book in his Hand he went weeping and praying,  
 The Mob all along, as he pass'd 'em, huzzaing ;  
 While a Parcel of Verses the Hawkers were hollowing,  
 Of which I can only remember these following :

## IX.

"The cunning old Pug ev'ry Body remembers,  
 "That, when he saw Chesnuts a roasting i'th' Embers,  
 "To save his own Bacon, took Puss's two Footh,  
 "And so out o'th' Embers he tickl'd his Nuts.  
 "Thus many a poor Rogue has been burnt in the Hand,  
 "And 'twas all Nuts to *Jonathan*, you understand ; 70  
 "But he was not so cunning as *Æsop's* old Ape,  
 "For the Monkey has brought himself into the Scrape."

## X.

And now, *Peter*, I'm come to the end of my Tether ;  
 So I wish you good Company, Journey, and Weather,

60 Without ever.—B.      63 Parcels of.—B.      64 The following.—B.

66 Lie roasting in.—B.      67 So out of the.—B.

68 Poor rascals, as I understand.—B.

69 For getting him nuts have been burnt in the hand.—B.

72 Could not keep himself from the.—B.

It may be remembered how Oliver Twist's fellow-pupils in the Pleasant Old Gentleman's Technical School, when practising upon their instructor's pocket-handkerchief, "followed him closely about ; getting out of his sight, so nimbly, every time he turned round, that it was impossible to follow their motions."

63. *Hollowing*. I have retained the familiar phonetic spelling.

69. *Burnt in the Hand*. A punishment inflicted for various offences after the offender had been allowed benefit of clergy,—a privilege whose kindnesses were apt to develop into cruelties.



When Friends in the Country enquire after *John*,  
Pray tender my Service t'em all every one,  
To the Ladies at *Toft, Legh* of *High-Legh*,  
To the *Altringham* Meeting, if any there be,  
*Darcy Lever, Will Drake, Cattell* and *Cottam*,—  
An excellent Rhime that, to wind up one's Bottom !

80

Richard's  
Monday Night  
May 24, 1725.

P. S.

What News ? Why the LORDS, if the Minutes say true,  
Have past my Lord *Bolingbroke's* Bill three to two,—

76 To every.—B.

77 Master *Legh*.—B.

79 Master *Cattell*.—B.

80 Which appears a good rhyme to insert at the bottom.—B.

77. *The Ladies at Toft*. As to Sir Peter's mother, Mrs. Leycester, daughter of Oswald Mosley, Esq., of Ancoats Hall, and wife of George Leycester, Esq., of Toft, see *Remains*, i. 464, *note*, and cf. *ib.*, 480 and 493 as to the Miss Leycesters, of whom one was Miss Jenny.

*Ib.* Mr. LEGH of HIGH-LEGH. George Legh, Esq., of High-Legh in Cheshire ; born 1703, died 1780 (*Remains*, i. 278, *note*).

78. *The Altringham Meeting*. Doubtless a meeting of the Shorthand Club at "Buf-ton's" at Altringham, near Manchester, just across the Cheshire border. (See the lines *To Haddon, John*, &c. (*inf.*), *ad in.*)

79. *Darcy Lever*. Sir Darcy Lever of Alkington, High Sheriff of Lancashire, 1736, knighted 1736 or 1737, died 1742, "distinguished for his learning and humanity." See *Remains*, i. 50, *note*, and ii. 239.

*Ib.* *Will Drake*. Unidentified.

*Ib.* Mr. *Cattell*. The Rev. Thomas Cattell, M.A., elected Chaplain of the Manchester Collegiate Church, 1731, and Fellow, 1735. (*Remains*, i. 46, *note*.)

*Ib.* *Cottam* (or Cotham) ; like Mr. Cat-tell, a Manchester friend of Byrom's, frequently mentioned in his *Remains*.

80. *Bottom*. A ball of thread wound up together. See Johnson's *Dictionary*.

82. *My Lord Bolingbroke's bill*. This was the bill, reluctantly brought in by Walpole on the express command of King George II., by which Bolingbroke, who had made his submission nine years before, was allowed to take his settled estate, and hold all the personal estate which he possessed or might acquire, and invest it in the purchase of any real or personal estate within the Kingdom. Inasmuch as the other provisions of the Act of Attainder remained in force, he was still disabled from taking office or sitting in the House of Lords. In his own phrase, he was only "two-thirds restored," and might say to Walpole "thank you for nothing." The bill did not pass the Lords without a division, and a protest from Lords Bristol, Coventry, Onslow, Clinton, and Lechmere. (See Macknight's *Life of Bolingbroke*

Three to one, I would say ; and resolvèd also  
 That the COMMONS have made good their Articles——ho !  
 And To-morrow, Earl *Thomas's* Fate to determine,  
 Their LORDSHIPS come arm'd both with Judgment and Ermine ;  
 The *Surgeons*, they say, have got *Jonathan's* Carcase,  
 If so, I'll go see't, or it shall be a hard Case.

83, 84

And I've understood

They've resolv'd that the Commons their charge have made good.—B.

85 To-morrow.—B.

86 Come clothèd with.—B.

88 See it, or 'twill.—B.

(1863), pp. 556–560.) The actual numbers in the Lords were 75 against 25. (See *Parliamentary History*, viii. 481.)

84. *The Commons their charge have made good.* Thomas Parker, Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Chancellor of England, resigned the great seal in January, 1725, in consequence of the excited condition of the public mind concerning the abuses in the High Court of Chancery. His impeachment was, notwithstanding, moved in the Commons by Sir George Oxenden, and his trial at the bar of the House of Lords ensued, lasting twenty days and ending with a verdict of Guilty. He was sentenced to a fine of £30,000. (See Lord Stanhope's *History of England from the*

*Peace of Utrecht*, Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, and *Parliamentary History*, vol viii. *passim*.) There was some talk of Byrom taking notes of this trial in shorthand for the solicitor against Lord Macclesfield ; at first, he declined, alleging want of experience ; but subsequently he offered his services, provided he could be told what was likely to occur. The offer seems to have been made too late (*Remains*, i. 126–7). A few days afterwards Lord Macclesfield's nephew, a Mr. Parker of the Temple, sought Byrom's services on the other side, but nothing seems to have come of the overture (*ib.*, 129).

87. *The Surgeons, they say, have got Jonathan's carcase.* See Introductory Note.



## EXTEMPORE VERSES

UPON A TRIAL OF SKILL

BETWEEN THE TWO GREAT MASTERS OF THE NOBLE SCIENCE OF DEFENCE,  
MESSRS. FIGG AND SUTTON.

[The date of the composition of these verses is fixed by the following passages in Byrom's *Diary* :

"April 14th (1725): Rose after nine ; Clowes knocked at my door and bid me get up, for he wanted to speak to me ; when I let him in he told me he was going to Westminster, and would call on me to go to Figg's amphitheatre ; I thought he had something else to have told me of, about my son or something. I told him I could not go, upon which he flung away in a passion, and said only ' what an odd fellow you are, I never saw such a man in my life ' . . . [later] Mr. B. ['Tom Brettargh'] and I walked to George's coffee-house, where Mr. Leycester was ; thence we took coach to Figg's amphitheatre, where Mr. Leycester paid 2s. 6d. for me. Figg and Sutton fought ; Figg had a wound and bled pretty much ; Sutton had a blow with a quarter-staff just upon his knee, which made him lame, so then they gave over ; there came other fellows in, but Tom Brettargh being uneasy, I came away with him, and we coached it to the Widow's coffee-house ; there was a gentleman fainted away ; Tom B. I believe would have done so too, if he had stayed." (*Remains*, i. 116-7.)

"April 21st. . . . I writ out my verses about Figg and Sutton in shorthand for Jemmy Ord, and gave him them at Richard's to-night" . . . (*ib.*, 121).

The verses are again referred to by Byrom on May 3rd : "Thence I went through the park to the Court of Requests, where I met Mr. Whitworth and Mr. Staples, Mr. Fr. Whitworth, walked together a little ; he desired I would not let the shorthand hinder my longhand, that he had shown my verses about Figg and Sutton to Mr. Young, Jacob, that Jacobs [*sic*] was there, and said the thing was as it was described ; none of my pieces, he said, but what was liked" (*Remains*, i. 128) ; and on July 2nd : "Went out at nine o'clock to Mr. Walker's, stayed in his room till he came from Dr. Mead's ; he writ out the verses about Figg and Sutton while I read them to him ; Sir Thomas Lowther came in at the last stanza, he read them to him afterwards, they pretended to like

them. Walker said I must write such things, it would be for my advantage; he said Pope would get £5,000 or £6,000 by Homer; I asked if there was no being acquainted with him? He said, yes, if I would write a copy of verses to him he would give them to him." (*Remains*, i. 166-7.) Nor had the popularity of the verses altogether evaporated eleven years later, when (March 26th, 1736) Byrom notes: "Came away to Slaughter's, had a dish of tea, the boy spoke to me about *Figg and Sutton*, said he could not meet with it . . ." Subsequently, in an age ardently addicted to such spectacles as that which they celebrate, they found their way, with certain variations of no consequence and the omission, apparently, of the last two stanzas, into Malcolm's *Manners of London* (1810), whence they were probably taken over into Dodsley's Collection. Here (in vol. vi.) they were read by Thackeray, who with his usual skill transposed them in chap. xxxvii. of *The Virginians*.

The pugilist James Figg, of whose interment, according to Cunningham's *Hand-book of London Past and Present*, the Marylebone Parish Register contains a notice *s.a.*, 1734, is immortalised by a more famous poet than Byrom. Pope in *The Satires of Dr. Donne Versified* (Satire iv. 212-3) writes:

"See! where the British youth, engaged, no more  
At Fig's, or White's, with felons, or ——;"

and annotates: "Fig's was a prize-fighters' academy, where the young nobility received instruction in those days." Cunningham, who mentions that Figg's portrait is introduced by Hogarth into the second plate of *The Rake's Progress*, elsewhere cites from *A Tour through Great Britain, by a Gentleman* (published by De Foe in two volumes in 1724 and 1725, the year of the composition of Byrom's verses), ii. 191: "A new Bear Garden, called Figg's Theatre, being a stage for the Gladiators or Prize-fighters, is built on the Tyburn Road. N.B.—The gentleman of the science taking offence at its being called Tyburn Road, though it really is so, will have it called the Oxford Road." Mr. Courthope, in his note to the passage from Pope cited above, adds: "Fig's Academy stood in the fields near Adam and Eve Court, not far from Tottenham Court Road."

The entertainment described by Byrom, although the reverse of refined, was not a brutal prize-fight, but simply an ultra-vigorous assault-



at-arms. His pleasant burlesque cannot, therefore, be put into competition with such more ambitious attempts to treat a less limited theme, as Paul Whitehead's *Gymnasiad* (1748 c.), a burlesque epos in three short cantos, with prolegomena and notes by "Scriblerus Tertius" which describes a fight between the pugilists Broughton and Stephenson, to the former of whom it is dedicated,—or, Hazlitt's *The Fight*, in prose, which Mr. Alexander Ireland must excuse me for not rating so high as he does. Byrom's *jeu d'esprit*, which was justly liked, at all events shows how a subject, such as usually falls into a very different kind of hands, can be dealt with by a man of taste. As Isaac Disraeli wrote in 1808 to "Tom" Sheridan, when advising him to lay aside a design on which he had consulted him of an elaborate work in defence of boxing: "If a Sheridan will bestow the talents he inherits on academical bruisers, doubtless he can convert *The Chicken* into Achilles and Gully into the wise Ulysses." (See W. McCULLAGH TORRENS' *Twenty Years in Parliament* (1893), p. 213.]

I.

LONG was the great *Figg* by the prize fighting Swains  
 Sole Monarch acknowledg'd of *Marybone* Plains ;  
 To the Towns, far and near, did his Valour extend,  
 And swam down the River from *Thame* to *Gravesend* ;  
 Where liv'd Mr. *Sutton*, Pipe-maker by Trade,  
 Who, hearing that *Figg* was thought such a stout Blade,  
 Resolv'd to put in for a Share of his Fame,  
 And so sent to challenge the Champion of *Thame*.

2. *Marybone Plains*. These "Plains" or "Fields" and their neighbourhood were consecrate both to violent death and to violent sport, the latter more especially by means of "Mary-le-bone Gardens," where "Dukes bowled time away" and where Captain Macheath dallied too long. (See George Colman the Younger's *Random Records* (1830), i. 46 seqq.)

4. *Thame*. A misuse carefully avoided by Spenser in his *Bridal of the Thames* and *Isis* (*Faerie Queene*, bk. iv. canto xi.): "Soone after whom the lovely Bride-groome came,

The noble *Thamis*, with all his goodly traine ;  
 But him before there went, as best became,  
 His aunccient parents, namely, th'aunccient *Thame*,  
 But much more aged was his wife then he,  
 The *Ouze*, whom men doe *Isis* rightly name."  
 See also the celebration of the same nuptials in the Fifteenth Song of Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*; and cf. in Prior's *Henry and Emma*:  
 "Where beauteous *Isis* and her husband  
 With mingled waves for ever flow the same."

H

## II.

With alternate Advantage two Trials had past,  
 When they fought out the Rubbers on *Wednesday* last. 10  
 To see such a Contest the House was so full,  
 There hardly was room left to thrust in your Skull.  
 With a Prelude of Cudgels we first were saluted,  
 And two or three Shoulders most handsomely fluted ;  
 Till, wearied at last with inferior Disasters,  
 All the Company cry'd : " Come, the Masters ! the Masters ! "

## III.

Whereupon the bold *Sutton* first mounted the Stage,  
 Made his Honours, as usual, and yearn'd to engage ;  
 Then *Figg*, with a Visage so fierce and sedate,  
 Came and enter'd the List with his fresh-shaven Pate. 20  
 Their Arms were encircled by Armigers two,  
 With a red Ribbon *Sutton's* and *Figg's* with a blue.  
 Thus adorn'd, the two Heroes, 'twixt Shoulder and Elbow,  
 Shook Hands, and went to't, and the Word it was " Bilbo."

## IV.

Sure such a Concern in the Eyes of Spectators  
 Was never yet seen in our Amphitheatres :

24 And the watch-word was.—B.

10. *The Rubbers*. A rubber signifies any game or contest. JOHNSON, who cites, appositely to our text, two passages containing the expression "a rubber at," or of, "cuffs."

13. *A Prelude of Cudgels*. "Then ensued some Cudgel-playing ; but the heads broken were of so little note, and the wounds given so trifling and unsatisfactory, that no wonder the company began to hiss, &c." *The Virginians*.

18. *Made his Honours*. This rather unusual expression corresponds to the French "faire ses révérences" rather than to "faire les honneurs."

21. *Armigers*. "On his burly sword-arm, each intrepid champion wore an 'armiger,' or ribbon of his colour." *The Virginians*.

24. *The word it was "Bilbo,"* i.e., the sword-play began. "Bilbo" (from Bilboa), is frequently used by the Elizabethans to signify a Spanish blade.



Our Commons and Peers, from their several Places,  
To half an Inch Distance all pointed their Faces ;  
While the Rays of old *Phæbus*, that shot thro' the Sky-light,  
Seem'd to make on the Stage a new kind of Twilight ; 30  
And the Gods, without doubt, if one could but have seen 'em,  
Were peeping there thro' to do Justice between 'em.

V.

*Figg* struck the first Stroke, and with such a vast Fury,  
That he broke his huge Weapon in Twain, I assure you ;  
And, if his brave Rival this Blow had not warded,  
His Head from his Shoulders had quite been discarded.  
*Figg* arm'd him again, and they took t'other Tilt,  
And then *Sutton's* Blade run away from its Hilt.  
The Weapons were frightened, but as for the Men,  
In Truth they ne'er minded, but at it again. 40

VI.

Such a Force in their Blows, you'd have thought it a Wonder  
Every Stroke they receiv'd did not cleave them asunder ;  
Yet so great was their Courage, so equal their Skill,  
That they both seem'd as safe as a Thief in a Mill :  
While in doubtful Attention Dame *Victory* stood,  
And which Side to take could not tell for her Blood,  
But remain'd, like the Ass 'twixt two Bottles of Hay,  
Without ever moving an Inch either way.

37 *Figg* again arm'd himself, and they.—B.

47, 48 But remain'd without moving an inch either way,

Like the ass in the tale 'twixt two bottles of hay.—B.

31. *The Gods* ; as so constantly in the millers for dealings by which they are  
*Iliad*. certain not to lose.

37. *T'other Tilt*. Idiomatically for "Wel coude he stolen corne, and tollen  
"another tilt." Cf. "t'other bottle." thries,

44. *A Thief in a Mill* ; i.e., a tread- And yet he had a thomb of gold pardé."  
mill ; though it is possible there may be (*Canterbury Tales, The Prologue.*)

an allusion to the traditional weakness of 47. *The Ass*. Buridan's.



## VII.

Till *Jove* to the Gods signified his Intention  
 In a Speech that he made them, too tedious to mention ; 50  
 But the Upshot on't was, that, at that very Bout,  
 From a Wound in *Figg's* Side the hot Blood spouted out.  
 Her Ladyship then seem'd to think the Case plain ;  
 But *Figg* stepping forth with a sullen disdain,  
 Shew'd the Gash, and appeal'd to the Company round,  
 If his own broken Sword had not given him the Wound ?

## VIII.

That Bruises and Wounds a Man's Spirit should touch,  
 With Danger so little, with Honour so much !——  
 Well, they both took a Dram, and return'd to the Battle,  
 And with a fresh Fury they made the Swords rattle ; 60  
 While *Sutton's* Right Arm was observèd to bleed  
 By a Touch from his Rival,—so *Jove* had decreed,—  
 Just enough for to shew that his Blood was not Ichor,  
 But made up, like *Figg's*, of the common red Liquor.

## IX.

Again they both rush'd with so equal a Fire on,  
 That the Company cry'd : " Hold, enough of cold Iron !  
 To the Quarter Staff now, Lads." So first having dram'd it,  
 They took to their Wood, and i'faith never sham'd it.  
 The first Bout they had was so fair and so handsome,  
 That, to make a fair Bargain, 'twas worth a King's Ransom ; 70

51 The upshot of it was.—B.

54 With sullen.—B.

59 Dram, return'd.—B.

53. *Her Ladyship*; the goddess Victory. drew from the hand of Aphrodite (*Iliad*,63. *Ichor*(ἰχὼρ). The fluid which circulates in the veins of the gods instead of blood, and which the spear of Diomed distils." bk. v. 339–340). Cf. Pope's *Dunciad*, ii. 92 : "That Ichor which from gods distils."



And *Sutton* such Bangs to his Neighbour imparted,  
Would have made any *Figg's* to have smarted.

X.

Then after that Bout they went on to another,—  
But the Matter must end on some Fashion or other :  
So *Jove* told the Gods he had made a Decree,  
That *Figg* should hit *Sutton* a stroke on the Knee.  
Tho' *Sutton*, disabled as soon as he hit him,  
Would still have fought on, but *Jove* would not permit him.  
'Twas his Fate, not his Fault, that constrain'd him to yield :  
And thus the great *Figg* became Lord of the Field. 80

XI.

Now, after such Men, who can bear to be told  
Of your *Roman* and *Greek* puny Heroes of old ?  
To compare such poor Dogs as *Alcides* and *Theseus*  
To *Sutton* and *Figg* would be very facetious.  
Were *Hector* himself, with *Apollo* to back him,  
To encounter with *Sutton*,—zooks ! how he would thwack him !  
Or *Achilles*, tho' old Mother *Thetis* had dipt him,  
With *Figg*—odds my Life ! how he would have unript him !

74 And in some way or.—B.

85 Were great *Hector*.—B.

86 *Sutton*, how well he.—B.

88 *Figg*,—how grandly would our brave man have.—B (!).

75. So *Jove* told the Gods ; as he demonstrated to them the impending doom of *Hector* (*Iliad*, bk. xxii).

85. *HECTOR* himself, with *Apollo* to back him :

"What god, O Muse ! assisted *Hector's* force,

With fate itself so long to hold the course ?

*Phœbus* it was who, in his latest hour,  
Endu'd his knees with strength, his nerves  
with power."

—POPE'S *Homer's Iliad*, bk. xxii.

87. *Thetis* had dipt him, and thus made him invulnerable.

## XII.

To *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, for want of Things juster,  
 We compare these brave Boys ; but 'twill never pass Muster. 90  
 Did those mighty Fellows e'er fight Hand to Fist once ?  
 No, I thank you ; they kept at a suitable Distance.  
 What is *Pompey* the Great, with his Armour begirt,  
 To the much greater *Sutton*, who fought in his Shirt ?  
 Or is *Figg* to be pair'd with a Cap-a-pee Roman.  
 Who scorn'd any Fence but a jolly Abdomen ?

95 So B.—A has “par'd.”

95. *A Cap-a-pee Roman.*

“Arm’d, say you?”

“Arm’d, my lord.”

“From top to toe?”

“My lord, from head to foot.” *Hamlet.*

What would Figg have thought of the style of padding adopted in German students’ duels?



## THE DISSECTION OF A BEAU'S HEAD.

FROM THE SPECTATOR, NO. 275.

[Addison's paper in the *Spectator*, which in these stanzas is paraphrased with model terseness and ease, appeared on Tuesday, January 15th, 1712, with the Horatian motto: "*Tribus Anticyris caput insanabile.*"—*Juv.* (A head no Hellebore can cure)"; the companion paper, "On The Dissection of a Coquette's Heart" (No. 281) following on Tuesday, the 22nd. But Byrom's verses were not written till May 15th, 1725. See his *Diary*, under that date: "I took the *Spectator* home, and was turning the Beau's Head into my sort of verses" (*Remains*, i. 134); and *ib.*, May 16th (Whitsunday): "I stayed at home all day, turned the Beau's head into my verses, at the end transcribed what I had done, about twelve stanzas." After supper that evening at his friend John Clarke's, Ralph Leycester being present, Byrom repeated his "verses about the Beau to them, which they liked, and Mr. Clarke took a copy of my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini, and the old one of St. George and the Dragon; would have had a copy of the Beau, but I excused myself for that." (*Ib.*, 135.)

Inasmuch as the idea of this and of the companion paper are at all events not Byrom's, it would be superfluous to attempt to trace them to their origin. Possibly Addison was acquainted with Phineas Fletcher's *Purple Island*, and its allegorical description of the human structure; or he may have remembered the opening stanza of canto ix. of book ii. of the *Faerie Queene*, referred to by Professor Henry Morley when speaking of Phineas Fletcher's poem:

"Of all God's workes which doe this worlde adorne,  
There is no one more faire and excellent  
Then is man's body, both for powre and forme,  
Whiles it is kept in sober government;  
But none then it more fowle and indecent,  
Distempred through misrule and passions bace;  
It growes a Monster, and incontinent  
Doth loose his dignity and native grace:  
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place."

There are touches in the Phantom Poet of the *Dunciad*, and in the Hermaphrodite Critic of the *Rosciad*, which recall Addison's Beau. As for Byrom, in composing his paraphrase he can hardly have helped thinking of his kinsman, the unlucky "Beau" Byrom, who published from the Fleet "*An Irrefragable Argument, fully proving that to discharge Great Debts is less injury and more reasonable than to discharge Small Debts. Humbly offered to the Legislature.*" (See the account of him in *Notes on the Byrom Pedigrees, Remains*, ii. 12 seqq.)

It need hardly be added that the anatomy set forth in this piece is more or less fanciful.]

## I.

WE found by our Glasses, that what at first sight  
 Appear'd to be Brains was another Thing quite ;  
 A heap of strange stuff fill'd the holes of his Skull,  
 Which, perhaps, serv'd the Owner as well to the full.  
 And as *Homer* acquaints us (who certainly knew),  
 That the Blood of the Gods was not real and true,  
 Only something that was very like it : just so,  
 Only something like Brain is the Brain of a BEAU.

## II.

The *Pineal Gland*, where the Soul's Residence is,  
 Smelt desperate strong of Perfumes, and Essences, 10

7, 8. A resemblance thereto,  
 Some such likeness to brain has the.—B. 10 Desp'rately.—B.

5. As *HOMER* acquaints us. See the note on "Ichor" to l. 63 of the *Verses upon a Trial of Skill*, &c. (ante); and cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, vi. 332-3 :

"A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd,  
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed."

9. The PINEAL GLAND, where the Soul's Residence is. "The pineal gland, which

many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul." *Spectator*. According to C. J. Abbey, *The English Church and its Bishops*, &c., i. 42, "The opponents of Christianity long found what they considered a useful weapon in" the views pseudonymously put forward by Dr. William Coward, in his *Second Thoughts concerning Human Soul* (1702), burnt in company with his next work *The Grand*



With a bright horny Substance encompass around,  
That in numberless Forms, like a Diamond, was ground :  
Insomuch that the Soul, if there was any there,  
Must have kept pretty constant within its own Sphere ;  
Having Bus'ness enough, without seeking new Traces,  
To employ all its Time with its own pretty Faces.

III.

In the hind part o'th' Head there was *Brussels* and *Mechlin*,  
And Ribands, and Fringes, and such kind of Tackling ;  
Billet-doux and soft Rimes lin'd the whole *Cerebellum*,  
Op'ra songs and prickt Dances, as 'twere upon Vellum. 20  
A brown kind of Lump, that we ventur'd to squeeze,  
Disperst in plain *Spanish*, and made us all sneeze.  
In short, many more of the like kind of Fancies,  
Too tedious to tell, fill'd up other Vacancies.

IV.

On the Sides of this Head were in several Purses,  
On the Right, Sighs and Vows,—on the Left, Oaths and Curses.

13 That the spirit, if any was.—B.

*Essay*, &c., by order of the House of Commons, by the Hangman in Palace Yard (1704). He maintained that the soul has no separate existence, but that at the resurrection immortal life will be conferred upon the whole man. It should, however, be noticed that in 1706, Coward, who was a physician, published his *Ophthalmiatria*, a work mainly medical, in which he ridicules the Cartesian notion of an immaterial soul residing in the pineal gland. (See Mr. Leslie Stephen's notice of Coward in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.) This notion had been much ridiculed by popular essayists in the *Guardian* and elsewhere. Coward was among the free-thinkers stigmatised by Swift.

16 *Faces* : facets, like those cut upon the surface of a diamond.

17. *In the hind part o'th' Head*. "We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribbons, lace, &c." *Spectator*.

20. *Prickt Dances*. Like "prick-songs," this in the first instance means dances written down. Hence the reference may be either to the music of dances, or to engagement-cards with lists of dances.

22. *Plain SPANISH* ; snuff, of course. In Earle's *Micro-cosmography* (1628) a tobacco-seller's shop is described as "the place only where Spain is commended, and preferred before England itself."

25. *In several Purses*. "There was a large cavity on each side of the head." *Spectator*.



These each sent a Duct to the Root of the Tongue,  
 From whence to the Tip they went jointly along.  
 One particular place was observèd to shine  
 With all sorts of Colours, most wonderful fine ; 30  
 But when we came nearer to view it, in Troth,  
 Upon Examination 'twas nothing but *Froth*.

## V.

A pretty large Vessel did plainly appear  
 In that part of the Scull 'twixt the Tongue and the Ear ;  
 With a spongy Contrivance distended it was,  
 Which the French Virtuoso's call *Galimatias*,  
 We Englishmen, *nonsense* : a Matter indeed  
 That most Peoples Heads are sometimes apt to breed.  
 Entirely free from it, not one Head in twenty ;  
 But a *Beau's*, 'tis presum'd, always has it in plenty. 40

## VI.

Mighty hard, thick, and tough was the Skin of his Front,  
 And, what is more strange, not a Blood Vessel on't ;  
 From whence we concluded, the Party deceast  
 Was never much troubled with *Blushing* at least.  
 The *Os Cribriforme* as full as could stuff  
 Was cramm'd, and in some Places damag'd, with Snuff :  
 For *Beaux* with this Ballast keep stuffing their Crib,  
 To preserve their light Heads in a true *Æquilib*.

30 Wond'rously.—B.

35 Defended.—B.

39 Not one head free from it entirely in.—B.

33. *A pretty large Vessel*. "But the of the Academy nor Littre can give any account of the origin of this well-known large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled, &c." *Spectator*. talk.

41. *His Front* : forehead.

36. *Galimatias* (to be pronounced in the French way). Neither the *Dictionary*

45. *Os Cribriforme*. Here the anatomy seems to be fairly correct.



VII.

That Muscle, we found, was exceedingly plain,  
That helps a Man's Nose to express his disdain, 50  
If you chance to displease him, or make a Demand,  
Which is oft the *Beau's* Case, that he "don't understand."  
The Reader well knows, 'tis about this same Muscle  
That the old Latin Poets all make such a Bustle,  
When they paint a Man giving his Noddle a Toss,  
And cocking his Nose, like a *Rhinocérós*.

VIII.

Looking into the Eye, where the *Musculi* lay  
Which are call'd *Amatorii*, that is to say,  
Those Muscles, in *English*, wherewith a Man ogles,  
When on a fair Lady he fixes his *Goggles*, 60  
We found 'em much worn; but that call'd th' *Elevator*,  
Which lifts the Eyes up tow'ards the summit of Nature,  
Seem'd so little us'd, that the *Beau*, I dare say,  
Never dazzled his Eyes much with looking that way.

IX.

The outside of this Head, for its Shape and its Figure,  
Was like other Heads, neither lesser nor bigger;

50 Which helps.—B.

49. *That Muscle*. "We could not but *aliquid naso*," or "*naso adunco*" is the Horatian equivalent for our "turning up one's nose" at anything; and Martial in the 10th Epigram of his First Book, declares that at Rome —

"*Juvenesque senesque*

52. *Which is oft the BEAU'S Case, that he "don't understand."* Like that exquisite specimen of the languid dandies or "*fades maccaronies*," Mr. Meadows, in Miss Burney's *Cecilia*.

*Et pueri nasum rinocerotis habent."*

54. *The old Latin poets*. "*Suspendere*

61. *th' ELEVATOR*. The muscle actually so called lifts up, not the eyes, but the eye-lids. The elevation of the eyes follows the motion of the head.



Its Owner, as we were inform'd, when alive,  
 Had past for a Man of about thirty-five.  
 He ate, and he drank, just like one of the Crowd ;  
 For the rest, he drest finely, laught often, talkt loud ; 70  
 Had Talents in's way ; for sometimes at a Ball  
 The *Beau* shew'd his Parts, and outcaper'd 'em all.

## X.

Some Ladies, they say, took the *Beau* for a Wit ;  
 But in his Head, truly, there lay — deuce a bit.  
 He was cut off, alas ! in the Flow'r of his Age  
 By an eminent *Cit*, that was put in a Rage :  
 The *Beau* was, it seems, complimenting his *Wife*,  
 When his éxtreme Civility cost him his Life ;  
 For his *Eminence* took up an old paring-Shovel,  
 And on the hard Ground left my *Gem'man* to grovel. 80

## XI.

Having finish'd our Work, we began to replace  
 The Brain, such as 'twas, in its own proper Case.  
 In a fine Piece of scarlet we laid it in State,  
 And resolv'd to prepare so extraordinary a Pate ;  
 Which would eas'ly be done, our Anatomist thought,  
 Having found many Tubes that already were fraught  
 With a kind of a Substance he took for *Mercurial*,  
 Lodg'd there, he suppos'd, long before the *Beau's* Burial.

71 In his way he had talents, sometimes.—B.

74 But, truly, there lay in his head not a.—B. 78 When excessive.—B.

79. *Paring-Shovel*. Baretti in his paring-shovel. The incident recalls the Italian Dictionary (17—) has : “ORSO, *dénouement* of more than one mediæval *strumento con che si puliscono i pavimenti*” “*farse.*”  
 [by which pavements are scraped clean] : 84. *Prepare*: for an anatomical museum.



XII.

The Head laid aside, he then took up the Heart,  
Which he likewise laid open with very great Art ; 90  
And with many Particulars truly we met  
That gave us great insight into the *Coquette*.  
But having, kind Reader, already transgressed  
Too much on your Patience, we'll let the Heart rest ;  
Having giv'n you the *Beau* for To-day's Speculation,  
We'll reserve the *Coquette* for another Occasion.

92 *Coquet*, A ; B as in text.

96 *Coquet*, A ; B as in text.

96. *Coquette*. For the incorrect spelling "*Coquet*," cf. Steele in the *Tatler*, No. 21, May 28th, 1709.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN HORRID AND BARBAROUS  
ROBBERY, COMMITTED ON EPPING FOREST UPON THE BODY OF  
THE CAMBRIDGE COACH. IN A LETTER TO M. F., ESQ.

*Arma Virunque Cano.*

[The adventure narrated in these stanzas is told in prose by Byrom in a letter to his wife, dated Trin. College, Jan. 18th, 1728: "This day se'nnight I set out from London along with Mr. Collier in the Cambridge coach; we got well hither on Thursday night . . . I have sent by this post for my boots, in order to ride back again, for I don't like a coach no more than you. We were half a dozen of us cooped up, and two days a coming. It was very tedious, only indeed we met with an adventure that served to talk the time away upon; for about half a mile or less of Epping, a highwayman in a red rug upon a black horse came out of the bushes up to the coach, and presenting a pistol, first at the coachman and then at the corporation within, with a volley of oaths demanded our money — with a brace of balls amongst us if we didn't make haste. We had two women in the coach, who were so frightened that though they got out their money, they had not strength to offer it; one of the gentlemen who rode backwards flung a guinea into his hat; Mr. Collier, who sat backwards over against me, threw another; I thought we should be well off if he insisted on no more, but as that seemed to be more than he deserved, I consulted my silver pocket and presented him with five or six shillings of white metal which forsooth affronted him, and he cursed me, and swore he would have gold from me, but not being hasty enough in producing it, he turned to the fourth man, an honest bricklayer of Lynn — 'What! must I wait for you?' — *He* came over to my opinion, and tendered him 5s. and some ha'pences; and then I expected a visit from him on my side of the coach. It happened that Mr. Collier's guinea fell upon the road, upon which he made the coachman light and take it up, and then came round to the other side, from whence he rid into the wood without calling for my second payments, and so we drove on to Epping.

"This is the first collector of the highway that I ever had the honour to converse with in all my travels; and considering the defenceless situation we were in, we came off pretty well, though I must own I never grudged to part with an ounce of silver so much in my life; but being in that enchanted vehicle, there was no help for't . . ." (*Remains*, i. 288-9).



On Tuesday, March 19th, 1728, he writes again to his wife: "I am now with Mr. Folkes and two or three gentlemen at our Club; he tells me that a letter of verse which I sent him from Cambridge about my being robbed are [*sic*] printed, &c.; was it these verses that Mr. Eyre mentioned? They are not come out yet, as I see; when they do I'll send 'em thee, if thou carest for 'em, or bring 'em." (*Ib.*, 298.)

A copy of this *editio princeps*, very handsomely "printed" in folio "and sold by J. Roberts in Warwick Lane, M.DCC.XXVIII," is in the Manchester Free Library, where it was obligingly pointed out to me by the Chief Librarian, Mr. C. W. Sutton. There are no variations of any importance between the text of the folio and that of the edition of 1773, except that in l. 58, Maningham's name is in the former concealed beneath three asterisks.

Martin Folkes, LL.D., after having previously acted as Vice-President of the Royal Society during the presidency of Newton, himself became (in 1741) President of the Royal Society as well as (in 1749) of the Society of Antiquaries — for which Lord Hardwicke and he obtained a charter of incorporation. Concerning him see *Remains*, i. 51 note, *et al.*; and cf. *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xix. His monument is in Westminster Abbey, and he was painted by Hogarth. In his youth he married a popular young actress known as "Mrs. Bradshaw," who survived him. In Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's *Isabella, or The Morning*, a tribute is paid to this fashionable celebrity. "Pray, Mr. S—," says her grace, "What is the news in town?"

"Madam, I know of none; but I'm just come

From seeing a curiosity at home.

'Twas sent by Martin Folkes, as being rare,

And he and Dasguiliers" [Desaguiliers] "brought it there:

It's called a *Polypus*."—"What's that?"—"A creature

The wonderful'st of all the works of nature, &c."

(*The Odes of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K.B.*, 2nd ed., 1780, p. 7.) In the Catalogue of Byrom's Library, p. 159, occurs "Sir Isaac Newton's *The Chronology of Ancient Kingdom's Amended*, 4to., London, 1728: 'J. Byrom ex dono Fratris in Tachygraphia fraterrimi, Martini Folkes.'" The same Catalogue contains, p. 85: "Folkes (Martin), Table of English Silver Coins from the Norman Conquest, with their weights, values, &c. 4to., London, 1745." In 1748 Folkes was of assistance to Byrom in his efforts to save the life of Charles Deacon, and in the Latin verses which Byrom addressed to the Duke of

Richmond for the purpose, is referred to as "regius Præses noster" (*Remains*, ii. 444 note; cf. *infra*).

Nothing need be added as to the *mise-en-scène* of this narrative poem. Epping Forest had long enjoyed the distinction of being a favourite scene of the exploits of highwaymen. "On Wednesday night the Cambridge, Norwich and Linn Stage Coaches were all three robbed by one single Man in Epping Forest." (J. Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, edn. 1883, p. 414). Dr. Doran (*London in the Jacobite Times*, 1877, vol. i. p. 395) seems to date about the year 1722 (six years before Byrom's adventure) the period when the profession was at the height of its *vogue*. "Much notice was taken of a gentleman highwayman, with many *aliases*, who was captured in a western county, and who drove up to Newgate with attendant constables, in his own coach and six. The papers reminded him, however, that his next ride would be in a cart and two."]

## I.

DEAR *Martin Folkes*, dear Scholar, Brother, Friend,  
 And Words of like Importance without End :  
 This comes to tell you, how in *Epping* Hundred  
 Last Wednesday Morning I was robb'd and plunder'd.  
 Forgive the Muse, who sings what, I suppose,  
*Fame* has already trumpeted in Prose ;  
 But *Fame's* a lying Jade : the turn of Fate  
 Let poor *Melpomene* herself relate ;  
 Spare the sad Nymph a vacant Hour's Relief,  
 To rime away the Remnants of her Grief.

10

## II.

On *Tuesday* Night, you know with how much Sorrow  
 I bid the Club farewell : "I go To-morrow."

12 I briefly told the club.—B.

12. *The Club*. Not, as might be supposed, the Shorthand Society, but the club at the Sun in St. Paul's Churchyard, where Byrom was introduced by Folkes in July, 1723 (*Remains*, i. 51). He gives the following account of a meeting there in February, 1726 : "To the Sun in Paul's church-yard, Mr. Folkes, Graham, Heath-

cote, Durham, White senior, Hoadly, D'Anteney, Jurin, Prideaux, Ford, and the lame gentleman, paid 2s. apiece, and Derham had 5s. in bank ; we talked about Chambers' *Cyclopædia*, the experiment with the needle, which they tried there, but it would not do" (*Remains*, i. 197).



To-morrow came, and so accordingly  
 Unto the place of Rendezvous went I.  
*Bull* was the House, and *Bishopgate* the Street,  
 The Coach as full as it could cram : to wit,  
 Two Fellow-Commoners *de Aulâ Trin.*,  
 And eke an honest Bricklayer of Lynn,  
 And eke two *Norfolk* Dames, his Wife and Cousin,  
 And eke my Worship's self, made half a Dozen.

20

II.

Now then, as Fortune had contriv'd, our Way  
 Thro' the wild Brakes of *Epping-Forest* lay :  
 With Travellers and Trunks, a hugeous Load,  
 We hagg'd along the solitary Road ;  
 Where nought but Thickets within Thickets grew,  
 No House nor Barn to cheer the wand'ring View ;  
 Nor lab'ring Hind, nor Shepherd did appear,  
 Nor Sportsman with his Dog or Gun was there ;  
 A dreary Landscape, bushy and forlorn,  
 Where Rogues start up like Mushrooms in a Morn.

30

13 Came, when in due order I.—B.  
 23 A cumbrous load.—B.

14 Went to the starting-place accordingly.—B.  
 24 We crawl'd.—B.

16. *BULL was the House, and BISHOP-GATE the Street.* The Bull in Bishopgate Street Within was famous as one of the city inns of which the yards were used as play-places before the building of theatres proper (see Fleay's *History of the Stage*, 1890, p. 36). It was afterwards the house of call of the Cambridge carrier. Milton sang of Hobson, when the Plague carried him off, how Death—

“ Had any time this ten years full  
 Dodged with him between Cambridge and  
 the Bull.”

18. *de Aulâ Trin.* Of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

20. *And eke my Worship's self, made half a dozen.* Cf. Chaucer, *The Prologue to The Canterbury Tales* :

“ There was also a reve, and a millere,  
 A sompnour, and a pardoner also,  
 A manciple, and myself, there ne're no mo.”

23. *Hugeous.* An Elizabethan, or at least a Jacobean, form. See Cartwright, *The Ordinary*, Act iii. Sc. v. :

“ Let's ha't: I love these ballads hugeously.”  
 24. *We hagg'd*: we jolted or dragged.



## III.

However, since we, none of us, had yet  
 Such Rogues but in a Sessions Paper met,  
 We jok'd on Fear ; tho', as we past along,  
 Robbing was still the Burden of the Song.  
 With untry'd Courage bravely we repell'd  
 The rude Attacks of Dogs —— not yet beheld,  
 With val'rous Talk still battling, till at last  
 We thought all Danger was as good as past.  
 Says one, —— too soon, alas ! —— “ Now let him come :  
 Full at his Head I'll fling this Bottle of Rum.” 40

## IV.

Scarce had he spoken, when the Brickman's Wife  
 Cry'd out “ Good Lord ! he's here, upon my Life ! ”  
 Forth from behind the Wheels the Villain came,  
 And swore such Words as I dare hardly name ;  
 But you'll suppose them, Brother, not to drop  
 From me, but him — : “ G——d d——n ye, Coachman, stop !  
 Your Money, Z——ds, deliver me your Money !  
 Quick, d——n ye, quick : must I stay waiting on ye ?  
 Quick, or I'll send,” —— and nearer still he rode, ——  
 “ A Brace of Balls amongst ye all, by —— ! ” 50

## V.

I leave you, Sir, to judge yourself, what Plight  
 We all were put in by this cursèd Wight.  
 The trembling Females into Labour fell ;  
 Big with the sudden Fear, *they Pout, they Swell* ;  
 And soon, deliver'd by his horrid Curses,  
 Brought forth two Strange and Preternatural Purses,

31 However, since such rogues we had not yet.—B.

32 Except within a.—B.

40 I'll fell him with this bottle full of.—B.

45 Them not from me.—B.

46 But from the rogue.—B.

47 Your money, deliver.—B.

50 By G—d !—B.

51 You to conjecture in what.—B.

52 Put by this ferocious.—B.



That look'd indeed like Purses made of Leather ;—  
But let the sweet-tongu'd *Maningham* say whether  
A common Purse could possibly conceal  
Shillings, Half-crowns, and Half-pence by piece-meal. 60

VI.

The Youth, who flung the Bottle at the Knave  
Before he came, now thought it best to wave  
Such Resolution, and preserve the Liquor,  
Since a round Guinea might be thrown much quicker.  
So, with impetuous Haste he flung him that,  
Which the sharp Rascal parried with his Hat.  
His right-hand Man, a Brother of our Quill,  
Prudently chose to shew his own good Will  
By the same Token, and without much Scruple  
Made the Red-rugg'd Collector's Income duple. 70

VII.

My Heart (for Truth I always must confess)  
Did sink——*an Inch exactly*——*more or less*.

58 The sweet-tongu'd \* \* \* say (1728).

61 The youth who threw.—B.

67 Of the.—B. 68 Chose prudently.—B.

72 Dropp'd down an.—B.

58. *The sweet-tongu'd MANINGHAM.* A note in the edition of 1773 explains the allusion to be to "Dr. Maningham, who wrote a pamphlet in defence of the well-known story of the Rabbit-woman." As to the extraordinary imposture of Mary Tofts, the rabbit-breeder of Godalming in Surrey, in whose achievements Dr. Deacon refused without good evidence either to believe or to disbelieve, see Canon Parkinson's note to *Remains*, i. 233.

67. *A Brother of our Quill*, i.e., a member of the Shorthand Society, evidently the Mr. Collier referred to *ib.*, and elsewhere mentioned by him as a Cambridge associate.

70. *The Red-rugg'd Collector's.* See the description of the highway-man in Byrom's letter to his wife (*Introductory Note*).

72. *Did sink—an Inch exactly—more or less.* According to a note in A this was "an expression used by —— of the

With both my Eyes I view'd the Thief's Approach ;  
 And read the Case of——*Pistol versus Coach* ;  
 A woeful Case, which I had oft heard quoted,  
 But ne'er before in all my Practice noted.  
 So, when the Lawyers brought in their Report,  
 "Guinea *per* Christian to be paid in Court :"  
 "Well off, thinks I, " with this same Son of a ——,  
 "If he prefers his Action for no more !

80

## VIII.

"No more ! why, hang him, is not that too much,  
 "To pay a Guinea for his vile *High-Dutch* ?  
 "'Tis true, he had us here upon the hank  
 "With Action strong, and swears to it point blank ;  
 "Yet why resign the yellow One Pound One ?  
 "No, tax his Bill, and give him Silver, *John*."  
 So said, so done, and, putting Fist to Fob,  
 I flung th' apparent value of the Job,

73 With fix'd eyes.—B.

79 Thought I, from.—B.

83 True, his arguments are short and frank.—B.

84 His action strong, to which he swears point blank.—B.

87 Done, when putting.—B.

*Royal Society* and afterwards proverbially adopted in Ridicule by the *Author* and his Friends." I have known latter-day popular lecturers on missing an experiment employ similar phraseology.

74. *The Case of—PISTOL VERSUS COACH.* Byrom's humour may be thought a trifle heavy in this and the two following stanzas ; and indeed this *jeu d'esprit* as a whole can hardly be said to be in his most original or most refined manner. On the other hand, it was natural enough that he should fall in with the taste of his times, which continued to regard with favour such solid pleasantry as that of Arbuthnot's *History of John Bull*, and of its opening allegory concerning "The Occasion of the Law-suit."

82. *His vile HIGH-DUTCH* ? It might be interesting to trace the origin of the slang use of this compound. Nares, s.v. *German*, *High*, says that for a long time High-German quack doctors were in repute (in the Elizabethan age) ; probably they were out of repute for some time afterwards. But I suspect that the popular Jacobite antipathy to persons and things German gave point to the mis-use of High-Dutch = (foreign) gibberish.

83. *Upon the hank* : in his hold. A "hank" is a tie, or hold : hence *infra*, *Careless Content*, l. 48, to "hang upon a hank" is to swing from a nail, to swing to and fro. (Cf. Halliwell and Wright's Nares, s.v. *hank*.)



An Ounce of Silver, into his Receiver,  
And mark'd the Issue of the Rogue's Behaviour.

90

IX.

He, like a thankless Wretch that's overpaid,  
Resents, forsooth, th' Affront upon his Trade ;  
And treats my Kindness with a——“ This won't do :  
Look ye here, Sir, I must ha' Gold from you.”  
To this Demand of the ungrateful Cur  
Defendant *John* thought proper to demur.  
The Bricklayer, joining in the White Opinion,  
Tender'd five Shillings to *Diana's* Minion ;  
Who still kept threatening to pervade his Buff,  
Because the Payment was not prompt enough.

100

X.

Before the Women with their Purses each  
Had Strength to place Contents within his reach,  
One of his Pieces, falling downwards, drew  
The Rogue's Attention hungrily thereto.  
Straight he began to damn the Charioteer :  
“ Come down ye Dog, reach me that Guinea there !”  
Down jumps th' affrighted Coachman on the Sand,  
Picks up the Gold, and puts it in his Hand,

90 Mark'd what fine respects he'd pay the giver.—B.

92 Resents the insult offer'd to.—B. 93 With —“ Oh ! this.—B.

101-2 Women could within his reach

Place what contents were in their purses each.—B.

97. *The White Opinion* : the opinion in favour of a silver currency. (Cf. below, l. 115.) be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon.” (*Hen. IV.*, Pt. I., ii.)

98. *DIANA'S Minion* : the highway-man or *Moontighter*. Cf. Falstaff's request to Prince Hal : “ When thou art King, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty : let us

99. *To pervade his Buff* ; explained in a note of the edition of 1814, to mean “ to run him through the skin ?” “ Buff” (the skin of the buffe or buffalo) was used in slang to signify the human skin ; and “ all in buff” meant “ naked.”

Missing a rare Occasion, tim'rous Dastard,  
To seize his Pistol, and dismount the Bastard.

110

## XI.

Now, while in deep and serious Ponderment  
I watch'd the Motions of his next Intent,  
He wheel'd about, as one full bent to try  
The Matter in Dispute 'twixt him and I,  
And how my Silver Sentiments would hold  
Against that hard Dilemma, Balls or Gold.  
"No Help," said I, "no Tachygraphic Pow'r  
"To interpose in this unequal Hour?  
"I doubt—I must resign—there's no defending  
"The Cause against that murderous Fire-Engine."

120

## XII.

When lo! descending to her Champion's Aid,  
The Goddess SHORT-HAND, bright Celestial Maid,  
Clad in a letter'd Vest of silver Hue,  
Wrought by her fav'rite PHEBE'S Hand, she flew.

113 As fully bent.—B.

114 Which of the two was strongest, he or I.—B.

119-20 I can't maintain, except by lowly cringing

My cause.—B.

110. *The Bastard.* If this designation should seem hard on the man in red, it may be urged that as *male vestitus* he was only too likely to be *male natus*.

114. *'Twixt him and I.* Mätzner and Koch give many examples from English authors of this popular solecism. So in *Othello*, iv. 2, 3: "You have seen Cassio and she together"; and in *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2, 320: "All debts are cleared between you and I."

119, 120. *Defending . . . Fire-Engine.* Probably the worst rhyme to be found in our author.

123. *A letter'd Vest of silver Hue.* The edition of 1773 here appends a note, not to be found in the folio edition of 1728: "Alluding to some Short-hand Characters neatly cut in Paper by the *Author's* Sister, and presented to M. F., Esq." The art of cutting out figures and even more ambitious pictorial designs is probably



Th' unfolded Surface fell exactly neat,  
In just Proportions, o'er her Shape complete ;  
Distinct with Lines of purer flaming White,  
Transparent Work, Intelligibly bright ;  
Form'd to give Pleasure to th' ingenious Mind,  
But puzzle and confound the stupid Hind. 130

XIII.

Soon as the Wretch the Sacred Writing spy'd,  
"What Conjunction-Sight is this?" he cry'd.  
My Eyes meanwhile the Heav'nly Vision clear'd ;  
It shew'd how all his hellish Look appear'd.  
(Heav'n shield all Travellers from foul Disgrace,  
As I saw *Tyburn* in the Ruffian's Face !  
And, if aright I judge of human Mien,  
His Face ere long in *Tyburn* will be seen.)  
The Hostile Blaze soon seiz'd his miscreant Blood ;  
He star'd,—turn'd short,—and fled into the Wood. 140

XIV.

Danger dismiss, the gentle Goddess smil'd  
Like a fond Parent o'er her fearful Child,  
And thus began to drive the dire Surprise  
Forth from my anxious Breast in jocund wise :

121-2 The goddess Short-Hand, bright celestial maid  
Just then descended to her champion's aid.—B.

129 To delight the cultivated mind.—B.

134 And shew'd me how his hellish looks.—B.

136 For I.—B.

to be regarded as almost a lost art ; but it has in its time numbered many votaries more or less distinguished, among whom may be mentioned King George I. and Varnhagen von Ense. That Byrom's de- vices would afford his sister, the fair Phebe, some charming opportunities for arabesque, may be gathered from the plates accompanying his *Universal Short-Hand*, as posthumously put forth in 1767.



"My Son," said she, "this Fellow is no *Weston*,  
 "No Adversary, Child, to make a Jest on.  
 "With Ink Sulphureous upon Human Skin  
 "He writes, indenting horrid Marks therein ;  
 "But——thou hast read his Fate——the halter'd Slave  
 "Shall quickly sing his Penitential Stave.

150

## XV.

"Pursue thy Route ; but when thou tak'st another,  
 "Bestride some generous Quadrupe or other.  
 "Let this enchanted Vehicle confine,  
 "From this Time forth, no Votaries of mine ;  
 "Let me no more see honest Short-hand Men  
 "Coop'd up in Wood, like Poultry in a Pen.  
 "And at *Trin. Coll.* when e'er thou art enlarging  
 "On *Epping-Forest*, note this in the Margin :  
 "Let *Cambridge* Scholars, that are not quite bare,  
 "Shun the dishonest Track, and ride thro' *Ware*."

160

## XVI.

"Adieu, my Son ! resume thy wonted Jokes ;  
 "And write Account hereof to *Martin Folkes*."

158 On this adventure, note within the.—B.

159 Who are.—B.

160 Shun *Epping Forest's* track.—B.

162 Account of this.—B.

145. *This Fellow is no WESTON.* The edition of 1773 (not the Folio) annotates : "The Inventor of a Method of Short-hand, then in some Vogue ; the great Irregularity and Defects of which our Author had often humorously exposed." As to James Weston see *Remains passim* ; and more particularly i. 160 *seqq.*, where Byrom records his great professional tournament with Weston at the Chapter

Coffee-house in June, 1725. In December, 1727, Byrom was urged to write against Weston's book (*ib.*, i. 277) ; and their rivalry continued for many years later.

160. *Ride through WARE.* Ware on the Lea in Hertfordshire extends for about a mile along the high-road from London to Cambridge. The distance between Ware and Edmonton is full ten miles. (Cf. *The Diverting History of John Gilpin*.)



This said, she mounts ; the Characters divine  
Thro' the bright Path immensely brilliant shine.—  
Now safe arriv'd, first for my Boots I wrote ;  
I tell the Story, and subjoin the Note ;  
And lastly, to fulfil the dread Commands,  
These hasty Lines presume to Kiss your Hands.  
Excuse the tedious Tale of a Disaster ;

I am

170

Your Humble Servant

and

GRAND-MASTER.

165 Safely arriv'd.—B.

165. *First for my Boots I wrote.* See can but be in one at once." (*Remains*,  
Byrom's letter to his wife from Cambridge, i. 291.)  
in *Introductory Note*, and another dated 170. *Grand-Master.* Byrom's title  
January 23rd, 1728 : "I have sent for my among the members of his Short-hand  
boots to ride back to London ; if I could Society, *i.e.* his scholars. Cf. *Remains*,  
meet with a horse to my purpose I would i. 231, 312 *et al.*  
buy him to trot from place to place, since I



## THE POETASTER.

[I do not know what is the date of these lines; but since in vol. i. both of A and of B they follow the *Letter to R. L., Esq.* (1725), itself inserted "out of time" and late, while in B they immediately precede the stanzas *To Henry Wright of Mobberley* (1728), I should in any case conclude that they belonged to Byrom's facile early London "period." There is no sufficient reason for supposing, from the first two lines, that these stanzas were occasioned by any particular vacancy in the Poet-Laureateship, or mentally dedicated to any particular candidate for that office. The cap, however, tolerably well fits the Rev. Laurence Eusden, whom in 1718 the Duke of Newcastle, in return for an Ode upon his marriage, named Poet Laureate. Among Pope's sneers against him is that in the *Dunciad*, i. 2: "Eusden thirsts no more for sack and praise;" and there seems no doubt that in his later years he took to the bottle. He died in 1730, and was succeeded by Colley Cibber, whose claims as a poet are neatly put by a writer in the *Chester Courant* of June 2nd, 1747, supposed to be Byrom (*Manchester Vindicated*, Chester, 1749, p. 226): "Mr. Cibber, you know, Sir, is the Poet Laureate; and it would be a high Reflexion upon the Government's Choice of its Ministers to think that he was not the best Poet of the Age." Upon Colley Cibber followed, in 1757, Whitehead, whose claims were very justly appreciated by Byrom (*vide infra*). The style and metrification of the ensuing stanzas point to an early date of composition.]

## I.

WHEN a Poet, as Poetry goes now-a-days,  
 Takes it into his Head to put in for the Bays,  
 With an old Book of Rimes and a Half-pint of Claret  
 To cherish his Brains, mounted up to his Garret,  
 Down he sits with his Pen, Ink and Paper before him,  
 And labours as hard as his Mother that bore him.



II.

Thus plac'd, on the Candle he fixes his Eyes,  
 And upon the bright Flame on't looks wonderful wise;  
 Then, snuffing it close, he takes hold of his Pen,  
 And, the Subject not starting, he snuffs it again ; 10  
 Till perceiving at last that not one single Thought,  
 For all his wise Looks, will come forth as it ought,  
 With a Bumper of Wine he emboldens his Blood,  
 And prepares to receive it, whenever it should.

III.

*Videlicet* : first, he invokes the nine Muses,  
 Or some one of their Tribe for his Patroness chooses ;  
 The Girl, to be sure, that of all the long *Nomine*  
 Best suits with his Rime, as for instance, *Melpomene*.  
 And what signifies then this old Bard-beaten Whim ?  
 What's he to the Muses, or th' Muses to him ? 20  
 Why, the Bus'ness is this : the poor Man, lack-a-day,  
 At first setting out, don't know well what to say.

IV.

Then he thinks of Parnassus and Helicon Streams,  
 And of old musty Bards mumbles over the Names ;  
 Talks much to himself of one *Phæbus Apollo*,  
 And a Parcel of Folk that in's Retinue follow ;

8 And, upon its bright flame he—B.

18. *Melpomene*. Byrom's own favourite Muse. (Cf. below, *Dulces ante omnia* Hecuba to him," &c. *Muse*, l. 6.) 20. *What's he to the Muses*. "What's

Of a Horse namèd *Pegasus* that had two Wings,  
 Of Mountains, and Nymphs, and a hundred fine Things :  
 Tho' with Mountains and Streams, and his Nymphs of Parnáss,  
 The Man, after all, is but just where he was. 30

27. *Of a horse namèd Pegasus, that had two wings.* Both A and B print this dubious line unhesitatingly; B even suggesting a false quantity by reading "nam'd" in lieu of "named." is the one good touch in the piece, and recalls Klaus Groth's :  
 "Who looks in her eyes, as divinely she sings,  
 Falls a-thinking of angels and all sorts of things."

28. *And a hundred fine Things.* This



TO HENRY WRIGHT OF MOBBERLEY, ESQ.

ON BUYING THE PICTURE OF FATHER MALEBRANCHE

AT A SALE.

[These following stanzas, not being included in A, are here reprinted from B; where they are stated to be also inserted in Nichols' *Select Poems*. The event celebrated in these charming verses, which really sparkle with the writer's pleasure, is first mentioned in a letter from Byrom to his wife, dated March 9th, 1727: "My dear, I have made a purchase — what d'y'e think it is? — Father Malebranche's picture! I bought it at Lord Cadogan's sale. I have longed for an image of him a long while, and now I have one; if you'll give five guineas apiece for the sight of it, I'll send it down, or else ——" (*Remains*, i. 237.) The verses were doubtless written shortly after this letter; on Sept. 13th, 1728, we read in the *Diary*, that at the club-meeting at Bufton's, "Mr. Wright gave me a long-hand copy of the verses about Father Malebranche, which he read to the company." (*Ib.*, 317.) On February 23rd, 1729, Byrom refers to an engraving of another portrait of Malebranche: "Mr. Folkes showed me the picture of Father Malebranche before his book, the same with that which I bought at Paris, but a much better of the sort, but the pen in the left hand" (*ib.*, 332). To the same may refer the passage in the postscript to a letter from Byrom to John Stansfield, of September, 1731, in the *MS.* which in my *General Introduction* I have designated the *Chetham Library MS.*: "Thanking you for your care about Father Malebranche, whose head, if I remember, is like the picture; but I am not judge of the mezzotinto; the left eye looks somehowish." In 1735 he employed the well-known engraver Kirkhall, whose portrait of a very different personage is extolled by Pope, to engrave the picture of Malebranche in which he took so much pleasure, and paid him seven guineas for the plate (*ib.*, 601, 612, 614). Unfortunately both picture and engraving have vanished. The painter of it, Gery, is not mentioned by the authorities accessible to me.

The best-known portrait of Malebranche seems to be that painted in 1713 by the academician Santerre (whose masterpiece was a St. Theresa), and engraved by Edelinck, from whom it was reproduced by François

in Savérin's *Histoire des Philosophes Modernes* (see the Abbé Blampignon's *Étude sur Malebranche*, Paris, 1862, p. 29).

Byrom's interest in and veneration for Malebranche were of long standing. In July, 1723, he entered in his *Diary*: "Bought the works of Malebranche, 19s. 6d." His Library (see *Catalogue*, p. 144) contains a series of editions of Malebranche's works, including the controversial publications against Arnauld. Byrom's reverence for him was heightened by the praises bestowed on him by Law, who "said he owed it to him that he kept his act at Cambridge upon '*Omnia videmus in Deo*'; that, meeting with the book without any recommendation of it, he found all other books upon the subject were trifling to this; nay, so far does he admire the author that if he knew anybody that had conversed with him much he would go to Paris on purpose to talk with him; I told him I would go with him." (*Remains*, i. 337.) *More suo*, Byrom communicated his sympathies to his immediate associates; in January, 1731, he enters in his *Diary*: "Thence to Paul's Head Tavern, we four shorthand and Malbranche men" (*ib.*, 444).

It is not wonderful that the enthusiasm of Byrom's head and heart, always ready to respond to a nature which either of them recognised as heavenly, and nobly unfettered by any habit of morigeration to mere authority, should have been given without stint to a spirit so select as that of Malebranche. According to Mark Pattison (*Essays*, ii. 175), we have it on the authority of Dugald Stewart, that Malebranche's extraordinary merit had been recognised by few English writers except Warburton, "who even when he thinks unsoundly, has always the rare merit of thinking for himself." Yet few philosophers of his or any age surpass Malebranche in charm of style—a quality or combination of qualities which he spurned, as if he had been a scientific man conscious of his literary shortcomings. It so happened, more or less fortunately for himself, that he had been well trained in the employment of the very gifts which he contemned, and to the efficacy of which his writings are a standing witness. These qualities are palpable even in translation, and shine with a kind of light that makes itself perceptible even in mathematical argument.

What brought Byrom to the feet of Malebranche was, however, something apart from either style or dialectics. The controversies of moral philosophy in which he played so prominent and unfortunately at times



so embittered a part—for in his nature, as in John Henry Newman's, sweetness and contentiousness were antithetically mixed—cannot obscure the standpoint of this *Searcher of Truth*, as, in allusion to the title of his masterpiece, *La Recherche de la Vérité* (1674-5), he is called by Byrom. This standpoint was that of a mysticism so profound and so absolute as to furnish one answer to every question and one solution to every problem. If the history of mysticism, or of the mystic tendency in human thought, be candidly regarded as a whole, the controversies which result from the transitory necessity of dovetailing this tendency with the demands of an existing system of religious belief, sink into insignificance.

Henry Wright of Mobberley (in Cheshire, three miles from Nether Knutsford), to whom these verses are addressed, was an early associate of Byrom's. He died in 1744, and was succeeded by his son the Rev. Henry Offley Wright, mentioned in the *Remains* as "coz Wright" (ii. 389) and as a Cheshire gentleman of Jacobite leanings (*ib.* 496). The father's name appears (in the Chetham Library *MS.*) in connexion with a religious thinker of a different stamp from that of Father Malebranche, viz., the well known Elwall, of whose death a false report had reached Byrom. He suggests to Ralph Leycester: "Also if thou should say what communication friend Wright of Mob[berley], whom you regard as a man of understanding, and the rest of ye had with him where it tended to advantage, or how and what friend Wright thought of him."]

I.

WELL, dear Mr. Wright, I must send you a line :—  
 The purchase is made, Father Malebranche is mine ;  
 The adventure is past which I long'd to achieve,  
 And I'm so overjoy'd, you will hardly believe.  
 If you will but have patience, I'll tell you, dear friend,  
 The whole history on't, from beginning to end.  
 Excuse this long tale,—I could talk, Mr. Wright,  
 About this same picture from morning to night,

6. *The whole history on't*: the whole history of it. A well-known Elizabethan usage,

## II.

The morning it low'r'd, like the morning in *Cato*,  
 And brought on, methought, as important a day too. 10  
 But about ten o'clock it began to be clear ;  
 And, the fate of our capital piece drawing near,  
 Having supp'd off to breakfast some common decoction.  
 Away trudgèd I in all haste to the Auction.  
 Should have call'd upon you, but the Weaver Committee  
 Forbade me that pleasure,—the more was the pity !

## III.

The clock struck eleven as I enter'd the room,  
 Where Rembrandt and Guido stood waiting their doom,  
 With Holbein and Rubens, Van Dyck, Tintoret,  
 Jordano, Poussin, Carlo Dolci, *et cet.* 20  
 When at length in the corner perceiving the *Père*,  
 "Ha !" quoth I to his face, "my old friend, are you there ?"  
 And methought the face smil'd, just as tho' it would say :  
 "What, you're come, Mr. Byrom, to fetch me away !"

9. *Like the morning in CATO.* See ii. 232.) The old-fashioned and grammatically correct construction "to drink tea to" (= for) "breakfast" is still occasionally used.

And heavily in clouds brings on the day,  
 The great, th' important day, big with the  
 fate  
 Of *Cato* and of *Rome*."

13. *Having supp'd off to breakfast some common decoction.* Not, as on another occasion noted in the *Diary* (1739): "Rose at ten ; breakfast green tea." (*Remains*,

15. *The Weaver Committee.* The Weaver Navigation Trust was formed early in the eighteenth century. The Weaver, the principal river of Mid-Cheshire, flows into the Mersey below Frodsham-Bridge.

20. *Jordano.* Luca Giordano (1630-1705).



IV.

Now, before I had time to return it an answer,  
Comes a Short-hander by,—Jemmy Ord was the man, Sir :—  
“So, Doctor! good morrow!”—“So Jemmy! *bon jour!*  
Some rare pictures here!”—“So there are, to be sure.  
Shall we look at some of them?”—“With all my heart, Jemmy!”  
So I walk’d up and down, with my old pupil wi’ me; 30  
Making still such remarks as our wisdom thought proper,  
Where things were hit off in wood, canvas, or copper.

V.

When at length, about noon, Mr. Auctioneer Cox  
With his book and his hammer mounts into his box :  
“Lot the first, number One.” Then advanced his upholder  
With Malebranche,—so Atlas bore Heav’n on his shoulder.  
Then my heart, Sir, it went pit-a-pat, in good sooth,  
To see the sweet face of *The Searcher of Truth*.  
“Ha!” thought I to myself, “if it cost me a million,  
This right honest head, then, shall grace my pavilion.” 40

VI.

Thus stood *Lot the first*,—both in number and worth,  
If pictures were priz’d for the men they set forth.

26. *Jemmy Ord*. James Ord, a younger son of John Ord of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, afterwards Lord Chief Baron of Scotland, was an intimate friend and short-hand pupil of Byrom’s (*Remains*, i. 55, 89 notes); and a *connoisseur* in coins (see *ib.*, i. 84 (1725): “Called on Jemmy Ord to look at his medals; I begged a King Charles farthing of him.” He was also a traveller (*ib.*, i. 109, 385).

27. *So, Doctor!* “*So*” is here = “*soho*,” the cry of sportsmen, when the hare was found in her form.

33. *Mr. Auctioneer Cox*. I can find no particulars as to this personage. Horace Walpole in 1777 mentions “Cox’s museum” as the subject of an epigram (*Letters*, vi. 463).

38. THE SEARCHER OF TRUTH. See *Introductory Note*.



I'm sure, to my thinking, compar'd to this number,  
 Most lots in the room seem'd to be but mere lumber.  
 The head then appearing, Cox left us to see't,  
 And fell to discoursing concerning the *feet* :  
 " So long, and so broad !—'Tis a very fine head !  
 Please to enter it, gen'men,"—was all that he said.

## VII.

Had I been in his place, not the stroke of a hammer,  
 Till the force had been tried both of rhet'ric and grammar. 50  
 " A very fine head !"—Had thy head been as fine,  
 All the heads in the house had vail'd bonnets to thine !—  
 Not a word, whose it was ; but, in short, 'twas a *head*—  
 " Put it up what you please." So, somebody said :  
 " Half-a-piece," and so on. For three pounds and a crown,  
 (To sum up my good fortune) I fetch'd him me down.

## VIII.

There were three or four bidders,—I cannot tell whether,—  
 But they never could come two upon me together ;  
 For as soon as one spoke, then immediately, pop !  
 I advanc'd something more, fear the hammer should drop. 60  
 I consider'd, should Cox take a whim of a sudden,  
 What a hurry 'twould put a man's Lancashire blood in !  
 " Once—twice—three pounds five "—so, *nemine con.*,  
 Came an absolute rap, and thrice happy was John.

46. *Concerning the FEET.* A good play on the word.

48. *Gen'men.* An abbreviation which seems to have tickled Byrom. He introduces it in *Tunbridgiale*, *et al.*

55. *Half-a-piece* : half-a-sovereign. According to both Bailey's and Baretti's *Dictionaries*, a "piece" is a pound.

57. *I cannot tell whether* : whether (exactly) three or four.



IX.

"Who bought it?" quoth Cox. "Here's the money," quoth I,  
Still willing to make the securest reply;  
And the safest receipt that a body can trust  
For preventing disputes, is "Down with your dust!"  
So I bought it, and paid for 't; and boldly I say,  
'Twas the best purchase made at Cadogan's that day: 70  
The works the man wrote are the finest in nature;  
And a most clever piece is his genuine portraiture.

X.

For the rest of the pictures, and how they were sold,  
To others there present I leave to be told.  
They seem'd to go off, as at most other sales,  
Just as folk's money, judgment or fancy prevails,  
Some cheap, and some dear. Such an image as this  
Comes a trifle to me, and an odd wooden Swiss  
Wench's head—God knows, who?—forty-eight guineas, if her  
Grace of Marlborough likes it:—so fancies will differ. 80

XI.

When the bus'ness was o'er, and the crowd somewhat gone,  
Whip, into a coach I convey Number One.  
"Drive along, honest friend, fast as e'er you can spin."  
So he did; and 'tis now safe and sound at Gray's Inn;

70. *At Cadogan's.* The sale of the pictures and other objects of art belonging to the first Earl of Cadogan, who after succeeding Marlborough as commander-in-chief, died in 1726. of Bononcini, and not the redoubtable Dowager, whose quarrel with Lord Cadogan was unlikely to incline her to buy up his curiosities.

79. *Her Grace of Marlborough.* This was probably Henrietta, the "reigning Duchess of Marlborough" (as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu calls her), the patroness 84. *At Gray's Inn,* where Byrom at this time had chambers, and whither, at Abington's coffee-house, his letters were addressed.



"Done at Paris," it says, "from the life by" one "GERY,"—  
 Who that was, I can't tell, but I wish his heart merry,—  
 "In the year Ninety-eight,"—sixty just from the birth  
 Of the greatest divine that e'er liv'd upon earth.

## XII.

And now, if some evening, when you are at leisure,  
 You'll come and rejoice with me over my treasure, 90  
 With a friend or two with you, that will in free sort  
 Let us mix Metaphysics and Short-hand and port :  
 We'll talk of his book, or what else you've a mind  
 Take a glass, read or write, as we see we're inclin'd ;  
 Such friends and such freedom!—What can be more clever ?  
 Huzza ! FATHER MALEBRANCHE AND SHORT-HAND FOR EVER !

85. *From the life by one GERY.* Of Malebranche was born at Paris, August  
 him I know nothing. 6th, 1638.

87. *Sixty just from the birth.* Nicolas



## ADVICE

TO THE

REV. MESSRS. H— AND H— TO PREACH SLOW.

[The date of these verses is fixed, and the divines to whom they were addressed are identified, by a comparison of the following entries in Byrom's *Journal*: July 24th, 1728: "In the green parlour; Mrs. Byrom gone to Mr. Brooke's in the Square, and nobody but myself at home.

' Brethren, this comes to let you know, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

This, reverend brethren, is our general charge ;

Another time, perhaps, you'll have it more at large."

(*Remains*, i. 314.)

August 14th, Wednesday: "Mr. Haywood [*sic*] and Haddon came to town yesterday to Mrs. Malyn's; I was there last night, and they were here this morning, and read the first *Spectator* of my writing." (*Ib.*)

August 24th: "Mr. Cattel came for the Robbery verses and the charge about preaching slow, for Mr. Knight and Dr. Malyn, and had them." (*Ib.*, 315.)

August 26th, 27th: "To Haddon, John, and Heyward, Thomas, greeting, &c." [the stanzas printed below.] (*Ib.*, 315.)

In the lines last cited both these gentlemen are described as "representatives of Warrington." The Rev. John Haddon, M.A., was Rector of Warrington from 1723 to 1767 (see *Remains*, i, 45 *note*, where a kindly reference to him is cited from "Tim Bobbin's" autobiography). The Rev. Thomas Heyward (not Haywood) was Master of Warrington Grammar School. In 1722 he was instituted to the Vicarage of Garstang, Church-town. He died in 1731 (see *ib.*, 315, *note*).

Byrom's verses appear to have attracted some attention, for on December 19th, 1729, he records in his *Diary*: "'Charge to the Clergy' in the Whitehall Evening Post, choose how" [*i.e.* however, by whatever means] "it came there" (*ib.*, 393).

The advice administered by Byrom in these stanzas is indisputably sound, although in his age sermons, probably, as a rule more frequently lacked warmth than distinctness in their delivery. Hence, his admonitions should be taken in conjunction with those offered by him

to the same clergymen *On Preaching Extempore* (*infra*), and with those contained in the excellent *Lancashire Dialogue, Occasioned by a Clergyman's preaching without Notes* (*infra*). In short, what he desired to testify against was coldness, perfunctoriness and indifference of manner. He was not perhaps so easily able as we are, to perceive that the most notable defects of manner in the delivery of sermons in the earlier decades of the eighteenth century corresponded to the typical character of the sermons themselves. This has been fairly described as "too stiff and formal, too cold and artificial, appealing more to the reason than to the feelings, and so, more calculated to convince the understanding than the heart." (Canon Overton in *Abbey and Overton's English Church in the Eighteenth Century*, new edition, p. 301 : where Johnson's two-edged remark is cited : "We have no sermons addressed to the passions that are good for anything.")

I know of no discussion, either in prose or verse, contemporary with these pieces by Byrom, of the general subject with which they deal. *The Art of Preaching, in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry*, attributed to Robert Dodsley by Chalmers, who included it in his collection, seems to have been published about the middle of the century. It is a clever "imitation," with some good hits here and there, as *e.g.* :

"Much of its beauty, usefulness and force  
Depends on rightly timing a discourse.  
Before the l—ds or c—mm—ns, far from nice,  
Say boldly : "Brib'ry is a dirty vice ;"  
But quickly check yourself, and with a sneer :  
"Of which this honourable house is clear."

But, on the whole, it is a cold-blooded treatment of a theme of which, in every sense, more might have been made.]

# I.

BRETHREN, this comes to let you know  
That I would have you to preach slow ;  
To give the Words of a Discourse  
Their proper Time, and Life, and Force ;



To urge what you think fit to say,  
In a sedate, pathetic Way,  
Grave and delib'rate, as 'tis fit  
To comment upon Holy Writ.

II.

Many a good Sermon gives Distaste  
By being spoke in too much Haste ; 10  
Which, had it been pronounc'd with Leisure,  
Would have been listen'd to with Pleasure ;  
And thus the Preacher often gains  
His Labour only for his Pains ;  
As (if you doubt it) may appear  
From ev'ry *Sunday* in the Year.

III.

For how indeed can one expect  
The best Discourse should take Effect,  
Unless the Maker thinks it worth  
Some Care and Pains to set it forth ? 20  
What ! does he think the Pains he took  
To write it fairly in a Book,  
Will do the Bus'ness ?—Not a Bit :  
It must be spoke as well as writ.

IV.

What is a Sermon, good or bad,  
If a Man reads it like a Lad ?

10. *Spoke*. See *The Passive Participle's Petition, infra*. The offence is repeated in l. 24.

25-6. *What is a Sermon, good or bad, If a Man reads it like a Lad?*

So, Earle says of his *Young Rave Preacher* (*Microcosmography*, No. 4). "The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock stops him."

To hear some People, when they preach,  
 How they run o'er all Parts of Speech,  
 And neither raise a Word, nor sink :  
 Our learned Bishops, one would think,  
 Had taken School-boys from the Rod,  
 To make Ambassadors of God.

30

## V.

So perfect is the Christian Scheme,  
 He that from thence shall take his Theme,  
 And Time to have it understood,  
 His Sermon cannot but be good.  
 If he will needs be preaching Stuff,  
 No Time indeed is short enough ;  
 E'en let him read it like a Letter :  
 The sooner it is done, the better.

40

## VI.

But for a Man that has a Head,  
 (Like yours or mine, I'd like t' have said,)   
 That can upon Occasion raise  
 A just Remark, a proper Phrase :  
 For such a one to run along,  
 Tumbling his Accents o'er his Tongue,  
 Shows only that a Man at once  
 May be a Scholar and a Dunce.

## VII.

In point of Sermons, 'tis confest,  
 Our English Clergy make the best.

50

32 For God.—B.    37 If he'll not cease from.—B.    42 I'd almost said.—B.

35. *And Time*: and shall take Time.



But this appears, we must confess,  
Not from the *Pulpit*, but the *Press*.  
They manage, with disjointed Skill,  
The Matter well, the Manner ill ;  
And, what seems Paradox at first,  
They make the best, and preach the worst.

VIII.

Would they but speak as well as write,  
Both Excellences would unite :  
The outward Action being taught  
To show the Strength of forward Thought. 60  
Now, to do this, our Short-hand School  
Lays down this plain and general Rule :  
“ *Take Time enough ;* ”—all other Graces  
Will soon fill up their proper Places.

58 Each excellence they would.—B.

52. *Not from the PULPIT but the PRESS.* Thus, Hurd blandly avers of Warburton (*Life in Works*, i. 59), that his sermons at Lincoln's Inn (on which, by the way, Warburton himself regretted being obliged to spend his time) “ were written for the use of men of parts and learning, and will only be relished by such. They are masterly in their way ; but fitter for the closet than the Church ; *I mean, those mixt auditories, that are usually to be expected in that place.* ”

It would take me too far to attempt to examine the assertion of ll. 49-50 ; although, especially if the seventeenth century be included in the range of the remark, it is not one to be rashly dismissed.

57. *As well as write.* As well as they write.

61. *Our Short-hand School.* Of which, as the next piece shows, both the gentlemen to whom this Epistle was addressed, were members.

## TO THE SAME.

[The following stanzas, addressed to Messrs. John Haddon and Thomas Heyward, respectively Rector of Warrington and Master of Warrington Grammar School, were composed by Byrom at Manchester on August 26th and 27th, 1728, and are here reprinted from his *Journal* of those dates. (See *Remains*, i. 315-6; and cf. *Introductory Note to Advice to the Rev. Messrs. H— and H— to Preach Slow*, ante, p. 85). The Club, to the meeting of which they were summoned, was probably the Manchester branch of Byrom's Shorthand Society, which seems to have held a summer gathering at a tavern called "Bufton's" in or near Altrincham in Cheshire, eight miles from Manchester. Byrom occasionally mentions "Bufton's" elsewhere in his *Diary*. Thus, on April 3rd, 1731, he writes to Ralph Leycester: "I should be very glad to obey old Bufton's commands and your summons to the Altrincham meeting" (*Remains*, i. 483); and on his way home to Manchester on June 10th of the same year, he dates an entry "Altrincham, Bufton's, who was returned to the old house" (*ib.*, 517). Cf. the *Introductory Note to Verses spoken Extempore at the Meeting of a Club*, infra.]

## I.

TO Haddon John, and Heyward Thomas, greeting!  
 On Friday next there is to be a meeting  
 At ancient Bufton's, where the brethren, Wright,  
 Baskervyle, Swinton, Toft's facetious knight,

3. *The Brethren* of the Shorthand Club, whom Byrom as "Grand-Master" addressed as his "sons."

*Ib. Wright.* Henry Wright of Mobberley. See the *Introductory Note* to the *Verses to Henry Wright of Mobberley, Esq.*, on buying the picture of *Father Malebranche at a Sale* (ante, p. 77).

4. *Baskervyle.* John, son of Thomas Baskervyle of Withington Hall, county of Chester, High Sheriff of Cheshire in 1703.

(*Remains*, i. 270, note.) The Baskervilles were one of the families which entered at the visitations of the heralds in Cheshire, disused since 1664. See *Earwaker's East Cheshire*, i. 20.

*Ib. Swinton.* Sub-Dean Swinton is mentioned repeatedly in the *Remains* as an intimate friend of Byrom and Ralph Leycester; he appears to have resided at Knutsford. There is a lively letter from him to Byrom (*Remains*, i. 284-5),



[And] Lancaster, and Cattel, if he can,  
And, on the same terms, Clowes the alderman,  
Have all agreed to hold, upon the border  
Of Altrincham, a Chapter of the Order.

II.

Now then, sagacious brethren, if the time  
Suits with convenience, as it does with rime,  
I hope we safely may depend upon  
The representatives of Warrington.  
See that no business contradict your journey ;  
If any should, transact it by attorney ;  
On Friday morn be ready spurred and booted,  
That your convenience may not be non-suited.

10

III.

Moreover, brethren, if the time permit,  
Bring something in your pockets neatly writ ;

beginning "*ne savi, magne sacerdos*," and asking for the loan of several books, including "Shakespeare's" [*i.e.* Theobald's] "*Double Falsehood*."

*Ib.* Toft's facetious knight. Ralph Leicester of Toft, *alias* "Sir Peter;" cf. *ante*, p. 30.

5. Lancaster. The Rev. Nathaniel Lancaster, LL.D., who was at one time thought likely to be appointed Dean of Chester, where his father was one of the Prebendaries (*Remains*, i. 610 and *note*).

*Ib.* Cattel. The Rev. Thomas Cattell, afterwards (1731) Chaplain and (1735) Fellow of the Collegiate Church at Manchester. On Mr. Cattell's death in 1748, it was alleged by Owen and other Whigs, that among his papers had been found a correspondence carried on by him and the

other Fellows, in conjunction with Dr. Deacon, with the Pope through his Legate O'Brian, on the subject of their wish to be reconciled to the Church of Rome (*Remains*, i. 46 ; ii. 439 ; and cf. *infra*, *Introductory Note to Sir Lowhed O . . n.*) His *Sermon at the Assizes at Lancaster before Justice Eyre*, 8vo, London, 1734, is in Byrom's Library (*Catalogue*, p. 49).

6. Clowes the alderman. Cf. *note, ante*, p. 42.

8. *A Chapter of the Order*. A meeting of the Shorthand Club.

12. *The representatives of Warrington*. The Rector and the Master of the Grammar School (see *Introductory Note*).

18. *Neatly writ*. In shorthand, of course.

*Ib.* To Dick's. Cf. *note, ante*, p. 40.



For thus it was agreed by all our votes,  
 That ev'ry member should produce his notes. 20  
 "Bring every man some writing of his own  
 That we mayn't meet for theory alone,"  
 Said the Grand-Master, "but for practice also ;"—  
 To which the general answer was : "We shall so."

## IV.

Could but I once a country congress fix,  
 Before the winter calls me up to Dick's,  
 And tie therewith, as with a shorthand tether,  
 My Lancashire and Cheshire sons together :  
 Then, emulation would perhaps inspire,  
 And one example set the rest on fire ; 30  
 So should my sons of Lancashire and Cheshire  
 Work ev'ryone at shorthand like a thresher.

## V.

Yea, meet, my sons ; appoint a shorthand feast  
 Each fortnight, three weeks, or each month at least ;  
 Lest it be said by longhand men profane,  
 We caught so many clever folk in vain !  
 Be not discouraged, then, if one by one—  
 Dull solitude ! — you go but slowly on :  
 For, when you meet together in a bundle,—  
 Adzooks ! you cannot think how fast you'll trundle ! 40

32. *Like a thresher.* It is just possible that there may lurk here an allusion to Stephen Duck, the thresher, about to burst into fame as a poet. (See *Lines to Stephen Duck*, *infra*.)

40. *Adzooks !* Byrom, who instinctively avoided oaths, may be pardoned this cunning oburgation, which in its way is not altogether ill-suited to a practitioner of tachygraphy.



VI.

So saith the simile : we mortal people  
Are like the bells that hang within a steeple ;  
Where one poor, solitary, single bell  
Working alone, prolongs a dismal knell ;  
But all together, with one common zeal,  
Join merrily enough to ring a peal.

---

## VERSES SPOKEN EXTEMPORE

AT THE MEETING OF A CLUB,  
UPON THE PRESIDENT'S APPEARING IN A BLACK BOB-WIG,  
WHO USUALLY WORE A WHITE TIE.

[Byrom notes in his *Diary* on Friday September 13th, 1728, how at the Club-meeting at Bufton's "Mr. Leycester said he would give me half-a-crown for the verses about the President's black wig; and so now being come home I am going to write them out if I can" (*Remains*, i. 317). The Club in question was probably the Manchester branch of Byrom's Shorthand Society. (Cf. *Introductory Note* to the verses "*To Haddon, John, &c.*") (*ib.*, 315-6; *ante*, p. 90). The "extempore" recital of the present piece very possibly took place at the Club meeting of Friday, August 30th, 1728, to which those stanzas refer. The sole difficulty in the way of this supposition is, that the "President" can hardly have been the same person as the "Grand-Master,"—or the harmless point of Byrom's wit would have to be understood as turned against himself.

The "President," whoever he was, betrayed a disposition to "take it easy" by substituting for his white Tie-wig a black Bob. For while the *tie-wig*, apparently a later variety of the bag-wig, came next in dignity to the full-bottomed wig or periwig, the *bob-wig*, especially when worn without powder, sought to imitate the licence of the natural head of hair, and was used mostly by the lower orders. In Paul Whitehead's facetious *Recipe for Doctor Thompson*—the accomplished but slovenly friend of the "Mednam" laureate,—we read among other similar advice: "Let your Wig always swell to the true College dimensions; and, as frequently as possible, let the Apothecary Bob give way to the Graduate Tye; for, what notable recommendation the Head often receives from the copiousness of its furniture, the venerable Full-bottoms of the Bench may determine." From the term *Caxen* or *Caxon*, Sir Walter Scott in the *Antiquary* named the old-fashioned barber, Jacob Caxon, whose anxiety, when Oldbuck exposed his head in the storm, caused the entreaty: "Haud a care, haud a care, Monkbarns; God's sake, haud a care!—Sir Arthur's drowned already, and an ye fa' over the cleugh



too, there will be but ae wig left in the parish, and that's the minister's." Dr. Murray, in his *New English Dictionary*, has nothing instructive to suggest in the way of either definition or etymology; and cites, as his earliest authority for the term, Cawthorn's *Poems*, 1771:

"Though that trim artist, Barber Jackson,  
Spent a whole hour about your caxon."]

I.

OUR PRESIDENT, in Days of Yore,  
Upon his Head a Caxen wore;  
Upon his Head he wore a Caxen,  
Of Hair as white as any Flaxen:  
But now he cares not of a Fig;  
He wears upon his Poll a Wig,—  
A shabby Wig upon his Poll,  
Of Hair as black as any Coal.

II.

A sad and dismal Change, alas!  
Choose how the Deuce it came to pass!

10

5 And now he heeds it not a.—B.

6 But wears.—B.

4. *Hair as white as any Flaxen.* Mr. John Ashton, in his notes on men's dress in the days of Queen Anne, cites from Gay's *Trivia*, bk. i.: "Nor is thy Flaxen Wig with safety worn; High on the Shoulder, in the Basket borne, Lurks the sly Boy: whose Hand to Rapine bred, Plucks off the curling Honours of the Head."

The price of such wigs must have varied considerably, but have been quite sufficient to invite larceny.

5. *Cares not of a fig.* A curious use

of the Latin idiom, the genitive of value: *tanti est, flocci facere*, &c.

8. *As any coal.* A material that was actually used in the manufacture of black hair-powder.

10. *Choose how* = however. A favourite provincialism with Byrom; cf. *infra*, *To R. L., Esq., in answer to his Letter*, l. 62: "To be thoughtful and thankful, choose how the World goes;"

and, even in serious verse, *infra*, *Remarks on Dr. Middleton's Examination*, &c., l. 971: "Choose how refin'd an Egotist may be."

In a letter to his wife (*Remains*, ii. 323),



Poor PRESIDENT ! what evil Fate  
 Revers'd the colour of his Pate ?  
 For if that lamentable Dress  
 Were his own choosing, one would guess,  
 By the deep Mourning of his Head,  
 His Wits were certainly *gone dead*.

## III.

Sure, it could ne'er be his own choosing  
 To put his Head in such a Housing.  
 It must be ominous, I fear ;  
 Some Mischief, to be sure, is near. 20  
 Nay, should that black, fore-boding Phiz  
 Speak from that sturdy Trunk of his,  
 One could not help but think it spoke  
 Just like a Raven from an Oak.

## IV.

A Caxen of so *black* a Hue,  
 On our Affairs looks plaguy *blue*.  
 We do not meet with such an Omen  
 In any Story, *Greek* or *Roman* ;  
 A Comet, or a blazing Star  
 Were not so terrible by far. 30  
 No, in that Wig the Fates have sent us  
 Of all Portents the most portentous.

32 Of all the Portents.—B.

he similarly uses "choose where" for "wherever." *Tim Bobbin* also has "chez where" = "wherever." Cf. the A. S. usage of "look which," &c.

24. *Just like a Raven from an Oak*.  
 One of the many superstitious conceptions,

derived from classical mythology, which supposed the souls of the departed to have entered into birds. Lady Macbeth, like other wicked people, did not enquire very closely into the antecedents of her own presentiment.



V.

Who does not tremble for the Club,  
That looks upon his Wig so scrub?  
Without a *Knot!* without a *Tie!* —  
What can we hang together by?  
So scrub a Wig to look upon,—  
How can the dire Phænomenon  
Be long before it has undone us?  
Oh! 'Tis a cruel *Bob* upon us.

40

VI.

The PRESIDENT, when's Wig was white,  
He was another Mortal quite;  
Nay, when he sprinkled it with Powder,  
No Man in *Manchester* talk'd louder.  
How blest were we! but now, alack!  
The wearing of a Wig so black  
Such a Disgrace has brought about —  
Burn it! 'twill never be worn out.

VII.

Thou art a Lawyer, honest Joe,  
I prithee, wilt thou let us know,

50

41 The president, with wig so.—B.

42 Appear'd another.—B.

34. *Scrub*, or, as we might say, scrubby. Probably the etymology of "scratch-wig" not widely different.

the sense of a blow or other act of offence, is ancient slang. So in *Damon and Pythias* by Richard Edwards (who died in 1566):

35. *Without a Knot! without a Tie!* Yet the practice of tying the hair of males was in 1728 but a recent invention, if its origin be correctly ascribed to no less a philosopher than Bolingbroke.

"You are like to bear the bob, for we will give it." Whereupon he "chaffs" the Collier.

49. *Honest Joe*. Joseph Clowes. *Vide*

40. *A cruel Bob upon us*. A "bob," in ante, l. 6.

Whether the *black* Act won't extend,  
 So as to reach our worthy Friend ?  
 What ! can he wear a Wig so shabby,  
 When Folks are hang'd from *Waltham* Abbey,  
 For loving Ven'son, and appearing  
 So like that Head there, so like Fearing ?

## VIII.

You're a Divine, Sir : I'll ask you,  
 Is that a Christian, or a Jew,  
 Or Turk ? "Aye, Turk, as sure as Hops,  
 You see the Saracen in his Chops."  
 And yet these Chops, tho' now so homely,  
 Were Christian-like before, and comely.  
 That wicked Wig ! to make a Face  
 So absolutely void of Grace !

60

56 So like his head, so much like fearing.—B.

51. *The BLACK Act.* See Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. i. (second edition, 1879), p. 488 : "In Hampshire a gang of deer-stealers, known as the Waltham Blacks, were in the reign of George I. so numerous and so audacious, that a special and most sanguinary law, known as 'the Black Act' was found necessary for their suppression." The date of the Act appears to have been 1722.

54. *From Waltham Abbey.* See the previous note. I rather think, however, that Byrom confounded Waltham Abbey in Essex with Bishop's Waltham near Southampton.

56. *So like Fearing.* Some secondary meaning, now inscrutable, may be suspected here.

57. *You're a Divine, Sir.* Possibly the Rev. Thomas Cattell, or the Rev. Thomas Heyward : as to whom see *Introductory Note*, and note to l. 5 of the previous piece.

59. *As sure as Hops.* I cannot find this proverbial expression in any printed collection within my reach ; but I have to the best of my remembrance heard the spoken phrase : "as sure as hops is hops."

60. *You see the Saracen in his chops.* An allusion no doubt to the well-known sign of the Saracen's Head.



IX.

You, Master Doctor, will you try  
Your skill in Physiognomy?  
Of what Disease is it a Symptom?  
Don't look at me, but look at him, *Tom*.  
Is it not *Scurvy*, think you? — "Yes;  
If any thing be *Scurvy*, 'tis." 70  
A Phrenzy? or a Periwigmanie  
That over-runs his Pericranie?

X.

"It seems to me a Complication  
Of all Distempers, o' some Fashion;  
It is a *Coma*, that is plain,  
A great Obstruction of the Brain.  
A Man to take his Brains, and bury 'em  
In such a Wig! — a plain *Delirium*!  
I never saw a human Face  
That suffer'd more by such a *Case*." 80

70 If aught be scurvyish, it is.—B. 71 A frenzy 'tis or per'wigmanie.—B.

73 In some.—B.

65. *You, Master Doctor*. This combination (now no longer used in England, though common enough elsewhere) is Elizabethan. In Marlowe's *Faustus* the Emperor formally addresses his visitor as "Master Doctor Faustus." The person here so formally apostrophised was most probably "Dr." Thomas Deacon, the celebrated non-juring bishop, who had practised physic in Manchester since 1719 or '20. About the year 1727 he appears to have thought of ceasing to reside in Manchester, thereby suggesting to Mrs. Byrom the thought of her husband's taking up the practice of physic there (see *Remains*, i. 267). Dr.

Deacon, however, gave up this intention: and Byrom conferred with him at the Bull's Head, Manchester, concerning the School Mills on December 17th, 1728. The *Verses on playing at Chess* (*infra*) may also have been addressed to Dr. Deacon.

68. *Look at him, TOM*. See note on l. 57, *ante*.

72-3. *A Phrenzy, or a Periwigmanie  
That over-runs his Pericranie?*  
Cf. *A Letter to R. L., Esq.*, ll. 43-4, *ante*, p. 34:

"Adieu, my hopes, if Op'ramanie  
Has seiz'd on Peter's Pericranie."



## XI.

"If you examine it, you'll see 'tis  
 P—burnt : that shows a *Diabetes*.  
 Bad Weather has relaxt, you see,  
 The Fibres to a great Degree ;  
 Certès, the Head, in these black Tumours,  
 Is full of vitiated Humours,—  
 Of vitiated Humours full,  
 Which shows a Numbness of the Scull.

## XII.

"So of the rest."—— But now, Friend *Thomas*,  
 The Cure will be expected from us ; 90  
 For while it hangs on him, of course,  
 It will, if possible, grow worse.  
 "*Habit* so foul ! there is, in short,  
 Nothing but Salivation for't."  
 But what can Salivation do ?  
 It has been fluxt, and refluxt too.

## XIII.

But why to Doctors do I urge on  
 The Bus'ness of a Barber-Surgeon ?  
 Your Barber-Surgeon is the Man  
 It must be cur'd by, if it can. 100  
 Ring for my Landlord *Lawrenson* ;  
 Come, let's e'en try what can be done ;  
 A Remedy there may be found,  
 Provided that the Brain be sound.

89. *Friend* THOMAS. Dr. Deacon.

the previous day he had recorded : "This  
 day we came to Mr. Hunter's house."

101. *My Landlord* LAWRENSON. By-  
 rom notes in his Journal, October 6th,  
 1722 : "Lawrenson's wife is dead." On

(*Remains*, i. 45.)



## TO THE REV. MESSRS. H— AND H—

## ON PREACHING EXTEMPORE.

[Cf. *Advice to the Rev. Messrs. H— and H— to Preach Slow* (*ante*, pp. 85-9).

Byrom was evidently much interested in the question as to the advantages of preaching without a book. On Sunday, February 6th, 1726, he enters in his *Diary*: "Went to Ormonde Chapel, where I heard Mr. Lucas preach upon 'I knew that thou wast a hard man'; he never once looked on his book as I could observe." (*Remains*, i. 199.) Customs die hard; and that of reading sermons, although, as would generally be allowed, more honoured in the breach than in the observance, seems to be ingrained in the Reformed Church of England. It is certainly at least as old as the Thirty-Nine Articles (see *Art. xxxv., Of Homilies*); and I am inclined to think that the fear lest clergymen should preach doubtful doctrine may have led to the domestication, on "our reformed ground," of a practice which, it is well known, has met with no equally enduring favour in any other Protestant country. As to the *Homilies* in particular, "Whiston" (who was deprived of his Cambridge professorship in 1710), "says that he sometimes read one of them in Church. So, no doubt, did others. But even in 1691 we find that they could not be much used without scandal, as if they were read from laziness . . . It was one of Tillotson's ideas to get a new set of Homilies written, as a supplement to the existing ones . . . It met, however, with opposition; and was ultimately laid aside." (C. J. ABBEY *ap.* ABBEY AND OVERTON, *u.s.*, p. 466.) Earle says of his *Yeung Raw Preacher* (*Microcosmography*, No. 4): "His collections of study are the notes of sermons, which, taken up at St. Mary's, he utters in the country; and if" (a touch which might have softened Byrom) "he writes Brachigraphy, his stock is so much the better." In the Letter of the Duke of Monmouth to the University of Cambridge (1674), reproduced in Latin by Ralph Bathurst, President of Trinity College, Oxford, and afterwards Dean of Wells, the Chancellor condemned, *inter alia*, the "indolent and discreditable practice of reading written sermons." As Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Bathurst strongly reprehended this slovenly

practice. (See Dean Plumptre's *Life of Bishop Ken*, 1888, i. 48 note, and 201, and cf. *ib.*, 89, and note, as to Ken's own practice of preaching either *extempore* or from memory.) Mr. Leslie Stephen, in his *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (2nd edition, ii. 345), cites Steele as describing in one of his *Tatlers* (No. 6) Atterbury as an exception to the general indifference of the English clergy to the art of speaking. "The Dean," says Steele, "is an orator. . . . We learn further that he learnt his sermons by heart."

From time to time, the example of exceptional clergymen and outsiders stimulated Byrom's desire for reform; and his curiosity seems to have been excited by the performances of Orator Henley (cf. *Remains*, i. 146; and see the list of Henley's publications in the *Catalogue of Byrom's Library*, p. 105). He incidentally returned to the subject in his stanzas to Ralph Leicester *On Clergymen preaching Politics* (vv. 14 *seqq.*; *infra*); and resumed it in his *Lancashire Dialogue Occasioned by a Clergyman Preaching without Notes* (*infra*). But it was not given to him to bring about the desired change; and probably to this day many persons will be found to agree with Coleridge in the opinion cited from his *Table Talk* by Mr. Kempe in the Introduction to his *Classic Preachers of the English Church* (First Series, 1877, xx. note): "No doubt preaching, in the proper sense of the word, is more effective than reading: and therefore I would not prohibit it, but leave a liberty to the clergyman who feels himself able to accomplish it. But as things are now, I am quite sure I prefer going to church to a pastor who reads his discourse; for I never yet heard more than one preacher without book, who did not forget his argument in three minutes' time, and fall into vague and unprofitable declamation, and generally very coarse declamation too. These preachers never progress; they eddy round and round. Sterility of mind follows their ministry."]

## I.

THE Hint I gave sometime ago,  
 Brethren, about your preaching slow,  
 You took, it seems; and thereupon  
 Could make two Sermons out of one.  
 Now this Regard, to former Lines  
 Paid so successfully, inclines



To send Advice the second Part :  
“ Try if you cannot preach by Heart.”

II.

Be not alarm'd, as if Regard  
To this would prove so very hard.  
The first Admonishment you fear'd  
Would so turn out, till it appear'd  
That Custom only made to seem  
So difficult in your Esteem  
What, upon Trial, now procures  
Your Hearers' Ease, and also yours.

10

III.

Do but consider how the Case  
Now stands in fact in ev'ry Place,  
All Christendom almost around,  
Except on our reformèd Ground.  
The greatest Part, untaught to brook  
A Preacher's reading from a Book,  
Would scarce advance within his reach,  
Or then acknowledge him to preach.

20

IV.

Long after preaching first began,  
How unconceiv'd a reading Plan !  
The rise of which, whatever Date  
May be assign'd to it, is late ; —

7 Send my counsel's second.—B.      11 My first.—B.

28 Assign'd, is very late.—B.

From all Antiquity remote  
 The manuscriptal reading Rote ; 30  
 No Need, no Reason prompted then  
 The *Pulpit* to consult the *Pen*.

## V.

However well prepar'd before,  
 By pond'ring, or by writing o'er  
 What he should say, still it was SAID  
 By him that preach'd,—it was not READ.  
 Could ancient Memory, then, better  
 Forbear the poring o'er the Letter,  
 Brethren, than yours? If you'll but try,  
 That Fact I'll venture to deny. 40

## VI.

Moderns, of late, give Proofs enow  
 (Too many, as it seems to you),  
 That Matters of religious Kind,  
 Stor'd up within the thoughtful Mind,  
 With any Care and Caution stor'd,  
 Sufficient Utterance afford  
 To tell an Audience what they think,  
 Without the Help of Pen and Ink.

## VII.

How apt to think too, is the Throng,  
 A *Preacher* short, a *Reader* long! 50

29, 30 The manuscriptal *READING* rote  
 Is from antiquity remote.—B.

39 Than yours', Brethren.—B.

30. *The manuscriptal reading Rote*: the routine of reading from a *MS*.



Claiming itself to be the Book  
That should attract a Pastor's Look.  
If you lament a careless Age,  
Averse to hear the Pulpit Page,  
Speak from *within*, not from without,  
And Heart to Heart will turn about.

VIII.

Try it ; and if you can't succeed,  
'Twill then be right for you to read ;  
Altho' the Heart, if that's your choice,  
Must still accompany the Voice. 60  
And tho' you should succeed, and take  
The Hint, you must not merely make  
Preaching *extempore* the View,  
But EX ÆTERNITATE too.

51 The people claim.—B

57 Try this.—B.

## ON CLERGYMEN PREACHING POLITICS.

To R—— L——, Esq.

[It would be difficult from internal evidence to date the composition of this Epistle, addressed by Byrom to his intimate friend Ralph Leicester of Toft, *alias* "Sir Peter;" for there is hardly a decade of the century to which its censures would not forcibly apply. "The eighteenth century," writes Canon Overton (*ABBEY AND OVERTON*, *u.s.*, p. 302) "was a transition period in regard to the relation between politics and the pulpit. The lately emancipated press was beginning to make itself felt as a great power in the country; periodical literature was by degrees taking the place which in earlier times had been less fitly occupied by the pulpit for the ventilation of political questions. The bad old custom of 'tuning the pulpits' had died out; but political preaching could not be quickly or easily put a stop to."

No doubt, the impunity—or rather, the fame and substantial recompense—which had attended the more than typical performance of Dr. Sacheverell in 1709, stimulated the noxious growth (or revival) of political preaching in England; and it was long before the judicious resolution, due to the virtual failure of the prosecution of the Doctor, not to take any notice of political sermons, actually produced the silence which results from impotence. It cannot be said that the fashion has been altogether extirpated; but in our age the politics of the pulpit are in the main allusive only except in the wilder latitudes of the "Free Pulpit," which is a law to itself alone.]

## I.

I NDEED, *Sir Peter*, I could wish, I own,  
That Parsons would let *Politics* alone!  
Plead, if they will, the customary Plea  
For such like Talk, when o'er a Dish of Tea;  
But when they tease us with it from the Pulpit,  
I own, *Sir Peter*, that I cannot gulp it.

3. *The customary Plea.* The plea that it is the custom or usage.



II.

If on their Rules a *Justice* should intrench  
And preach, suppose, a Sermon from the Bench,  
Would you not think your Brother Magistrate  
Was touch'd a little in his hinder Pate? 10  
Now, which is worse, *Sir Peter*, on the total,—  
The *Lay* Vagary, or the *Sacerdotal*?

III.

In ancient Times, when Preachers preach'd indeed  
Their Sermons, ere the Learnèd learnt to read,  
Another Spirit and another Life  
Shut the Church Doors against all Party strife.  
Since then, how often heard from sacred Rostrums  
The lifeless Din of *Whig* and *Tory Nostrums*!

IV.

'Tis wrong, *Sir Peter*, I insist upon't ;  
To common Sense 'tis plainly an Affront. 20  
The Parson leaves the *Christian* in the Lurch,  
Whene'er he brings his *Politics* to Church.  
His Cant, on either Side, if he calls Preaching,  
The Man's wrong-headed, and his Brains want Bleaching.

V.

Recall the Time from conquering *William's* Reign,  
And guess the Fruits of such a preaching Vein :

17 How oft is.—B.

23 If he his cant, on either side, calls.—B.

13. In ancient Times, &c. See the preceding stanzas.

How oft its Nonsense must have veer'd about,  
 Just as the Politics were in or out ;—  
 The Pulpit govern'd by no Gospel *Data*,  
 But new Success still mending old *Errata* !

30

## VI.

Were I a King (God bless me ! ) I should hate  
 My Chaplains meddling with Affairs of State ;  
 Nor would my Subjects, I should think, be fond,  
 Whenever theirs the *Bible* went beyond.  
 How well, methinks, we both should live together,  
 If these good Folks would keep within their Tether !

34 Whene'er their priests.—B.

28. *In or out.* Cf. *Careless Content*  
 (*infra*), l. 32 :

"Of ups and downs, of ins and outs  
 . . . . .  
 I shun the rancours and the routs."

31. *Were I a King (God bless me ! )*

The humorous parenthesis is sufficiently  
 illustrated by Byrom's famous epigram,  
*infra*, "God bless the King," &c.

34. *Theirs: i.e.* their chaplains, or parsons.

## THE PLEASURES OF CHESS.

[From Byrom's *Diary*, October 24th, 1728 : "At night." As Byrom wrote these lines at Manchester, the "Doctor" was possibly Dr. Deacon. Byrom notes in his *Journal* on June 12th of the following year, 1729, that "Taylor White came about six, and he and I played two games at chess, and I won both of them" (*Remains*, i. 373).]

CHECKMATE, dear Doctor ! Well, I do profess,  
 It is an admirable game, this chess,—  
 A sweet device ; whoever found it out,  
 He was a clever fellow, without doubt.



## BONE AND SKIN.

### AN EPIGRAM.

[This Epigram, one of Byrom's best, as that printed previously might perhaps be called almost his worst, is here, with the exception of the first line, printed in the form in which it appears in his *Diary*, *s.d.* December 17th, 1728: "At the Bull's Head with Mr. Lever, Cattel, Deacon, Hall, Brook, Ashton, Lever, Jo. Cooper; upon a dispute with Mr. Cattel about the mills, I told him

'Here's Bone and Skin, &c.'"]

(*Remains*, i. 319). It found its way, without precipitation, into the *Gentleman's Magazine* of May, 1737 (vol. vii. p. 307), where it is printed in four, instead of six, lines. It was subsequently reprinted in B, with a slight variation in the text, and with the accompaniment of an explanatory note.

It is well known what a fruitful subject of litigation were the ancient rights and usages connected with "the mills of Manchester upon the waters of Irke," to which, as "the Lord's Mill," reference is made in as early a document as the charter of Thomas Grelle, Lord of the Manor, to the burgesses of Manchester, of the year 1301. In 1515 these Mills were conveyed with other property to the Feoffees of the Manchester Grammar School, by the then Lord of the Manor (Lord de la Warr), who granted that not only "all the tenants and residents within the manor and town of Manchester should grind their corn and malt at the said mills, at all times in the year, but that there should not be any other mill or mills erected on or about the Manor." In the Tudor and Stuart times these conditions were confirmed and enforced in various ways, and they were again put in force after the "interregnum" of the Civil War troubles was at an end, but without the result of preventing further attempts at evasion.

In 1726 the Feoffees had, at an annual rental of £460, leased their mills to Joseph Yates (whose son Sir Joseph was afterwards a Justice of the King's Bench and Common Pleas) and William Dawson, a Manchester surgeon, a connexion of the Byroms, and father of "Jemmy

Dawson," afterwards celebrated as the hero of Shenstone's pathetic ballad. At that time the mills were only four in number, but so considerable was the demand of the growing population, that the Feoffees set up six more mills, driven by horse power. Whether or not the School Mills were sufficient for the ordinary needs of the town, the farmers Yates and Dawson, like many of their predecessors, were obliged to defend their rights at law, and in 1728 succeeded in obtaining a bill, exhibited in the Duchy Court, against Gamaliel Loyd and others for erecting a brew-house in Salford without grinding their malt at the School Mills, although they failed in an attempt to assert the obligation, which had been abandoned for about sixty years, of grinding oats at their mills. Further suits followed against further attempts to interfere with the monopoly; and, the great dearths which ensued in the years 1753-7 having revived the agitation, Byrom's epigram was once more on men's lips. Thus, it was not till 1758 that an Act of Parliament, while limiting the right of the School Mills to the grinding of malt, regulated after a permanent fashion the payments to be made for the purpose. (See Whatton's *History of Manchester School*; J. E. Bailey, *On the Authorship of Lancashire Hob*; and cf. Baines' *History of Lancashire*, ii. 303-4.)

Byrom, who with the rest of the town suffered, or believed himself to suffer, from the monopoly, was on this occasion on the popular side; his sally which delighted his friends at the Bull's Head in the Market Place, was doubtless pointed by personal peculiarities in Messrs. Yates and Dawson, of which we know nothing. The editor of B says that they were "tall, meagre men"; but he also says that they were "trustees of the charity-school." In 1757 Byrom seems to have interested himself once more against a scheme of buying up corn in a time of scarcity. (*Vide infra.*)]

BONE and Skin,  
Two millers thin,  
Would starve the town, or near it;—  
But be it known  
To Skin and Bone,  
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

1 Here's Bone. *Diary.*

3 Starve us all.—B.



## CONTENTMENT,

OR

## THE HAPPY WORKMAN'S SONG.

[In the absence of all external evidence, I feel bound to insert this and the following poem as nearly as possible in the same place as that which they occupy in the old editions. No doubt the single reference to "The Happy Workman's Song" in Byrom's *Remains* occurs at a very much later date, February 29th, 1760, in a letter from Phebe to her brother: "One man says that there was no coal to be had at the coal-pit, and he was coming away without, and the banksman said to the men that get them, 'It's for them that gave you the Workman's Song'; upon which they said, 'Then they shall have some'; and so they went down into the pit, and got to fill him his cart." [*sic*] "So one sees that good words are most prevailing" (*Remains*, ii. 612). But this in point of fact proves nothing as to the date of the composition of the following lines, that have an application to which far wider limits than those of a quarter of the last century might be assigned. As for Byrom's treatment of the same theme, in a more general and a deeper way, see the Introductory Note to a *Dialogue on Contentment, infra*.

I am unable to trace the origin of the long-lived refrain "which nobody can deny"; it suits the metre of the famous *Royal Resolutions* popularly ascribed to Marvell, but does not seem to have been attached to those verses.]

## I.

I Am a poor Workman as rich as a *Few*,—  
 A strange sort of Tale, but however 'tis true;  
 Come listen a while, and I'll prove it to you  
So as Nobody can deny, &c.

## II.

I am a poor Workman, you'll easily grant;  
 And I'm rich as a *Few*, for there's nothing I want;

2. *But however.* But in any case. (A combination still in use.)

I have Meat, Drink, and Cloaths, and am hearty and cant,  
*Which Nobody can deny, &c.*

## III.

I live in a Cottage, and yonder it stands ;  
 And while I can work with these two honest Hands,  
 I'm as happy as they that have Houses and Lands,  
*Which Nobody can deny, &c.*

## IV.

I keep to my Workmanship all the Day long, 10  
 I sing and I whistle, and this is my Song :  
 "Thank God, That has made me so lusty and strong,"  
*Which Nobody can deny, &c.*

## V.

I never am greedy of delicate Fare ;  
 If He give me enough, tho' 'tis never so bare,  
 The more is His Love, and the less is my Care,  
*Which Nobody can deny, &c.*

## VI.

My Clothes on a Working-day looken but lean ;  
 But when I can dress me — on Sundays, I mean, —  
 Tho' cheap, they are warm, and tho' coarse, they are clean,  
*Which Nobody can deny, &c.*

6 Yet I'm hearty.—B.

12 God, Who.—B.

14 Ever so.—B.

6. *Cant*. "Cant" or "canty" = cheerful, lively, comfortable, chatty ; very old, but in good health. Mid. E. : bold and vigorous. (See Nodal and Milner's *Lancashire Glossary*, i. 69 ; where in illustration of the more modern and expansive meaning are cited Burns (in a familiar passage) and recent Lancashire literature.)  
 16. *Looken*. This plural form, recurring below, ll. 19 ("cry'n") and 31 ("dressen") is familiar to the readers of *The Shepherd's Calender* :  
 "So praysen babes the Peacock's spotted traine ;" *et al.*



VII.

Folk cry'n out "hard Times," but I never regard,  
 For I ne'er did, nor will set my Heart upo'th' Ward ; 20  
 So 'tis all one to me, bin they easy or hard,  
*Which Nobody can deny, &c.*

VIII.

I envy not them that have thousands of Pounds,  
 That sport o'er the Country with Horses and Hounds ;  
 There's nought but *Contentment* can keep within bounds,  
*Which Nobody can deny, &c.*

IX.

I ne'er lose my Time o'er a Pipe, or a Pot,  
 Nor cower in a Nook like a sluggardly Sot ;  
 But I buy what is wanting with what I have got,  
*Which Nobody can deny, &c.*

X.

And if I have more than I want for to spend,  
 I help a poor Neighbour or diligent Friend ;  
 He that gives to the Poor, to the Lord he doth lend, 30  
*Which Nobody can deny, &c.*

XI.

I grudge not that Gentlefolk dressen so fine ;  
 At their Gold and their Silver I never repine,

20 Folk cry.—B.

20. *Th' Ward.* The World. poor lendeth to the Lord ; and that which  
 30. *He that gives to the Poor, to the Lord* he hath given will He pay him again."—  
*he doth lend.* "He that hath pity upon the *Proverbs*, xix. 17.

But I wish all their Guts were as hearty as mine,  
*Which Nobody can deny, &c.*

## XII.

With Quarrels o'th' Country, and Matters of State,  
 With *Tories* and *Whigs*, I ne'er puzzle my Pate ;  
 There's some that I love, and there's none that I hate,  
*Which Nobody can deny, &c.*

## XIII.

What tho' my Condition be ever so coarse,  
 I strive to embrace it for better and worse ;  
 And my Heart, I thank God, is as light as my Purse,  
*Which Nobody can deny, &c.*

## XIV.

In short, my Condition, whatever it be, 40  
 'Tis God that appoints it, as far as I see ;  
 And I'm sure I can never do better than He,  
*Which Nobody can deny, &c.*

35 Love, but none.—B.

40 Whatever, in short, my condition may.—B.



## A SONG.

[I have printed this pleasing optimist ditty immediately after the stanzas on *Contentment*, near which it is placed in both the early editions. No clue seems to exist as to its date ; in its form the influence of Prior (to whom Byrom was no stranger ; see *A Dialogue on Contentment*, ll. 5-6 ; and the *Epigram on Prior's SOLOMON*, *infra*) is unmistakeable.]

## I.

WHY, prithee now, what does it signify  
 For to bustle and make such a Rout ?  
 It is Virtue alone that can dignify,  
 Whether clothèd in Ermine or Clout.  
 Come, come, and maintain thy Discretion,  
 Let it act a more generous Part ;  
 For I find, by thy honest Confession,  
 That the World has too much of thy Heart.

## II.

Beware, that its fatal Ascendancy  
 Do not tempt thee to mope and repine ; 10  
 With an humble and hopeful Dependency  
 Still await the good Pleasure Divine.  
 Success in a higher Beatitude  
 Is the End of what's under the Pole ;  
 A Philosopher takes it with Gratitude,  
 And believes it is best on the whole.

4. *Whether clothèd in Ermine or Clout.* following lines from Edwin Waugh's  
 "Clout" = "rugs, patches." Nodal and *Lancashire Songs*:  
 Milner, in their *Lancashire Glossary*, p. "A tattered clout may lap  
 84, s.v. CLOUT, explain the word to mean A very noble prize ;  
 a piece of cloth, and appositely cite the A King may be, by hap,  
 A beggar in disguise."

## III.

The World is a Scene, thou art sensible,  
Upon which, if we do but our best,  
On a Wisdom That's incomprehensible  
We may safely rely for the rest :  
Then trust to Its kind Distribution ;  
And, however Things happen to fall,  
Prithee, pluck up a good Resolution  
To be cheerful and thankful in all !

20



## CARELESS CONTENT.

[These lines, of which I cannot fix the date, treat a theme which was a favourite with Byrom. (See the Introductory Note to the following piece.) The Index to vol. i. of B states these verses to be "in imitation of Sir Philip Sidney"; but there is nothing of Sidney's which they resemble. Possibly, the able Editor was thinking of the stanzas entitled *A Contented Mind*, written in the same metre and conveying much the same sentiment as Byrom's verses, and printed in Ellis' *Specimens* (1801), vol. ii. pp. 300-301. They are there assigned to Joshua Sylvester.]

## I.

I Am Content, I do not care,  
 Wag as it will the World for me;  
 When Fuss and Fret was all my Fare,  
 It got no ground, as I could see:  
 So, when away my Caring went,  
 I counted Cost, and was Content.

## II.

With more of Thanks, and less of Thought,  
 I strive to make my Matters meet;  
 To seek, what ancient Sages sought,  
 Physic and Food in sour and sweet; 10  
 To take what passes in good Part,  
 And keep the Hiccups from the Heart.

12 From my.—B.

3. *Was all my Fare.* Was how things "fared" or went with me. 4. *As I could see.* So far as I could see.

## III.

With good and gentle-humour'd Hearts  
 I choose to chat where'er I come,  
 Whate'er the Subject be that starts ;  
 But if I get among the Glum,  
 I hold my Tongue to tell the Troth,  
 And keep my Breath to cool my Broth.

## IV.

For Chance or Change, of Peace or Pain,  
 For Fortune's Favour, or her Frown, 20  
 For Lack or Glut, for Loss or Gain,  
 I never dodge, nor up nor down ;  
 But swing what Way the Ship shall swim,  
 Or tack about, with equal Trim.

## V.

I suit not where I shall not speed,  
 Nor trace the Turn of ev'ry Tide ;  
 If simple Sense will not succeed,  
 I make no Bustling, but abide :  
 For shining Wealth, or scaring Woe,  
 I force no Friend, I fear no Foe. 30

18. *And keep my Breath to cool my Broth.* forbear—

Salarino, in the opening scene of *The Merchant of Venice*, speaks of "My wind, cooling my broth." The phrase was effectively introduced by the distinguished author of that excellent Cambridge *jeu d'esprit*, *Horace at Athens*, in a passage admonishing undergraduates fond of trivial clamour to

"Wasting opposite the Hoop  
 The breath that's given to cool your soup."

25. *I suit not.* I sue not, am no suitor.

29. *For shining Wealth, or scaring Woe.*  
 For Wealth that shines, or woe that scares  
 or repels.



VI.

Of *Ups* and *Downs*, of *Ins* and *Outs*,  
 Of "*they're i' th' wrong*," and "*we're i' th' right*,"  
 I shun the Rancours, and the Routs ;  
 And, wishing well to every Wight,  
 Whatever Turn the Matter takes,  
 I deem it all but Ducks and Drakes.

VII.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,  
 Nor if the Folks should flout me, faint ;  
 If wanted Welcome be withdrawn,  
 I cook no Kind of a Complaint,— 40  
 With none dispos'd to disagree ;  
 But like them best, who best like me.

VIII.

Not that I rate myself the Rule  
 How all my Betters should behave ;  
 But Fame shall find me no Man's Fool,  
 Nor to a Set of Men a Slave ;  
 I love a Friendship free and frank,  
 And hate to hang upon a Hank.

IX.

Fond of a true and trusty Tie,  
 I never loose where'er I link ; 50

32 They are wrong, and we are.—B.

32. *INS and OUTS.* Cf. *On Clergy-*  
*men preaching Politics*, l. 28, *ante*, p.  
 108 :

48. *Hang upon a Hank.* Cf. *ante*, note  
 to p. 68.

50. *Where'er I link.* To whichever  
 side I attach myself.

"Just as the Politics were in or out."

Tho', if a Bus'ness budes by,  
 I talk thereon just as I think :  
 My Word, my Work, my Heart, my Hand,  
 Still on a Side together stand.

## X.

If Names or Notions make a noise,  
 Whatever Hap the Question hath,  
 The Point impartially I poise,  
 And read or write, but without Wrath :  
 For, should I burn or break my Brains,  
 Pray, who will pay me for my Pains ? 60

## XI.

I love my Neighbour as myself,  
 Myself like him too, by his Leave ;  
 Nor to his Pleasure, Pow'r or Pelf,  
 Come I to crouch, as I conceive ;  
 Dame Nature doubtless has design'd  
 A Man the Monarch of his Mind.

## XII.

Now taste and try this Temper, Sirs,  
 Mood it and brood it in your Breast ;  
 Or, if ye ween, for worldly stirs  
 That Man does right to mar his Rest, 70  
 Let me be deft and debonair :  
*I am Content, I do not care.*

51. *Budes*. Stirs, passes.

54. *On a Side*. On the same side.

59. *Break my brains*. The Dictionary  
 of the French Academy cites the parallel  
 phrases "*se casser le cou à quelqu'un*,"

"*se casser le nez*," and "*se casser la tête*  
 (*s'appliquer à quelque chose avec une grande*  
*contention d'esprit*)."

72. *Deft and debonair*. Spruce and  
 sprightly.



## A DIALOGUE ON CONTENTMENT.

[This Dialogue treats a theme which under its various aspects was a favourite one with Byrom. See *Contentment, or the Happy Workman's Song*, ante, p. 111, and the lines *Careless Content*, ante, p. 117. In 1737 he wrote thus to his wife: "If thou canst like the poverty of a silent life as well as the poverty of a tumultuous moneyed one, as I imagine thou would'st, rather than live in London I shall choose it along with thee; and true contented poverty is all that the richest man can purchase, so far as I can see." (*Remains*, ii. 159.) As to Byrom's sister Phebe, cf. ante, note to p. 5; to her is addressed the *Epistle, enclosing the Soliloquy on Psalm xxxvii. vv. 5 and 8* (*infra*, vol. ii.); and it will be remembered that she made good use of the "good words" of the *Workman's Song*. Byrom's Library contains Bishop Hall's *The Remedy of Discontentment, or a Treatise of Contentation*, 4th edn., 12mo., London, 1684.]

Ƨ. WHAT Ills, dear *Phebe*, would it not prevent,  
To learn this one short lesson: "*Be content!*"

No very hard Prescription, in effect,  
This same Content; and yet, thro' its neglect,  
What mighty Evils do "we human Elves,"  
As *Prior* calls us, bring upon ourselves!  
Evils that Nature never meant us for,  
The Vacuums that she really does abhor.  
Of all the Ways of judging Things amiss,  
No Instance shows our Weakness more than this: 10  
That Men on Earth won't set their Hearts at rest,  
When God in Heaven does all Things for the best.  
What strange, absurd Perverseness!

8 Vacuums, which heartily she.—B.

3. *In effect.* "*En effet;*" in fact.

6-7. "WE HUMAN ELVES,"

As *Prior* calls us.

See *Prior*, *The Ladle* vv. 7-10 (a sceptical view of the gods):

"Supine they in their heaven remain  
Exempt from passion and from pain,  
And frankly leave us human elves  
To cut and shuffle for ourselves."

R



P. Hold, good Brother !

Don't put yourself, I pray, in such a Pother ;  
 "'Tis a fine Thing to be Content ;" why, true ;  
 'Tis just and right, we know as well as you ;  
 And yet, to be so, after all this Rout,  
 Sometimes has puzzled you yourself, I doubt.  
 Folks in the Vigour of their Health and Strength  
 May rail at Discontent in Words at length,  
 Who yet, when disappointed of their Wishes,  
 Will put you off with surly "Humphs" and "Pishes."  
 "Let's be content and easy !"—— gen'ral Stuff !  
 Your happy People are content enough.  
 If you would reason to the Purpose, show  
 How they who are unhappy may be so ;  
 How they who are in Sickness, Want, or Pain,  
 May get their Health, Estate, and Ease again ;  
 How they ——

20

Ƴ. Nay, *Phebe*, don't go on so fast ;  
 Your just Rebuke now suits yourself at last.  
 Methinks you wander widely from the Fact :  
 'Tis not how you or I or others *act*  
 That we are talking of, but how we *should*.  
 A Rule, tho' ill observ'd, may still be good.  
 Nor did I say that a contented Will  
 Would hinder *all*, but *many* Sorts of Ill.  
 This it will do, and, give me Leave to say,  
 Much lessen such as it can't take away.  
 You said your-self, 'twas just ; I think you did ——

30

18 You, I make no doubt.—B.

38 'Twill lessen what it cannot.—B.

18. *I doubt*. For the pretty old-fashioned (French) "I doubt" = I apprehend, B reads prosaically "I make no doubt."

20. *In words at length*. In lengthy speech.

23. *Gen'ral Stuff!* Vague generalities !



P. Yes, yes ; I don't deny it —

40

J. Sense forbid

That e'er you should ! Its Practice then, perchance,  
Is monstrous hard in many a Circumstance ?

P. "Monstrous ?" why Monstrous ? Let that Word be barr'd,  
And I shan't stick to say, I think it "hard,"  
And very hard ; nay, I could almost add  
That, in some Cases, 'tis not to be had.

J. "Not to be had ?" *Content* ? It costs us naught ;  
'Tis purchas'd only with a little Thought ;  
We need not fetch it from a distant Clime,  
It may be found at Home at any Time ; 50  
Our very Cares contribute to its Growth,  
It knows no Check but voluntary Sloth ;  
None but ourselves can rob us of its Fruit ;  
It finds, whene'er we use it, fresh Recruit ;  
The more we gather, still the more it thrives,  
Fresh as our Hopes and lasting as our Lives :  
"Not to be had" is wrong ; — but, I forgot,  
You did not say quite absolutely "not,"  
But could "*almost*" have said so ; the "*almost*"  
Perhaps was meant against a florid Boast 60  
Of such Content as, when a Trial came  
Severe enough, would hardly own its Name.

P. Perhaps it was ; and, now your Fire is spent,  
You can reflect, I find, that this Content,  
Which you are fond of celebrating so,  
May, now and then, be difficult to show :  
So difficult that —

40 Yes, I don't deny it. J. Good sense.—B.

44 I shall not hesitate to.—B.

50 At home it may be found.—B.

60 Was meant perhaps.—B.

54. *Fresh Recruit.* Recruit = supply of anything wanted. JOHNSON.



7. Hold a bit, or ten  
 To one the Chance, that I shall fire again !  
 "'Tis just and right," you own as well as me.  
 Now, for my Part, I rather choose to see  
 The Easiness of what is just and right,  
 Which makes it more encouraging to Sight,  
 Than scarecrow Hardships that almost declare  
 Content an un-come-at-able Affair,  
 And consequently tempt one to distrust  
 For Difficulties what is right and just.  
 Thus I object to Hardship ; if you please,  
 Show for what Reason you object to Ease.

70

P. Why, for this Reason : — tho' it should be true  
 That what is just and right, is easy too,  
 Such Ease is nothing of a talking kind,  
 But of right Will, that likes to be resign'd,  
 And cherishes a Grace which, with regard  
 To the unpractis'd, may sometimes be hard.  
 You treat Content as if it were a Weed  
 Of neither Cost nor Culture ; when indeed  
 It is as fine a Flower that can be found  
 Within the Mind's best cultivated Ground ;  
 Where, like a Seed, it must have light and Air  
 To help its Growth, according to the Care  
 That Owners take, whose philosophic Skill  
 Will much depend upon the Weather still.  
 Good should not make them careless, nor should bad  
 Discourage —

80

90

69 Is own'd by you and me.—B.

76 As difficulties.—B

82 It is right will, which.—B.

88. *As fine a Flower that.* As fine a *Grammar* (edn. 1870) for the use of "as"  
 flower as. Cf. Abbott's *Shakespearean* as practically a relative pronoun.



Ʒ. Right, provided it be had.

I'll not dispute, but own, what you have said  
Has hit the Nail, directly, on the Head :  
Easy or hard, all Pains within our Pow'r  
Are well bestow'd on such a charming Flow'r.

---

## ON PATIENCE.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

[The date of these stanzas, which are printed in vol. i. of both A and B, is unknown. But it is probable, from their place in these editions, that they are an early production. This probability is enhanced, if my conjecture be correct that for the reading "T—c—t," common to both the editions, but not identifiable to my knowledge with any friend of Byrom's, should be substituted "H—c—t," and that this may be the Mr. Heathcot or Heathcote, who was a member of the Club at the Sun in St. Paul's Churchyard, where Byrom repeatedly met him within the years 1723–7 (cf. *Remains*, i. 51, *et al.*). The lines, moreover, obviously betray the influence of the satirical verse of this period; and the earlier stanzas of Part ii. can hardly have been written in ignorance of Satire i. of Young's *Love of Fame, the Universal Passion*, published in 1726. There is a certain resemblance, though anything but a close one, in this part of the piece to passages in Law's *Serious Call* (ch. xviii., *On Humility*).]

## PART I.

## I.

"A VERSE on Patience?" Yes; but then prepare  
 Your Mind, Friend H—c—t, with a reading Share;  
 Or else 'twill give you rather less than more,  
 To hear it mention'd, than you had before:  
 If *mine* to write, remember, 'tis *your* Task  
 To bear the Lines which you are pleas'd to ask.

## II.

PATIENCE the Theme.—A blessed Inmate this,  
 The nursing Parent of our Bosom Bliss:

2 T—c—t.—A and B.

3, 4 Or else to hear it, rather less than more

5 If it be mine to write, it is.—B.

It will impart than you possess'd before.—B.

2. *A reading Share.* A share of patience  
 as a reader.

3. *Less than more.* I.e., of patience.



Abroad for Bliss she bids us not to roam,  
But cultivate is real Fund at Home,— 10  
A noble Treasure, when the patient Soul  
Sits in the Centre, and surveys the whole.

III.

The bustling World, to fetch her out from thence,  
Will urge the various, plausible Pretence ;  
Will praise Perfections of a grander Name,  
Sound great Exploits, and call her out to Fame ;  
Amuse and flatter, till the Soul, too prone  
To Self-activity, deserts her Throne.

IV.

Be on your Guard ; the Bus'ness of a Man  
Is, to be sure, to do what good he can,— 20  
But first at Home : let *Patience* rule within,  
Where *Charity*, you know, must first begin ;  
Not *money'd Love* is fondly understood,  
But calm, sedate Propensity to Good.

V.

The genuine Product of the Virtue, Friend,  
Which you oblige me here to recommend ;  
The Trial this of all the rest beside,  
For, without *Patience*, they are all but *Pride* ;  
A strong *Ambition* shines within its Sphere,  
But proves its Weakness when it cannot bear. 30

- 19 Urge its ev'ry.—B. 21 B has, without interpunctuation : But first at home let.  
25 This is the product.—B?

18. *Self-activity*. Activity for her own interests. 23. *Fondly*. Foolishly.  
27. *Trial*. Test.

## VI.

There lies the Test ; bring ev'ry thing to that ;  
 It shows us plainly what we would be at :  
 Of gen'rous Actions we may count the *Sum*,  
 But scarce the *Worth*, till Disappointments come.  
 Men oft are then most gen'rously absurd :  
 Their own *good* Actions have their own *bad* Word.

## VII.

*Impatience* hates *Ingratitude*, forsooth !  
 Why ? It discovers an *ungrateful* Truth :  
 That, having done for *Interest* or *Fame*  
 Such and such doings, she has lost her Aim ;  
 While thankless People, really in her Debt,  
 Have all got theirs, and put her in a Fret.

40

## VIII.

Possest of *Patience*, a right humble Mind  
 At all Events is totally resign'd ;  
 Does good for *sake of good*, not for th' *Event*,  
 Leaves that to Heav'n, and keeps to its Content ;  
 Good to be done or, to be suffer'd, Ill,  
 It acts, it bears, with meek, submissive Will.

- 34 Their worth.—B.    38 For it discovers this.—B.    39 For int'rest or for.—B.  
 41 While all unthankful people in.—B.    42 Have got their ends, and.—B.  
 47, 48 Done it acts ; it bears the ill  
 To be endur'd, with.—B.

37 *seqq.* The meaning appears to be :    44 *At all Events.* Whether things turn  
 when we resent the absence of thanks for out well or ill.  
 deeds which in truth we performed with a    47-8. It does the good which needs  
 selfish motive, we really show ourselves to be done, and bears the ill which  
 impatient, while accusing of ingratitude has to be suffered, meekly and submis-  
 others who have benefited by our deeds.    sively.



IX.

“Enough, enough! Now tell me, if you please,  
 “How is it to be had, this MENTAL EASE?” 50  
 God knows, I do not, how it is acquir’d;  
 But this I know: if *heartily* desir’d,  
 We shall be thankful for the Donor’s Leave  
 To ask, to hope, and wait till we receive.

51 I know not.—B.

54 Hope, to.—B.

PART II.

I.

“Virtues,” you say, “by Patience must be tried;  
 “If that be wanting, they are all but Pride.”  
 “Of Rule so strict I want to have a Clue.”  
 Well, if you’ll have the same Indulgence too,  
 And take a fresh Compliance in good Part,  
 I’ll do the best I can, with all my Heart.

II.

PRIDE is the grand Distemper of the Mind,  
 The Source of ev’ry Vice of ev’ry Kind.  
 That Love of *self*, wherein its Essence lies,  
 Gives Birth to vicious Tempers, and supplies; 10  
 We coin a world of Names for them, but still,  
 All comes to *Fondness* for our *own dear* Will.

10 Excites bad tempers, and affords.—B. (?)

7. PRIDE is the grand Distemper of the Mind. See Introductory Note, ante.

10. Supplies. Viz., these tempers.

## III.

We see, by Facts, upon the triple Stage  
 Of present Life, Youth, Manhood, and old Age,  
 How, to be *pleas'd*, be *honour'd*, and be *rich*,—  
 These three Conditions commonly bewitch.  
 From young to old, if human Faults you weigh,  
 'Tis *selfish Pride* that grows from green so grey.

## IV.

*Pride* is, indeed, a more accustom'd Name  
 For quest of Grandeur, Eminence, or Fame ;  
 But that of Pleasure, that of Gold betrays  
 What inward Principle it is that sways ;  
 The Rake's *young* Dotage, and the Miser's *old*,  
 One same enslaving Love to *Self* unfold.

20

## V.

If *Pride* be thus the Fountain of all Vice ;  
 Whence must we say that Virtue has its rise  
 But from HUMILITY ? and what the sure  
 And certain sign, that even this is pure ?  
 For Pride itself will in *its* Dress appear,  
 When nothing touches that same *Self* too near.

30

- 15, 16 How three conditions commonly bewitch,  
 To be delighted,—honour'd,—and rich.—B.  
 17, 18 'Tis selfish pride, if human faults you weigh,  
 That grows from young to old, from green to grey.—B.  
 21 But search for pleasure, and for gold.—B.  
 28, 29 For pride will like humility appear  
 When nothing comes to precious self too near.—B.



VI.

But when provok'd, and, say, unjustly too,  
Then Pride disrobes ; then, what a huge ado !  
Then, who can blame the Passion of a Pride,  
That has got Reason, Reason of its Side ?  
"He's in the wrong, and I am in the right ; —  
Resentment, come ! Humility, good Night !"

VII.

Now, the *Criterion*, I apprehend,  
On which, if any, one may best depend,  
Is PATIENCE ; is the "*Bear*" and the "*Forbear*,"  
To which the truly virtuous adhere ;  
Resolv'd to *suffer*, without *Pro* and *Con*,  
A thousand Evils rather than *do* one.

40

VIII.

Not to have *Patience*, and yet not be *proud*,  
Is Contradiction not to be allow'd :  
All Eyes are open to so plain a Cheat,  
But of the blinded by the Self-deceit ;  
Who, with a like Consistency, may tell  
That nothing ails them, tho' they are not well.

IX.

*Strict* is the Rule, but, notwithstanding, *true*,  
However *I* fall short of it, or *you* :

50

- 31 Provok'd, admit.—B.    32 Disrobes itself, makes much.—B.    34 On its.—B.  
39 Is to hear and to.—B.    43 To be devoid of patience, yet not.—B.  
46 Except those.—B.    49 Its consequences true.—B.

32. *But when provok'd, and, say, unjustly* a form of "the pride that apes humility."  
*too.* The argument seems to be that what    46. *But of the blinded.* Except of those  
Johnson called "defensive pride" is after all    blinded.

Best to increase our Stock, if it be small,  
 By dealing in it with our Neighbours all ;  
 And then, who knows but we shall, in the End,  
 Learn to have Patience *with ourselves*,——and mend ?

51 Our stock we shall augment, if it be small.—B.

51. *Best to increase our Stock, &c.* A trader's stock of goods, will be increased  
 felicitous turn : patience, like a skilful by dealing in it with our neighbours.



## A HINT TO A YOUNG PERSON,

FOR HIS BETTER IMPROVEMENT BY READING OR CONVERSATION.

[The maxim of "Pythagoras," used by John Shadow (*i.e.* John Byrom) in a paper that appeared in the *Spectator* (No. 506, Friday, August 27th, 1714), and in two subsequent papers (Nos. 587 and 593)—all of which are reprinted at the close of this volume—as a peg whereon to hang some mild onirosophy, is in itself unexceptionable. Captain Cuttle's most celebrated precept is hardly more venturesome. "John Shadow's" expansion of the maxim in question re-appears in the second of the following stanzas.

The date of this piece, though probably earlier than some of those which precede it in the present edition, must remain uncertain; and it will suffice to note that the earliest of the numbers of the *Spectator* just cited preceded by six weeks or thereabouts that containing Byrom's famous *Pastoral* (*ante*, p. 1).]

### I.

IN reading Authors, when you find  
Bright Passages that strike your Mind,  
And which perhaps you may have Reason  
To think on at another Season :  
Be not contented with the Sight,  
But take them down in *Black* and *White*.  
Such a Respect is wisely shown  
That makes another's Sense one's own.

### II.

When you're asleep upon your Bed,  
A Thought may come into your Head,  
Which may be of good use, if taken  
Due Notice of when you're awoken.

10

12 You are waken.—B.

12. *Awaken.* The old participial form for "awake."

Of midnight Thoughts to take no heed  
 Betrays a sleepy Soul indeed ;  
 It is but dreaming in the Day  
 To throw our nightly Hours away.

## III.

In Conversation, when you meet  
 With Persons cheerful and discreet,  
 That speak or quote, in Prose or Rime,  
 Things or facetious or sublime, 20  
 Observe what passes, and anon,  
 When you come home, think thereupon ;  
 Write what occurs, forget it not ;  
 A good Thing sav'd 's a good Thing got.

## IV.

Let no remarkable Event  
 Pass with a gaping Wonderment,—  
 A Fool's device: "Lord, who would think!"—  
 Commit it safe to Pen and Ink,  
 Whate'er deserves Attention now ;  
 For, when 'tis pass'd, you know not how, 30  
 Too late you'll find it, to your Cost,  
 So much of human Life is lost.

## V.

Were it not for the written Letter,  
 Pray, what were living Men the better  
 For all the Labours of the Dead,  
 For all that *Socrates* e'er said ?

20 Facetious things, or things sublime.—B.

28 Rather record with Pen and Ink.—B.

24 Is so much got.—B.

31 Find that.—B.



The Morals brought from Heav'n to Men  
He would have carried back again :  
'Tis owing to his Short-hand Youth  
That *Socrates* does now speak Truth.

40

40. 'Tis owing to his Short-hand Youth. i. 211 *seqq.*); but there is some point in supposing Plato to have "taken down" tachygraphically the utterances of his Master. Later professors have endeavoured to protect themselves legally against being similarly immortalised.

## ABSENT FRIENDS.

[The following couplet, to the spirit of which Byrom was consistently true in many an interest besides that of "his" Dr. Bentley, dates from the last act in the great Trinity drama. In 1728, Dr. Colbatch succeeded in obtaining the support of some of the Fellows in a fresh attempt to obtain a visitation of the College by the Bishop of Ely. In March, 1729, he made an elaborate attempt to gain over Byrom, who ten years previously had published, under the signature of *N. O.*, an anonymous pamphlet in Bentley's defence. In the following June, the case came before the Bishop; but four years more passed before the Master of Trinity was actually arraigned there. (See Prof. Jebb, *Bentley (English Men of Letters)*, 117-8.) On June the 11th, Byrom notes in his *Diary* that "Mildmay and I met Dr. Hooper, who seemed to think the College would not send their books to Ely House. These two lines" [those which follow] "came into my head that I thought on the other day after Dr. Bentley's affair had been argued." (*Remains*, i. 372).

The lines of Horace to which Byrom's couplet alludes are well-known (*Sat.* i. iv. 81-5):

—"Absentem qui rodit amicum,  
 Qui non defendit alio culpante, solutos  
 Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis,  
 Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere  
 Qui nequit: hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane caveto."

The commentators cite Cic. *pro Cæcin.* 10: "*Sext. Clodius, cui nomen est Phormio, nec minus niger nec minus confidens, quam ille Terentianus est Phormio*"; so that the phrase "*hic niger est*" may fairly be translated: "He has the soul of a slave."

Byrom's nature was of no such slavish type. On June 2nd of this year he records in his *Diary*: "I went to the Bear and Harrow, I found nine of them, Mildmay, Clark of Gray's Inn, Watson of Emmanuel, Hall of King's, Lutford, Craven, Hacket of Trinity, Dr. Reeves, and another at dinner; I stood by till they had dined, and then sat down with them



and talked about Dr. Bentley, *in vindication of him*; Watson, I perceive is a great enemy of his, but he gave no solid reasons." (*Remains*, i. 360).]

WHAT! be a Niger? No, my absent friend!  
Whoever talks against him, I'll defend.

---

## POWDER WITHOUT SHOT.

[Byrom records in his *Diary*, under June 14th, 1729: ". . . at the Devil's Tavern . . . we talked about Dr. Bentley a little, and Mr. Hooper mentioning that Dr. Sayer" [a lawyer of the plausible sort, see *Remains*, i. 470; and cf. *ib.*, 368] "had said that they designed him an Article for every year, I repeated the following verses" (*ib.*, 375).

The allusion of course is to the practice of discharging cannon on the Sovereign's birthday a number of times corresponding to that of the years of his life. Bentley was born on January the 27th, 1662; so that on his next birthday, in 1730, he ought to have received a royal salute of sixty-eight guns. The number of counts actually preferred against Bentley on the occasion of the final struggle with him organised by Colbatch was sixty-four (JEBB, *u.s.*, p. 118).]

FOR sixty-five if sixty-eight were laid,  
A compliment to Bentley would be paid;  
Like to a Prince, to celebrate whose birth  
The rusty cannons are stuck deep in earth;  
Well-primed, they fire; give ev'ry year a stroke  
And so discharge their powder and their smoke.

---



## EPILOGUE TO HURLOTHRUMBO,

OR,

## THE SUPERNATURAL.

[*Hurlothrumbo, or, The Super-Natural* was produced at the Little or New Theatre in the Haymarket on Saturday, March the 29th, 1729 (it should have been reserved for the following Tuesday). At the second performance of the piece it was followed by an epilogue, written by Byrom (*Remains*, i. 349.) The play was published by subscription in the same year, the title-page announcing "Mr. Samuel Johnson, from Cheshire" as the author. It bore the motto :

"Ye sons of Fire, read my *Hurlothrumbo*,  
Turn it between your Finger and your Thumbo,  
And being quite outdone, be quite struck dumbo."

There was a dedication "to the Honourable the Lady Delves," signed "Lord Flame," and a second dedication "to the Right Hon. the Lord Walpole" (who had subscribed for thirty copies), signed Sam. Johnson. There was a list of subscribers, containing besides many fashionable, a number of well-known Lancashire and Cheshire names, including that of "Mr. Byrom, F.R.S." Finally, there was a "Prologue by Amos Meredith, Esq.," written in a style of which the appropriateness may be gathered from the following triplet :

"Diamonds to Swine are despicable Things ;  
Lost to the Mole the vernal Verdure springs ;  
And Adder's hiss, though *Senesino* sings ;"

and an "Epilogue, by Mr. Byrom." A second edition, a facsimile of the first, but for the words "second edition" and "price 1s. 6d." on the title-page, was published in the same year. Copies of both editions are extant.

Byrom's single excursion into a domain not only foreign, but in itself antipathetic to him, is easily explained. It amused him and the Lancashire and Cheshire set among whom he moved in town to clap on the back Mr. Samuel Johnson, from Cheshire and of Manchester,



dramatist and dancing-master. But there is also no doubt that Byrom enjoyed the opportunity of promoting a whimsical theatrical success, which demonstrated, by a kind of *argumentum ad absurdum*, the contemptibility (as it seemed to him) of the stage, and of the operatic stage in particular. Although in his earlier days he occasionally visited the theatre, it is clear that his fastidiousness of taste was offended by popular comedy (cf. *Remains*, i. 125, 129); and his wonder at those who could take a deep interest in Italian opera is sufficiently attested by his famous *Epigram*, and by his good-humoured banter of the "Operamania" of his friend "Sir Peter." On January 22nd, 1731 — two years after the *Hurlothrumbo* episode — he records in his *Diary*: "We drank good wine, and talked about plays; I was against plays." (*Remains*, i. 453.) Gradually his habits both of thought and life became such as to estrange him completely from such public diversions as the theatre, though crying *anathema* was not in his way. See his *Diary*, April 18th, 1737: "Mr. Lovel . . . seemed to say that Mr. Law always carried things to an extremity, and upon my asking if he had seen him of late, we began to talk and dispute, and especially about plays, which Mr. Lovel had condemned before Mr. Law, but that Mr. Law was wrong in being so severe and saying that it was worshipping the devil . . . I said it was very well to be against an evil in all manners, some one way, some another; that I only wished that good people would not find fault with one another, if possible." . . .

Samuel Johnson, said to have been born in Cheshire in 1691, makes his first appearance in Byrom's *Journal* on October 10th, 1722, where he is mentioned as "repeating his opera" (*Hurlothrumbo* to wit) to some friends in Manchester (*Remains*, i. 46). A few days afterwards he gave or conducted a ball there, when "a vast mob" collected to "see the girls come" (*ib.*, 47). Early in 1724, or possibly rather sooner, "opera Johnson," as Byrom calls him (*ib.*, 60) brought both his fiddle and his manuscript up to town, where the latter was perused by Mr. Ralph Leycester (*ib.*, 73). Byrom and his Manchester friends took occasional notice of him in London, and his opera was from time to time "repeated" (*ib.*, 84, 89, 91, 98, 184, 188: "so we went to the King's Arms, and Johnson sent for his fiddle, and Mildmay was much pleased." Johnson's conceit required no fostering: see Byrom's amusing story, *ib.*, 70, of his defiance of Byrom's adversary Weston. "And pray,

master," says Johnson while he was haranguing him "don't talk so fast. Can you write *Hurlothrumbo*?"

The eventful day of the production of *Hurlothrumbo* at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, was, as already noted, March the 29th, 1729. "Dick's coffee-house," Byrom writes to his wife on April 2nd, "resounds 'Hurlothrumbo!' from one end to the other. He had a full house and much good company on Saturday night, the first time of acting; and report says all the boxes are taken for next Monday, and the quality they say expect an epilogue next time (there being none last) from Mr. B—— It is impossible to describe this play, and the oddities, out-of-the-waynesses, flights, madness, nonsense, comicalities, &c.; but I hope Johnson will make his fortune by it for the present . . . for my part, who think all stage entertainments stuff and nonsense, I consider this as a joke upon 'em all" (*Remains*, i. 349).

With this candid description may be compared that quoted from WHINCOP by GENEST (iii. 247): "This play was acted for above thirty nights running — so great a heap of nonsense and absurdities was never packed together; but to those who had the ill nature to be delighted with seeing a man make a fool of himself, it afforded an uncommon pleasure. The author played Lord Flame himself, speaking sometimes in one key, and sometimes in another, sometimes dancing, sometimes fiddling, and sometimes walking upon stilts. . . ."

I am not aware that a perusal of the play, which I have thought it my duty to undergo, enables me in any important particular to add to, or modify, these criticisms. *Hurlothrumbo*, which extends over five acts, and of which neither names nor incidents suggest the slightest contact with reality, is so far as I can see sheer burlesque; war, love and spiritualism all entering into the compound. Baker, the original compiler of the *Biographia Dramatica*, whose opinion of Johnson seems to have been ridiculously high, goes so far as to say that "his works have madness in them, but at the same time it is evidently the madness of a man of great abilities. In his *Hurlothrumbo*, more particularly, there are some beauties, in the midst of numberless absurdities, that would do honour even to our first-rate geniuses." And he quotes a few of them, beginning with the profound maxim, which has struck Mr. Austin Dobson as a proof that Johnson sometimes "deviates into sense:" "Pride is the serpent's egg, laid in the hearts of all, but hatched by



none but fools." During the years which elapsed between the conception and the production of this nonsensical work it is quite possible that its author may have picked up such pearls anywhere ; and it is still more likely that a friendly hand, while working up the whole piece into the completeness of absurdity which was necessary for success, here and there added something of the nature of wit or sentiment. That hand, if, as a matter of fact, any such was at work, was clearly Byrom's own, who in a letter to his wife, written about the middle of May, 1729, virtually confesses himself the author of the three lines, cited above, on the title-page of the printed *Hurlothrumbo*. "The author of *Hurlo*," he complains, "to mend the verse, has printed it, 'Ye sons of Fire,' contrary, they say, to the original *MS.* in the Cotton Library" (*Remains*, i. 355).

The reception of *Hurlothrumbo*, managed by an unpaid *claque*, was decisive. "We had seven or eight Garters, they say, in the pit ; I saw Lord Oxford and one or two more there, but was so intent upon the farce that I did not observe many quality that were there ; we agreed to laugh and clap beforehand, and kept our word from beginning to end. The night after, Johnson came to Dick's, and they all got about him like so many bees ; they say the Prince has been told of *Hurlothrumbo* and will come and see it ; he said he would call on me to-day, but he has not. I shall get him to vary some passages in it, if I can, that from anybody but himself would make it an entertainment not quite so proper for the ladies ; and I would have our ladies here see it because they know the man" (*ib.*, i. 349). He goes on to advise that till "this whim is over," Johnson's pupils at Manchester should receive instruction from his brother.

On April 15th, Byrom informs his wife of the continued run of *Hurlothrumbo*, and adds that "Mr. Amos Meredith is the reputed author of the prologue to it, and an acquaintance of yours of the epilogue, which they say is a very comical one ; if I can get a copy of it, I'll send it if you have a mind" (*ib.*, 350). In a letter written a week later he speaks of the play, which he has just seen again, as still running. "Johnson dines with the Duke of Montague, Duchess Bedford, Lord Walpole, &c., and [they] will have him print his play and they will get him subscriptions enough ; he gets money every night more or less, and can't think of anything else to be sure while this lasts. Several ladies have been there several nights together, and you would hardly be gratified for

conversation, say the folks, if you han't seen *Hurlothrumbo*, &c., &c. (*ib.*, 351).

About the middle of May the play was published. The dedication to Lady Delves, which is fully as absurd in style as anything in the piece, makes mention of "the taste of *Montagu*, *Wharton*, or *Meredith*, *Stanhope*, *Sneid*, or *Byrom*," and refers in the same fashion to other patrons or subscribers. The publication seems to have helped to keep the ball rolling; for Byrom reports about this time that "the Westminster scholars at their election, I hear, made verses on *Hurlothrumbo*. I see here a new book against Mr. Pope, with a dialogue in it between Hurlo and Death; and in short, who but Hurlothrumbo at present? If people talk of a thing as inconsistent in any manner the word is now, "In short, mere Hurlothrumbo." (*Ib.*, 355; *Bailey's Dictionary*, 1731, defines "*Hurlo-Thrumbo*" as "a bawling, noisy preacher, orator, &c., who lays about him violently, using much action and gesture; also one who uses many extravagant expressions and rants.") A Hurlothrumbo Society is said to have been formed; and doubtless other extravagances were committed; so that Baker, in the *Biographia Dramatica*, repeats a rumour "that Sir Robert Walpole promoted the success of the piece as far as lay in his power, making it serve to divert the attention of the public from some state designs of his own, which were at that time ready to be put into execution." On the other hand, Fielding in *The Author's Farce*, produced in the year 1729, refers with some bitterness to Johnson's success, which he couples, more or less inappositely, with that of Orator Henley: "If you must write, write nonsense, write operas, write Hurlothrumbos, set up an oratory, and preach nonsense, and you may meet with encouragement enough. Be profane, be scurrilous, be immodest, &c." (Act i. sc. 5; cf. a more harmless passage in the *The Pleasures of the Town*, the "puppet-show" included in *The Author's Farce*, where Charon hesitates about taking aboard "Hurloborumbo-menbo-Hurloborumbolo, I think he calls himself; he looks like one of Apollo's people, in my opinion; he seems mad enough to be a real poet.) There is no reason to suppose that *Hurlothrumbo* was "the foolish piece said to be written by S. Johnson," which the great owner of that name refused to repudiate. He was at the time an undergraduate at Oxford. (See the authorities cited in my notice of the author of *Hurlothrumbo* in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xxx., to which I must



refer the reader for an account of Samuel Johnson's later productions and fortunes. I add to the notes there given the remark, that Arbuthnot has no claim to the authorship of a pamphlet published in 1733, and afterwards included in his *Miscellaneous Works* (1750, the collection repudiated by his son): *Harmony in an Uproar, a Letter to F—d—k H—d—l, Esq., M—r of the O—a H—e in the Haymarket* from Hurlothrumbo Johnson, Esq. (See G. A. Aitken, *Life and Works of John Arbuthnot*, 1892, p. 145).

This note, though already lengthy, must not be closed without a quotation from Dr. Mainwaring's letter to Byrom, dated Manchester, June 16th, 1729, which fitly characterises both the author of *Hurlothrumbo* and what was probably his delightful delusion as to the relations between Byrom and himself: "We are honoured with the Lord of Flame, and have a company of players in town, but we can't persuade his Lordship to give us *Hurlothrumbo* upon the stage. 'Pish!' he cries, 'what do you mean? Nobody here has any soul above their breeches' pocket! how should they understand it? Even in London, except Dr. Byrom and two or three fine geniuses, they cannot taste it at all.'" (*Remains*, i. 377.)

Byrom seems to have been pleased with his Epilogue, and notes on July 1st, 1729, that he was told by his friend Dr. Desaguliers F.R.S. how much it had diverted him (*ib.*, 383).]

Enter *Hurlothrumbo*.

LADIES and Gentlemen, my Lord of *Flame*  
Has sent me here to thank you in his Name.

1. *My Lord of FLAME*. This was the chief character of *Hurlothrumbo*, played, by the author, according to the *Biographia Dramatica*, "with a violin in his hand, which he occasionally played upon, and sometimes walking on high stilts. His dress on this occasion was such as he commonly wore, *viz.*, a suit of black velvet, with a long white flowing periwig." Johnson signed his dedication to Lady Delves (whom he assured that "if every Pore in every Body in *Cheshire* was a Mouth, they would all cry out aloud, *God save the Lady DELVES!*") as "Lord Flame"; and so pleased was he with his histrionic title, that he afterwards tried to remove the postmaster at Manchester for non-delivery of a letter so addressed. (As to this complicated episode see *Remains*, ii. 174-5). In his play entitled *The Blazing Comet: the Mad Lovers, or the Beauties of the Poets*, he enacted the similarly-named part of Lord

Proud of your Smiles, he's mounted many a Story  
 Above the tip-top Pinnacle of Glory :  
 Thence he defies the Sons of Clay, the Critics,—  
 "Fellows," says he, "that are mere Paralytics,  
 With Judgments lame and Intellects that halt,  
 Because a Man outruns them, they find fault."  
 He is indeed, to speak my poor Opinion,  
 Out of the reach of *critical* Dominion.

10

[*Enter Critic.*

Adso! here's one of 'em.

*Cr.* A strange odd Play, Sir ;

[*Enter Author ; pushes Hurllothrumbo aside.*

*Au.* Let me come to him! Pray, what's that you say,  
 Sir?

*Cr.* I say, Sir, Rules are not observ'd here ——

*Au.* Rules,

Like Clocks and Watches, were all made for Fools.  
 Rules make a Play? that is ——

*Cr.* What, Mr. Singer?

*Au.* As if a Knife and Fork should make a Finger.

*Cr.* Pray, Sir, which is the *Hero* of your Play?

*Au.* Hero? Why, they're all Heroes in their Way.

Wildfire; and on the frontispiece to the edition of this play published in 1732, he appears in this character, holding a violin and bow in his hand and standing on stilts, which are made to resemble legs and feet." (EARWAKER'S *East Cheshire* (1880), ii. 570, note A.) On his tombstone near Gawsworth, in Cheshire, was placed a

long inscription commemorating him as "Mr. Samuel Johnson, afterwards ennobled with the grander title of LORD FLAME;" but some wisecracks having resented this frivolity, another inscription of an altogether gloomy cast was placed by its side (*ib.*, 571).

11. *Adso!* A mutilation of the contraction of "Gadzooks!"



*Cr.* But, here's no *Plot*! — or none that's understood.

*Au.* There's a *Rebellion*, tho'; and that's as good. 20

*Cr.* No Spirit, nor Genius in't.

*Au.* Why, didn't here

A *SPIRIT* and a *GENIUS* both appear?

*Cr.* Poh! 'tis all Stuff and Nonsense —

*Au.* Lack-a-day!

Why, that's the very *Essence* of a Play.  
Your Old House, New House, Opera, and Ball,—  
'Tis NONSENSE, *Critic*, that supports 'em all,  
As you yourselves ingeniously have shown,  
Whilst on their Nonsense you have built your own.

*Cr.* Here wants —

*Au.* Wants what? Why now, for all your canting,  
What one Ingredient of a Play is wanting? 30  
Music, Love, War, Death, Madness without Sham,  
Done to the Life, by *Persons* of the *Dram.*;  
Scenes and Machines, descending and arising;  
Thunder and Lightning; — ev'rything surprising!

*Cr.* Play, Farce, or Opera is't?

19, 20. *But here's no PLOT! — or none that's understood.*

*There's a REBELLION, tho'; and that's as GOOD.*

It must be borne in mind that the *Plot* of 1722, and the *Rebellion* of 1715, were still pretty fresh in men's memories.

22. A *SPIRIT* and a *GENIUS*. Both of these figure among the persons of the drama.

25. *Old House, New House*. The "Old

House" was Drury Lane. Covent Garden, which was not open till December, 1732, cannot be meant by the "New House." Lincoln's Inn Fields had been open about fifteen years when Byrom wrote; the King's Theatre (the home of Italian opera) twenty-four; and the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, where, as in all the English houses, English operas were constantly performed, not more than nine.

Au. No matter whether ;  
 'Tis a REHEARSAL of 'em all together.  
 But come, Sir, come ! Troop off, old Blundermonger,  
 And interrupt the *Epilogue* no longer !  
[Author drives the Critic off the Stage.]

*Hurlo*, proceed !

*Hurlo*. Troth ! he says true enough ;

The Stage has given Rise to wretched Stuff. 40  
 Critic or Player, a *Dennis* or a *Cibber*,  
 Vie only which shall make it go down glibber.  
 A thousand murd'rous Ways they cast about  
 To stifle it ; but, Murder-like, 'twill out.  
 Our Author fairly, without so much Fuss,  
 Shows it in *puris Naturalibus* ;  
 Pursues the Point beyond its highest Height ;  
 Then bids his Men of Fire and Ladies bright  
 Mark how it looks, when it is out of sight.  
 So true a *Stage*, so fair a Play for Laughter, 50  
 There never was before, nor ever will come after,—  
 Never, no never ! Not while vital Breath  
 Defends ye from that *long-liv'd mortal*, Death.

36. A REHEARSAL. Probably the expression was suggested by a reminiscence of the celebrated medley of styles and characters (ranging from Sun and Moon to Drawcansir and the Two Kings of Brentford) which is—quite erroneously—supposed to have extinguished Heroic Plays.

41. A DENNIS or a CIBBER. Colley Cibber, in view of his varied capacities as proprietor, manager, author, and actor, hardly needs any further apology for his endeavours at “pleasing to live ;” as for John Dennis, whose failings are not generally supposed to have been in the

direction of morigeration, Byrom probably alludes to some falling-off in the old critic's asperities. He died early in 1734, shortly after the complimentary benefit in which Pope had taken a, for him, not ill-natured part.

48. *His men of Fire and Ladies bright*. “If you can find anything in any Play worthy of your Praise I am sure the *Super-Naturals* will support it.” (*Dedication to Lady DELVES*.) “Yet you great Men, that shine among the Angels, did condescend to support me.” (*Dedication to Lord WALPOLE*.)



"Death!"—— Something hangs on my prophetic Tongue ;  
I'll give it Utterance, be it right or wrong :

"*Handel* himself shall yield to *Hurlothrumbo*,

And *Bononcini* too shall cry '*Succumbo* ;'"——

That's, if the *Ladies* condescend to Smile :

Their Looks make Sense or Nonsense in our Isle.

56, 57. "*HANDEL himself shall yield to HURLOTHRUMBO, And BONONCINI too shall cry 'SUCCUMBO.'*" See Introductory Note to the *Epigram on the Feuds*

between HANDEL and BONONCINI, ante

p. 35.

58. *That's.* That is,

## VERSES

SPOKEN AT THE BREAKING-UP OF THE FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,  
IN MANCHESTER.

[It is to be regretted that no records illustrating the interest taken by Byrom in the Manchester Grammar School should be discoverable, besides those furnished by his *Poems* and *Remains*. He was not himself a pupil of the School, but was sent, first to a preparatory school at Chester, and then to Merchant Taylors'; nor does his family name appear on the *School Registers between 1730 and 1775*, as printed by Mr. Finch Smith for the Chetham Society (1866). It was, however, impossible, especially after he had fairly settled down to life in Manchester, that so leading a representative of the learning and scholarship contained in the town should fail to cherish a warm sympathy for its chief educational institution. And it was equally in consonance with his genius, that his pleasant inventive powers should occasionally contribute to brighten the School's time-honoured gaudy-day or days;—for there is nothing to show whether these verses were written for the Midsummer or (as is perhaps more probable) for the Christmas breaking-up.

The most likely dates of some among these successive admonitions by a mentor, who well understood how to pass from lively to severe, are suggested in the special Introductory Notes that follow, and extend (including the Lauder-cycle, which I have printed at the close of the series) from 1728, or rather earlier, to 1748. This period nearly coincides with the High-Mastership, which lasted from 1727 to 1749, of the Rev. Henry Brooke, formerly Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. He had been preceded by a High-Master (the Rev. John Richards of Corpus), the *quinquennium* of whose rule had been anything but successful; but Brooke's own was hardly more so. He took his duties very easily, and even absented himself from his post for some years, during which his functions were performed by a substitute. As a not unnatural consequence of this conduct the Feoffees reduced his salary from £200 a year to the original endowment of £10. He was, however, keenly interested in the rights of the School, and was, according to the late Mr. J. E. Bailey, the author of the abstracts of the legal decisions concerning the School Mill given, without acknowledgment, in Whatton's *History of*



*Manchester School.* Can his politics have had anything to do with his troubles? Mr. Bailey noted that Henry Brooke was the only Whig among the Fellows of Manchester College, of whom he became one in 1728, a year after his appointment to the High-Mastership. (As to the Fellowship election see *Remains*, i. 294, and *ante*; according to Canon Raines' *The Fellows of the Collegiate Church of Manchester*, edited by Dr. Renaud for the Chetham Society, Part ii. (1891), p. 215, notwithstanding the efforts made on behalf of other candidates "the Prime-Minister was inexorable . . . so that the Chapter succumbed, and a Whig was dropped among the Tories of the College, in the place of good Radley Aynsough.") By the year 1744, however, he seems not only to have returned to active work at Manchester, but to have braced himself for an unprecedented effort. He put forth in this year a Speech *On the Usefulness and Necessity of Studying the Classics*, which was spoken at the breaking-up of the School on Thursday, December the 13th, 1744, and printed in the same year (it is reprinted in Whatton's *History of Manchester School*, pp. 106-9). This is a perfectly decorous composition, and its dedication dwells on the intention of the author to "keep close to the school and the business thereof in person, as I have done for near three years past." In 1745 he published "*The Quack Doctor*, a poem originally spoken at the School," of which his Latin work entitled *Medicus Circumforaneus* is probably only a version or an adaptation. But though the numbers of the school seem to have improved, they again languished; and in 1749 Henry Brooke resigned his High-Mastership, retiring to his rectory of Tortworth near Wotton-under-Edge in Gloucestershire, which he held as one of the Fellows of the Collegiate Church. He died in August, 1757.

Evidently his tastes were literary rather than scholastic; and like the monks of Bury in Lydgate's time he found that business often required his presence in London. Byrom, who could not have been hard on him for this preference, was doubtless attached to him by his literary talents, such as they were. Of his works some brief account is given by Mr. Finch Smith in his *Introductory Note* to the *Manchester School Registers* (u.s.), and further information was added by the late Mr. J. E. Bailey in two papers originally published in the *Manchester City News* of May 1st and July 8th, 1886, under the title of *The Authorship of Lancashire Hob*—which authorship he claimed for Henry Brooke. According to Mr. Bailey, Henry Brooke (who must not of course be

confounded with his celebrated namesake, the author of *The Fool of Quality*) achieved some reputation in the contemporary world of letters, where he was spoken of as one "who, though a Poet, has excelled as an Orator, and, though an Orator, has excelled as a Poet :

— *At hæc est*

*Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno."*

Yet it may, perhaps, be doubted whether the fame of the declamations and poems which he wrote for recitation at the Manchester Grammar School had travelled very far. Mr. Bailey had also noted (*u.s.*) as belonging to the same group of occasional poems as Brooke's and Byrom's some lines in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1740, the scene of which is laid at "Warrikin" (Warrington), and which Mr. Harland ascribed to the year 1518!

The Rev. Henry Brooke was succeeded in the High-Mastership by the Rev. William Purnell, who for twenty-six years had filled the post of Second Master at the School. With this worthy man Byrom was involved in a sort of controversy worth mentioning in the present connexion. In 1760, the High-Master had encouraged and in person prepared his scholars to perform a play at the Manchester Theatre; whereupon Byrom wrote and sent anonymously to Purnell an Epilogue of strong censure on the proceeding. The Epilogue, which would have formed a curious pendant to the *Epilogue to HURLOTHRUMBO* (*ante*, p. 138) is unfortunately lost; but Purnell's very manly letter to Byrom in reply is preserved (*Remains*, ii. 616-7). The play was *Cato*, — no very frivolous choice, and the performers, one of whom was the future Chief Justice Alvanley, do not appear to have brought their parents' hairs with sorrow to the grave. (Cf. Finch Smith, *u.s.*, pp. 33-4; and a paper in the Manchester School Magazine, *Ulula*, for December, 1891, published *à propos* of Mr. Henry Irving's visit to the School on the 9th of that month, to witness the rehearsal of Sheridan's *Critic* by the boys.]



## THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

### A TALE.

[The date of this piece is approximately fixed by the allusion in l. 26 to the famous Mills dispute, which began in 1726 and continued for several years. The High-Mastership of Henry Brooke began, as already stated, in 1727. Canon Raines, *The Fellows of the Collegiate Church, &c.*, Part ii., p. 257, writes: "There is at Kersal Cell a large historical picture, well painted in oils, of the interior of Mr. Clayton's (*cf. infra*) school in Salford, and a full-length portrait of the Master, in a blue velvet gown lined with white silk, hearing the boys recite their pieces previous to the breaking-up for the holidays. . . . Edward Byrom, son of the doctor, is the little boy seated cross-legged on a stool, and the tradition is that the piece being recited by the lad standing before Mr. Clayton is Byrom's poem of *The Three Black Crows*, which was originally written for the Grammar School."

As to the tale itself, it is, so far as I know, original. "Does the fable of *The Three Black Crows*," asks a writer in the *Saturday Review* of June 1st, 1889, "still lurk in any elementary reading-book? Or does a certain round game ('Russian Scandal' it used to be called) still relieve the dreariness of certain drawing-rooms? A statement or short tale is written down by number one, and then whispered to his neighbour, and so it goes round the circle, and in its final shape is compared with the original; the unlikeness is generally ludicrous and startling." Johnson, when speaking of Blair's report of Lord Bathurst's statement as to Bolingbroke's share in the *Essay on Man*, that the *Essay* "was originally composed by Bolingbroke in prose," put the same experience more tersely: "It is amazing, sir, what deviations there are from precise truth in the account which is given of everything." The comic side of the matter is sufficiently illustrated by Mr. Crabtree's famous story about Miss Letitia Piper; the tragic is well shown in a powerful little story published a few years since under the title of *The Autobiography of a Scandal*, which may or may not be "founded on fact."]

## I.

“TALE?” That will raise the Question, I suppose :  
 “What can the *Meaning* be of the three black Crows?”  
 It is a *London* Story, you must know,  
 And happen’d, as they say, some Time ago.  
 The Meaning of it *Custom* would suppress,  
 Till at the *End*; — but come, nevertheless,  
 Tho’ it may vary from the Use of old  
 To tell the *Moral* till the Tale be told,  
 We’ll give a Hint, for once, how to apply  
 The Meaning, *first* — and hang the *Tale* thereby. 10

## II.

People full oft are put into a Pother,  
 For want of understanding one another ;  
 And strange, amusing Stories creep about,  
 That come to Nothing, if you trace them out ;  
 Lies of the Day, or Month perhaps, or Year,  
 That serve their Purpose and then disappear ;  
 From which, meanwhile, Disputes of ev’ry Size,  
 That is to say, *Misunderstandings*, rise,  
 The Springs of Ill, from Bick’ring up to Battle,  
 From Wars and Tumults down to Tittle-Tattle : 20  
 Such as, for Instance (for we need not roam  
 Far off to find them, but come nearer Home)  
 Such as befall by sudden misdivining  
 On *Cuts*, on *Coals*, on *Boxes*, and on *Signing*,

6 Till to the end we come ; nevertheless.—B. ?

10 First, then hang.—B.

15 Day perhaps, or month, or.—B. 16 Which, having serv’d their purpose, disappear.—B.

24. On CUTS, on COALS, on BOXES, the “Mills” are mentioned immediately  
 and on SIGNING. It is practically im- afterwards, “Signing” might have been  
 possible to guess what may have been the supposed to refer to the paper drawn up by  
 nature of the local “misunderstandings” Byrom and signed by “father Byrom” and  
 in question. The word “Boxes” is spe- some twenty or thirty others concerning  
 cially open to conjecture. Were it not that the very subject (see *Remains*, i. 320).



Or (may good Sense avert such hasty Ills  
From *this* Foundation, *this* Assembly),—*Mills* !  
It may, at least it *should*, correct a Zeal  
That hurts the public or the private Weal,  
By eager giving of too rash Assent,  
To note, how *Meanings* that were never *meant*  
Will fly about, like so many black Crows,  
Of that same *Breed* of which the Story goes.

30

III.

Two honest Tradesmen meeting in the Strand,  
One took the other briskly by the Hand ;  
“ Hark-ye,” said he, “ ’tis an odd Story this  
About the Crows ! ”——“ I don’t know what it is,”  
Replied his Friend.——“ No ? I’m surprised at that ;  
Where I come from it is the common Chat.  
But you shall hear :—an odd Affair indeed !  
And, that it happen’d, they are All agreed.  
Not to detain you from a Thing so strange,  
A Gentlemen, that lives not far from ’Change,  
This Week, in short, as all the *Alley* knows,  
Taking a Puke, has thrown up *Three black Crows*.”

40

IV.

“ Impossible ! ” “ Nay, but it’s really true ;  
I have it from good Hands, and so may You.”

25, 26 Or on what now, in the affair of mills

To me and you portends such serious ills.—B.

27, 28 These lines in B follow after line 32 of text. 29 Giving them too.—B.

29, 30 These lines are transposed in B.

31 About, just like so many crows.—B.

45 But indeed ’tis true.—B.

26. *Mills*. As to the dispute concern-  
ing the School Mills which much occupied  
Byrom towards the close of the year 1728,  
see the *Introductory Note* to the epigram  
*Bone and Skin*, ante, p. 109.

43. *The Alley*. ’Change (Exchange)  
Alley, Cornhill.

44. *Taking a Puke*. Falling sick.

"From whose, I pray?"——So, having nam'd the Man,  
 Straight to enquire his curious Comrade ran.  
 "Sir, did you tell"——relating the Affair——  
 "Yes, Sir, I did; and if it's worth your Care, 50  
 Ask Mr. Such a-one, he told it me;—  
 But, by the Bye, 'twas *Two* black Crows, not *Three*."

## V.

Resolv'd to trace so wond'rous an Event,  
 Whip, to the third the Virtuoso went.  
 "Sir"——and so forth;—"Why yes; the Thing is Fact,  
 Tho' in regard to Number not exact :  
 It was not *Two* black Crows, 'twas only *One* :  
 The Truth of *that* you may depend upon.  
 The Gentleman himself told me the Case."  
 "Where may I find him?"——"Why, in such a Place." 60

## VI.

Away goes he, and having found him out :  
 "Sir, be so good as to resolve a Doubt."  
 Then to his last Informant he referr'd,  
 And begg'd to know, if *true* what he had heard ;  
 "Did you, Sir, throw up a black Crow?"—"NOT I!"  
 "Bless me, how People propagate a Lie!  
 Black Crows have been thrown up, *Three, Two* and *One* ;  
 And here, I find, all comes at last to *None* !

58 May rely upon.—B.

52. *But, by the bye, 'twas Two black Crows, not THREE.*

"*Sir Benjamin Backbite . . . . . then, madam, they began to fight with swords.*

*Enter CRABTREE.*

*Crabtree.* With pistols, nephew — pistols. I have it from undoubted authority."

54. *Whip.* Quickly. Originally a verbal imperative; *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2 :

"Whip to our tents, as roes run over land."

*Ib.* *The Virtuoso.* Because he was curious about trifles, and thus "*Vertù* professed."



Did you say *Nothing* of a Crow *at all*?"—

"Crow? Crow?—perhaps I might, now I recall  
The Matter over."—"And, pray Sir, what was't?"—

70

"Why, I was *horrid* sick, and, at the last,  
I did throw up, and told my Neighbour so,  
Something that was—*as black*, Sir, as a Crow."

---

## VERSES

ON THE DANGER AND IMPROPRIETY OF HASTILY ATTACHING  
WRONG IDEAS TO WORDS OR EPITHETS.

[The story here told by Byrom as adapted by himself from one of the prose works of Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist, several of which are included in Byrom's Library, is certainly *ben trovato*, and aptly illustrates a most wholesome maxim. It is therefore needless to hint a doubt whether the followers of Luther were ever by anybody called Martinists — a name which he would have disliked as heartily as he disliked the other. (See his vigorous reprobation of the term Lutheran in his *Vermahnung vor Aufruhr und Empörung*, cited by Koechly.) The English "Martinists" were in truth disciples of "Jack" rather than of "Martin."

As to the "defect" which the story exemplifies, it seems inherent in the otherwise admirable device of language. On this head see Locke's Third Book, *passim*.]

## I.

'TIS not to tell what various Mischief springs  
From wrong Ideas fix'd to Words or Things,  
When Men of hasty and impatient Thought  
Will not examine Matters, as they ought,  
But snatch the first Appearance, nor suspect,  
What is so oft the Case, their own Defect.

## II.

Defect — which, if occasion offers, makes  
The most absurd, ridiculous Mistakes,

6 Too oft.—B.

7 Now this defect, upon occasion, makes.—B.

1. 'Tis not to tell. Cf. *A Letter on his Departure from London to R. L., Esq.* "It is not to tell how my heart fell a-throbbing."  
(*ante*, p. 40), l. 21 :



To say no worse ; — for Evils to recite  
 Of deeper kind is not our Task to-night, 10  
 But just to versify a case or two  
 That grave Divines relate, and, when they do,  
 Justly remark that, in effect, the prone  
 To hasty Judgment make the case their own.

## III.

When MARTIN LUTHER first grew into fame,  
 His Followers obtain'd a double Name :  
 Some call'd 'em MARTINISTS, and some again  
 Express'd by LUTHERANS the self-same Men.  
 Meaning the same, you see, and same the Ground ;  
 But mark the force of Diff'rence in the Sound. 20

## IV.

Two zealous Proselytes to his Reform,  
 Which then had rais'd an universal Storm,  
 Meeting by chance upon a publick Walk,  
 Soon made Religion Subject of their talk ;  
 Its low Condition both dispos'd to own,  
 And how corrupt the Church of *Rome* was grown.  
 In this preliminary Point indeed,  
 Tho' Strangers to each other, they agreed ;  
 But, as the Times had bred some other Chiefs, 30  
 Who undertook to cure the common Grievs,  
 They were oblig'd, by further hints, to find,  
 If in their choice they both were of a Mind.  
 After some winding of their Words about,  
 To seek this secondary Problem out,

14 Makes the.—B. (?)

18 Lutherans these pious.—B.

19 Their meaning was the same and.—B.

13, 14.  
To hasty Judgment made the case their own.

The prone

The case applies to those prone to hasty judgments.

"I am," declar'd the bolder of the two,  
 "A MARTINIST, and so, I hope, are you."  
 "No," said the other, growing somewhat hot,  
 "But I'll assure you, Sir, that I am not;  
 I am a LUTHERAN; and, live or die,  
 Shall not be any thing beside, not I." 40  
 "If not a MARTINIST," his Friend replied,  
 "Truly, I care not what you are beside."  
 Thus Fray began, which, Critics may suppose,  
 But for Spectators would have come to Blows;  
 And so they parted, Matters half discuss'd,  
 All in a huff, with mutual disgust.

## V.

The prose Account of *Dr. More*, I think,  
 Relates the Story of two Clowns in Drink.  
 The Verse has cloth'd it in a different strain;  
 But, either way, the gentle Hint is plain, 50  
 That 'tis a foolish Bus'ness to commence  
 Dispute on Words, without regard to Sense.

## VI.

Such was the case of these two Partizans;  
 There is another of a single Man's  
 Still more absurd, if possible, than this  
 Must I go on, and tell it you? (*Chorus* :) "Yes, Yes."

## VII.

A certain Artist, I forget his Name,  
 Had got for making *Spectacles* a Fame,  
 Or "*Helps to read*,"—as, when they first were sold,  
 Was writ, upon his glaring Sign, in GOLD; 60

46 With equal tokens of complete disgust.—B.

54 Another I have heard, a.—B.

59 Read," which when.—B.

60 Written on.—B.



And, for all Uses to be had from Glass,  
 His were allow'd by Readers to surpass.  
 There came a Man into his Shop one Day :  
 "Are you the *Spectacle-Contriver*, pray?"  
 "Yes, Sir," said he; "I can, in that Affair,  
 Contrive to please you, if you want a Pair."  
 "Can you? pray, do then!" So at first he chose  
 To place a youngish Pair upon his Nose,  
 And Book produc'd, to see how they would fit;  
 Ask'd how he lik'd 'em. "Like 'em? Not a bit." 70  
 "Then, Sir, I fancy, if you please to try,  
 These in my Hand will better suit your Eye."  
 "No, but they don't." Well, come Sir, if you please,  
 Here is another Sort, we'll e'en try these;  
 Still somewhat more they magnify the Letter:  
 Now, Sir?" "Why, now—I'm not a bit the better."  
 "No? Here, take these that magnify still more;  
 How do *they* fit?" "Like all the rest before."

## VIII.

In short, they tried a whole Assortment thro',  
 But all in vain; for none of them would do. 80  
 The *Operator*, much surpris'd to find  
 So odd a Cast, thought, sure the Man is Blind!  
 "What sort of eyes can you have got?" said he.  
 "Why, very good ones, Friend, as you may see."  
 "Yes, I perceive the clearness of the Ball;  
 Pray, let me ask you: can you read at all?"  
 "No, you great BLOCKHEAD; if I could, what need  
 Of paying you for any HELPS TO READ?"  
 And so he left the Maker in a Heat,  
 Resolv'd to post him for an *arrant Cheat*. 90

## THE APE AND THE FOX.

## A FABLE.

[The Fable of the Ape and the Fox is certainly in "Æsop"; but Byrom has edited both the catastrophe and the moral. The Greek Fox, who had not been at an English school, contents himself with asking the Ape, how, being such a fool as he has proved himself to be, he can expect to rule over the Beasts. And the moral is simply that those who are "unready" (in the earlier sense of the world) are likely to be unlucky. It is not impossible that Byrom designed some political allusion—may be to the withdrawal from the firm of "Townshend and Walpole" of the senior partner (1730). But speculation is useless, since the precise date of the verses is unknown.]

## I.

OLD Æsop so famous was certainly right  
 In the Way that he took to instruct and delight,  
 By giving to Creatures, Beasts, Fishes, and Birds,  
 Nay to Things, tho' inanimate, Language and Words.  
 He engag'd by his Fables th' Attention of Youth,  
 And forc'd even Fiction to tell them the Truth;

## II.

Not so quickly forgot, as the Mind is more able  
 To retain a true Hint in the shape of a Fable;  
 And Allusions to Nature insensibly raise  
 The Reflection suggested by fabular Phrase,

10

5 Thus he gain'd by his.—B. 7 They're not quickly forgotten, since man is.—B.

10 Reflections suggested.—B.

8. *A true Hint in the shape of a Fable.* Hence its name *αἶνος*, a reproof, or as the Greek fable had nothing whatever to do with beast-legend or beast-epos; but was simply, as Ottfried Müller calls it, an intentional travesty of human affairs. Byrom expresses it, a "true hint." In the mediæval Bestiaries, Herbaries, &c., the symbolical conception was predominant.



That affords less exception for Cavil to find,  
While the Moral more gently slides into the Mind.

III.

Thus, to hint that a Kingdom will flourish the most,  
Where the Men in high Station are fit for their Post,  
And disgraces attend both on Person and Station,  
If Regard be not had to due Qualification,  
He invented, they tell us, this Fable of old,  
Which the Place I am in now requires to be told.

IV.

The BEASTS, on a Time, when the Lion was dead,  
Met together in Council to choose them a Head ; 20  
And, to give to their new Constitution a Shape  
Most like to the human, they fix'd on the *Ape* ;  
They crown'd, and proclaim'd him by *Parliament Plan*,  
And never was *Monkey* so like to a *Man*.

V.

The *Fox*, being fam'd for his Cunning and Wit,  
Was propos'd to their Choicc, but they did not think fit  
To elect such a Sharper, lest, watching his Hour,  
He should cunningly creep into absolute Pow'r ;  
No fear of King *Ape*, or of being so rid :  
He would mind his Diversion, and do as they did. 30

11 Which afford less.—B.

18 Place where I stand, now.—B.

21 Here follow in B lines 25–30, and then lines 21–24 of text. *Ib.* So to.—B.

22 Resembling the.—B.

29 They'd no fear from the ape of.—B.

23. *Proclaim'd him by Parliament Plan.* A Jacobite sneer at the Parliamentary title  
to the English Crown.

## VI.

Sly *Reynard*, on this, was resolv'd to expose  
 Poor *Pug*, whom the Senate so formally chose ;  
 And having observ'd in his Rambles a Gin  
 Where a delicate Morsel was nicely hung in,  
 He let the *King* know what a Prize he had found,  
 And the Waste, where it lay, was his *Majesty's* Ground.

## VII.

"Show me where," said the *Ape* ; so the Treasure was shown,  
 Which he seiz'd with Paw *Royal*, to make it his own ;  
 But the Gin, at same time, was dispos'd to *resist*,  
 And clapping together caught *Pug* by the Wrist, 40  
 Who perceiv'd, by his Fingers laid fast in the Stocks,  
 What a Trick had been play'd by his Subject the *Fox*.

## VIII.

"Thou Traitor !" said he, "but I'll make thee anon  
 An Example of Vengeance" ; and so he went on,  
 With a Rage most *Monarchical*. *Reynard*, who ey'd  
 The Success of his Scheme, gave a Sigh, and reply'd :  
 "Well, adieu, ROYAL SIR ! 'twas a cruel Mishap,  
 That your MAJESTY'S GRACE did not understand *Trap* !"

39 At the time.—B.

36. *The Waste, where it lay, was his Majesty's Ground.* The property of the foundation of the principle, that abandoned property is the Sovereign's.  
 soil of the common is entirely in the lord, 48. "*Did not understand TRAP !*"  
 although the use of it is in turn jointly Probably with an allusion to the school-  
 with the commoners. But this is not the boys' game.



*DULCES ANTE OMNIA MUSÆ.*

[The title of these pleasing stanzas was suggested by the Vergilian lines (*Georg.*, ii. 470, *seqq*):

*“ Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,  
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,  
Accipiant.”*

They have a more than common interest to readers of Byrom as suggesting some of the most striking characteristics of his own individuality as a poet (cf. *General Introduction, ante*).

Their date is approximately determined by the allusion in l. 72 to our struggles with the French on the Ohio, and by that in l. 76 to the agitation caused in England by the outrages, greatly exaggerated by patriotic feeling and partisan spirit, committed by the Spanish Guarda-Costas in their exercise of the right of search upon British vessels trading to South America. Both these troubles came to a head in 1738; and in the following year war with Spain broke out afresh, and French troops passed from Canada by the Ohio to Louisiana. Byrom's lines were doubtless spoken before the breaking-up of the Grammar School for either the Summer or the Christmas holidays in 1738.]

I.

OF all Companions that a Man can choose,  
Methinks the sweetest is an honest Muse,  
Ready, the subject proper and the Time,  
To cheer Occasion with harmonic Rime.  
Of all the Muses (for they tell of nine),  
*Melpomene*, sweet flowing *Mel.*, be mine !

3 Ready with subject proper in due time.—B.

4 To cheer the soul with harmony of.—B.

6. MELPOMENE, *sweet flowing MEL.* “You stand entitled hereupon to laugh  
For this old-fashioned familiar style of ab- At hapless genius in your friend Diaph.”  
breviation, cf. *An Answer to a Rebus (infra)*: (Diaphanus.)

## II.

Her's the judicious and the friendly Part  
 To clear the Head, to animate the Heart ;  
 Their kindred Forces, tempering, to unite ;  
 Grave to instruct, and witty to delight ; 10  
 With Judgment cool, with Passions rightly warm,  
 She gives the Strength to Numbers and the Charm.

## III.

Her Lines, whatever the Occasion be,  
 Flow without forcing, natural and free :  
 No stiff'ning of 'em with poetic Starch,  
 Whether her Bard is to be grave or arch :  
 Of diff'rent Topics which the Times produce  
 She prompts the fittest for the present Use

## IV.

She decks, when call'd, when honour'd to attend  
 On sacred Piety, her best lov'd Friend, 20  
 Decks with a Grace, and arms with a Defence,  
 Religion, Virtue, Morals, and good Sense ;  
 Whatever tends to better human Mind  
 Sets *Mel.* at Work, a Friend to all Mankind.

## V.

A Foe, but void of any Rancour, Foe  
 To all the noisy Bustlings here below ;

- 7 Hers is the friendly and judicious.—B. 12 To numbers all their strength and.—B.  
 19, 20 On piety when called to attend,  
 When pleas'd she decks her sacred.—B. 21 Deck'd with a grace, she.—B.  
 23, 24 Whatever tends to benefit the mind,  
 Sets *Mel.* to work, true friend of human kind.—B.  
 25 A foe she is, but void of rancour.—B.



To all Contention, Clamour, and Debate  
That plagues a Constitution, Church, or State,  
That plagues a Man's ownself, or makes him will  
His other Self, his Neighbour, any Ill.

30

VI.

Life, as *Mel.* thinks, a short, uncertain Lease,  
Demands the fruits of Friendship, and of Peace.  
"Arms and the Man" her sister *Clio* sings ;  
To her she leaves your Heroes and your Kings,  
To sound the Present, or to act the Past,  
And tread the Stage in Buskin and Bombast.

VII.

With Nymphs and Swains fond *Mel.* would strew the Fields,  
With Flocks and Herds, instead of Spears and Shields ;  
Recall the Scenes that blest a golden Age  
Ere mutual Love gave way to martial Rage ;  
And Bards, high soaring above simpler Phrase,  
To genuine Light preferr'd the glaring Blaze.

40

VIII.

She scorns alike ignobly to rehearse  
The spiteful Satire, or the venal Verse ;  
Free in her Praise, and in her Censure too,  
But Merit, but Amendment, is her view ;

36 To tread.—B.

46 True merit or.—B.

33. "*Arms and the Man.*" Verg. *Æn.*, i. 1.

36. *And tread the Stage.* When Byrom wrote these lines he had already for some years been under the influence of William Law ; but this was not needed to inspire

in him an aversion to the actual stage, from which the natural simplicity and refinement of his tastes instinctively shrank.

37. *With Nymphs and Swains.* In Pastoral Poetry Byrom himself had gained his earliest laurels.

A rising worth still higher to exalt,  
Or save a Culprit from a future Fault.

## IX.

No sour, pedantical, abusive Rage,  
No vicious Rant defiles her freest Page ; 50  
No vile, indecent Sally, or profane,  
To pleasure Fools, or give the Wise a Pain ;  
Her Mirth is aim'd to mend us, if we heed,  
And what the chastest of her Sex may read.

## X.

She looks on various Empires, various Men,  
As all one Tribe, when she directs the Pen ;  
She loves the *Briton*, and she loves the *Gaul*,  
*Swede, Russ, or Turk*,— she wishes well to all :  
They all are Men, all Sons of the same Sire,  
And must be all belov'd, if *Mel.* inspire. 60

## XI.

It would rejoice her Votaries to see  
All *Europe, Asia, Africa* agree ;  
“ But the New World, New-England's dire Alarms ?  
“ Should not Melpomene now sing to Arms ? ”——  
No, she must ever wish all War to cease ;  
While Folks are fighting, she must hold her Peace ;

## XII.

Content to hope that, what Events are due  
Will bless New-England, and old *England* too ;

51 No sally vile, indecently.—B.

54. 'Tis what.—B.

58. *Swede, Russ or Turk.* Russia and had come to an end only within the  
Turkey were still at war in 1738, and memory of the living generation.  
Sweden's day as an active military power



Friend to fair Traders and free Navigation,  
And Friend to *Spain*, but Foe to Depredation ;  
And Friend to *France*, but let heroic *Clio*  
Demolish French Encroachments at *Ohio*.

70

XIII.

Safe from all foreign, and domestic Foes  
Be all your Liberties in Verse or Prose !  
Be safe Abroad your Colonies, your Trade,  
From *Guarda-costas*, and from *Gasconade* :  
At Home your Lives, your Acres and your Bags ;  
And Plots against ye vanish all to Rags !

XIV.

But much of Safety, let concluding Line  
Observe, depends upon yourselves ; — in fine,  
Home, or Abroad, the World is but a School,  
Where all Things roll to teach one central Rule :  
That is : " If you would prosper and do well,  
*Love one another, and remember Mel.*"

80

69 She's to fair trade a friend. — (1814 ?)

70 A friend. — B.

78 Against you vanish into. — B.

79, 80 Be it observ'd in my concluding line,  
Great part of safety rests with you : — B.

69. *Fair Traders*. This ambiguous term seems to signify merchants claiming a certain amount of free trade, or free trade under certain restrictions, with the coasts of South America.

it is in *The Virginians* that a young American lady goes so far as to use the phrase "at America."

78. *Plots against ye*. Such as those concocted by Alberoni and Ripperda.

72. *At OHIO* = on the Ohio. I think

## THE COUNTRY FELLOWS AND THE ASS.

## A FABLE.

[In this piece Byrom places himself in competition with La Fontaine, whose fable of *Le Meunier, son Fils et l'Âne* is one of the more elaborate of an inimitable series. Inasmuch as Byrom was a reader of La Fontaine (the *Fables Choisies*, 12mo, London, 1736, are in his Library), it might be concluded that the English verses were taken directly from the French; but the arrangement is different, the expedient of carrying the Ass, which Byrom treats as an addition to be found only in certain "Prints," is, in the French, that adopted in the first instance by the miller and his son, in order to bring their beast fresh to the fair. La Fontaine expressly introduces his Fable as a modern one, which according to him the French poet Malherbe told to his *confrère* Racan, who had consulted him as to the course of life by adopting which he might satisfy alike his family, the Court, and the people.

Æsop's apologue is quoted at length by Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, in her Preface to her *Life* of her husband, addressed to the Duke himself. She amusingly applies the moral to the objections raised against herself and her books by her readers, who at first found fault with her as a writer for want of learning, and when she had applied herself to the reading of philosophical authors, "thought it impossible that a woman should have so much learning and understanding in terms of art, and scholastical expressions." (*The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle*, ed. C. H. Firth, 1886, pp. xlix. l.)

It may be assumed that Byrom's lines were written and spoken after, possibly soon after, the year 1738.]

## I.

A Country Fellow and his Son, they tell  
 In modern Fables, had an Ass to sell.  
 For this intent they turn'd it out to play,  
 And fed so well, that by the destin'd Day



They brought the Creature into sleek Repair,  
And drove it gently to a neighb'ring Fair.

II.

As they were jogging on, a rural Class  
Was heard to say : "Look ! Look there, at that Ass  
And those two Blockheads trudging on each Side,  
That have not, either of 'em, Sense to ride ! 10  
Asses all Three !"——And thus the Country Folks  
On Man and Boy began to cut their Jokes.

III.

Th' old Fellow minded nothing that they said,  
But ev'ry Word stuck in the young one's Head ;  
And thus began their Comment thereupon :  
"Ne'er heed 'em Lad !" "Nay, Faither, do get on !"  
"Not I, indeed !"——"Why then, let me, I pray !"  
"Well, do ; and see what prating Tongues will say !"

IV.

The Boy was mounted ; and they had not got  
Much further on, before another Knot, 20  
Just as the Ass was pacing by, pad, pad,  
Cried : "O ! that lazy Looby of a Lad !

10 Neither of whom has sense enough.—B.

13 Not a thing they.—B.

7. *A rural Class.* A set, or party, of rustics.

21. *Pad, pad.* "Pad" is another form of "path." The phrase "to pad the hoof" is still familiar ; and a "padder" is a man who is always on the highway—*i.e.*, a highwayman. "A footpad" is one who "pads" it on foot. In *The Centaur*

*Fabulous (infra)*, l. 29, Byrom uses "pad" in the sense of a horse or mare.

22. *Looby.* A diminutive, I suppose, of "lob," which is Lancashire for a clown, cf. the Welsh "llob." See NODAL AND MILNER, *s.v.* ; and cf. SKEAT, *s.v.* "lubber," a word used in the form "lobyer" in the *Vision of Piers Plowman*.

How unconcernedly the gaping Brute  
Lets the poor aged Fellow walk afoot !”

## V.

Down came the Son on hearing this Account,  
And begg'd and pray'd, and made his Father mount ;  
Till a third Party, on a further Stretch,  
“See! See,” exclaim'd, “that old hard-hearted Wretch!  
How like a Justice there he sits, or Squire,  
While the poor Lad keeps wading thro' the Mire!” 30

## VI.

“Stop!” cried the Lad, still deeper vexed in Mind,  
“Stop, Father, stop! let me get on behind!”  
Thus done, they thought they certainly should please,  
Escape Reproaches, and be both at Ease ;  
For, having tried each practicable Way,  
What could be left for Jokers now to say?

## VII.

Still disappointed by succeeding Tone :  
“Hark ye, you Fellows! Is that Ass your own?  
Get off, for Shame, or one of you at least!  
You both deserve to carry the poor Beast, 40  
Ready to drop down dead upon the Road,  
With such an huge, unconscionable Load!”

## VIII.

On this, they both dismounted and, some say,  
Contriv'd to carry, like a Truss of Hay,

34 And ride on at.—B.

37 They were accosted next in surly.—B.



The Ass between 'em.— Prints, they add, are seen  
With Man and Lad, and slinging Ass between ;  
Others omit that Fancy in the Print,  
As over-straining an ingenious Hint.

IX.

The Copy that we follow says : the Man  
Rubb'd down the Ass, and took to his first Plan ;      50  
Walk'd to the Fair, and sold him ; got his Price,  
And gave his Son this pertinent Advice :  
*"Let Talkers talk ; stick thou to what is best :  
To think of pleasing all — is all a Jest."*

50 Down his ass, pursu'd his first-form'd.—B.

54 Is but a.—B.

54. *To think of pleasing all is all a Jest.* Allez, venez, courez ; demeurez en province ;  
La Fontaine thus clothes his moral in Prenez ferme, abbaye, emploi, gouverne-  
Malherbe's advice to Racan : ment,—  
"Quant à vous, suivez Mars, ou l' Amour, Les gens en parleront, n'en doutez nulle-  
ou le prince ; ment."

---

"IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS MUTATAS DICERE FORMAS  
CORPORA."—Ov. *Metam.*, i. 1-2.

SPOKEN ON THE SAME OCCASION.

[How far the doctrine of the transmigration of souls ascribed to Pythagoras was actually held by him, cannot possibly be ascertained in the case of a personage so mysteriously shrouded in legend. But it may be asserted with some confidence that he was not, as Byrom declares, acquainted with the Copernican system. For the rest, the Greek treatment of the fable could hardly fail to suggest such a theory, at all events as a passing speculation, into which most of us have been occasionally betrayed, even without the inspiration of Kaulbach's illustrations to *Reineke Fuchs*.]

I.

PYTHAGORAS, an ancient Sage, opin'd  
That Form, and Shape were Indexes of Mind ;  
And Minds of Men, when they departed hence,  
Would all be form'd according to this Sense ;  
Some Animal, or human Shape again,  
Would shew the Minds of all the former Men.

II.

Let us adopt this Transmigration-plan,  
And mark, how Animal exhibits Man.  
Tyrants, for instance, (to begin with those  
Who make the greatest noise, the greatest woes) 10  
Of their Dominion Lions are the Key,  
That Reign in Deserts now, and hunt their Prey.

3 That minds.—B.

6 Shew what had been souls of former.—B. ?



Sometimes, dethron'd and brought upon a Stage,  
 Or coop'd, like *Bajazet*, within a Cage,  
 For Six-pence, safe from all tyrannic harms,  
 One may see Kings, perhaps, at the *King's Arms* ;  
 See savage Monarchs, who had shown before  
 The tusky Temper of the wildest Boar,  
 Vested in proper Shape, when they are dead,  
 Reviv'd, and caught, and shown at the *Boar's Head*. 20

III.

In some tam'd Elephant our Eyes may scan  
 The once great, rich, o'ergrown, half-reas'ning Man.  
 My Lord had Sense to wind into his Maw  
 All within reach, that lay within the Law ;  
 What would have fed a thousand Mouths was sunk,  
 To fill his own, by hugeous length of Trunk ;  
 He grew to monstrous Grandeur, liv'd a Show,  
 And Stones high rais'd told where he was laid low :

26 By monstrous.—B.

27 Wondrous grandeur.—B.

27, 28 In A these lines are transposed, evidently by a printer's error.

28 High raised tell where he's.—B.

11. *Of their Dominion Lions are the*  
 KEY. Lions let us into the secret of their  
 way of rule.

14. *Coop'd, like BAJAZET, within a cage.*  
 See the First Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, Act iv. Sc. ii. : "*Enter*  
*Tamburlaine, &c., two Moors drawing*  
*Bajazet in a cage, and his Wife following*  
*him.*

*Tamb.* Bring out my footstool.

[*Bajazet is taken out of the cage.*"]

After much unpleasant usage Bajazet is  
 put back into the cage, and exclaims :

"Is this a place for mighty Bajazet?"

But Tamburlaine rejoins :

"There, while he lives, shall Bajazet be  
 kept ;

And, where I go, be thus in triumph drawn."

17-18. *Savage Monarchs, who had*  
*shown before*

*The tusky temper of the wildest Boar.*

Byrom was probably thinking of Richard  
 III., called "the Boar" (see Shakspeare's  
*Richard III.*, iii. 2, *passim*), largely, no  
 doubt, in allusion to the two boars sup-  
 porters of his arms, and his badge "Ye  
 whyt boore." It has, however, been sup-  
 posed that as there was, according to Stow,  
 no tavern in Eastcheap in the reign of  
 Henry IV., Shakspeare named the Boar's  
 Head Tavern in compliment to Richard  
 Burbadge, whose arms were Three Boars'  
 Heads. (See Cunningham's *Hand-Book*  
*to London, Past and Present.*)

By Transmigration it appears, at least,  
That such great Man is really a great Beast. 30

## IV.

From Animals that once were Men, to pass  
To Men of now almost ambiguous Class :  
Players, and Harlequins, and Pantomimes,  
Who sell their Shapes to mimick Men and Times,  
With all the servile, second-handed Tribe  
Of Imitators, endless to describe,—  
In their own Figures, when they come to range,  
With small Transition into Monkeys change :  
For now Men-Monkeys have not in their view  
What should be done by Men, but what they do. 40

## V.

Of Tempers, by inferior Forms express'd,  
And seen for nothing, something may be guess'd.  
When the sly Fox ensnares the silly Geese,  
Who does not see that Mind is of a piece  
With former Lawyers, who devour'd by far  
The sillier Clients, drawn into the Bar ?

30 Is but a bulky.—B.

32 Of nearly now.—B.

33. *Pantomimes.* The Latin personal use of this term has not survived in English like that of its constituent "mimus."—The beginning of the glories of pantomime in England may be dated 1733.

39. *For now Men-Monkeys have not in their view  
What should be done by Man, but what they do.*

A very just reprehension of a conception of the dramatic and histrionic arts

most typically represented by Foote, whose comedies, however, date from the beginning of the second half of the century. Probably, Byrom was thinking of the man-monkey of contemporary pantomime. Monkeys have occasionally played a part in a more ambitious line of drama. *Jocko, the Brazilian Monkey*—a piece of which I think traditions have haunted the later stage—was produced with a moderate degree of success at Covent Garden in 1825.



VI.

“Why not Physicians?” hear the Lawyer say;  
 “Are not they too as wily in their way?”  
 Why, yes, dear Barrister; but then they own  
 The Shapes in which their cunning Arts are shown: 50  
 Serpents confess, around the Rod entwin’d,  
 Wily or wise the Æsculapian kind.

VII.

“Why not Divines?” the Doctor may object;  
 “They have Devourers, too, in ev’ry Sect.”  
 True; but if one devour, there is for him  
 A Transmigration more upon the grim:  
 In human Shape when he has spent his Years,  
 Stript of Sheep’s Clothing, real Wolf appears.

VIII.

Plain in four-footed Animals, let’s try  
 Instance that first occurs in such as fly. 60  
 The Parrot shews by its unmeaning prate  
 Full many a Talker’s metamorphos’d Fate;  
 Whose Tongue outstrips the Clapper of a Mill,  
 And still keeps saying the same nothing still.

55, 56 Devour, a dismal, grim  
 And proper transmigration waits for him.—B. 58 The true wolf.—B.  
 59 ’Tis plain in quadrupeds, now let us.—B. 60 What instance.—B.

51. *Serpents confess, around the Rod entwin’d.* The ordinary symbols of the God of Healing,—the serpent signifying re-juvenation, and the rod the health-bringing rounds of the physician from door to door.

56. *More upon the grim. À la sauvage.* Cf. the very colloquial “on the loose.”—*Isegrimm* is the name of the Wolf in *Reineke Fuchs*.

59. *Plain in four-footed Animals.* This being plainly the case in four-footed animals.

As full the City, and as full the Court,  
 As India's Woods with Creatures of this sort.  
 If rightly the gay-feather'd Bird foretells  
 The future Shape of eloquenter Belles  
 Or Beaux, transmigrated, the human Dolls  
 Will talk, and shine caress'd in "pretty Polls."

70

## IX.

Belles you may see pursue a Butterfly  
 With painted Wings, that flutter in the Sky  
 And, sparkling, to the Solar Rays unfold  
 Red mix'd with purple, green with shining Gold.  
 Nor wonder at the fond Pursuit ; for know  
 That this same Butterfly was once a Beau  
 And, dress'd according to the newest Whim,  
 Ran after them, as they run after him.

## X.

Footed or flying, all decipher Men ; —  
 Enough to add one other Instance, then :  
 One from a Courtier, a creeping Thing ;  
 He takes new Colours, as there comes new King ;  
 Lives upon airy Promises, and dies ;  
 His Transmigration can be no surprise :

80

- 67 If right the gaily-feather'd.—B. 68 Shape of chatty beaux and belles.—B.  
 69 They, transmigrated, will like human.—B. 70 Talk on, and shine caress'd as.—B.  
 72 Wings which.—B. 75 Wonder not at.—B. 80 Add another.—B.  
 81 A supple courtier, little.—B. 82 That takes.—B

79. *All decipher.* Symbolise or figure.  
 (Cf. *ante*, note to p. 19.)

82. *As there comes new King.* A Jacobite turn.



Chameleon-shape by that he comes to share,  
Still changes Colours, and still feeds on Air.

XI.

By his ingenious Fiction, in the End,  
What could the wise *Pythagoras* intend ?  
Too wise a Man not to intend a Clue  
To change, hereafter, literally true.  
The Solar System of our boasted Age  
Was known of old to this enlightned Sage ;  
So might his Thoughts on Man's immortal Soul,  
Howe'er express'd, be right upon the whole :  
He meant, one need not scruple to affirm,  
This real Truth by Transmigration Term.

90

XII.

Our Tempers here must point to the degree  
In which hereafter we design to be.  
From Vice in Minds, undoubtedly, will grow  
More ugly Shapes than any here below ;  
But sacred Virtue, Piety, and Love ——  
What beauteous Forms will they produce above !

100

85 The low Chameleon's shape he.—B.

90 To that great change, which lit'rally is.—B.

86. *Still changes colour, and still feeds on Air.* These are the familiar phenomena of chameleon-life, if not according to nature, at all events according to Merrick's justly popular poem.

90. *To change, hereafter, literally true.* A foot-note to B, where the reading is as

above, cites the verse of the Gospel of St. John (v. 29) which has so peculiar a significance for the history of Christian doctrine: "And shall come forth: they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

## VERSES

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT THE BREAKING-UP OF THE  
FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN MANCHESTER, IN THE YEAR 1748,  
WHEN LAUDER'S CHARGE OF PLAGIARISM UPON MILTON  
ENGAGED THE PUBLIC ATTENTION.

[I print these Verses in juxtaposition with those actually spoken on similar occasions, in earlier or later years, and from the same stage. From the dates of the Lauder-controversy, or Lauder-scandal, mentioned below, Byrom's treatment of the matter will be seen to have been not less prompt than witty, although it was reserved for a different hand, armed with a different weapon, to administer to Milton's shameless assailant the knock-down blow. Byrom's own interest in the dispute is attested by the Catalogue of his Library, which contains both the pamphlets concocted by Lauder, together with Bishop Douglas' refutation. It also includes a copy of the first edition of *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, "with numerous alterations in a contemporary hand" (Byrom, if only by way of the sincerest kind of flattery to Bentley, loved emendations); besides Toland's *Amyntor, or a Defence of Milton's Life*. About the time when the ensuing verses were written, Byrom, like most men of letters at Manchester and elsewhere, was much occupied with Milton, of whose *Paradise Lost* Dr. Newton (afterwards Bishop of Bristol) published an edition in two volumes, quarto, in 1749. See (as worth noting in the present connexion) the letter addressed to Byrom on January 21st, 1749, by Robert Thyer, Librarian of Chetham's Library at Manchester, and editor of Samuel Butler's *Remains*: "I should have wrote to you sooner, but have been quite taken up of late with furnishing Dr. Newton, at his request, with some notes, if they deserve the name, for his edition of *Paradise Lost*. I sent him some time ago an interleaved Milton of mine with some passages which I had picked up from Spenser and my favourite Italians, that I thought tended to illustrate that part [poet?]; but it was unfortunately lost by a careless carrier, so that I have been forced to turn over my books again to recover as many of them as in a great hurry I could" (*Remains*, ii. 483).

Mr. William Lauder, although by no means so deficient in literary



skill as in that kind of morality of which the want makes itself painfully felt in almost any profession, seems unlikely to pass through a process of posthumous rehabilitation. Indeed, there are signs (which it is not part of my duty to specify) that the remembrance of his iniquities needs refreshing rather than obliterating. It must at the same time be allowed, that if the effort which has made him famous had not too closely approached criminal analogies, his literary talent might still be mentioned with respect. He erred in giving way too much to personal feeling. For (as he ultimately averred in his reply to the exposure which had to all intents and purposes annihilated him as a critic) his original "resentment" against Milton was due to a cause which came home to himself. In one of those couplets of the *Dunciad* (iv. 112-3) which stirred more mud than could ever have been found in Fleet-Ditch :

"On two unequal Crutches propp'd he came,  
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name,"—

Pope had ridiculed as co-equal the efforts of William Benson (immortalised even more effectually by him for his patronage of "poets' tombs") on behalf of the author of *Paradise Lost*, and those devoted by the same individual to the author of a version of the *Psalms*, recently edited by Lauder and approved by the General Assembly. When in 1747 Lauder was seeking to make his way in London by literary work in lieu of the educational employments which his testimonials had proved unable to procure for him, he remembered this bitter offence, and tried to turn a guinea or two in the way of revenge. In the month of January of this year, *The Gentleman's Magazine* printed the first of his communications on *Milton's Imitation of the Moderns*. Four other papers on the same topic followed; and during the year the paper was full of communications on the subject, just as the *Times* would be nowadays, were a similar bolt to fall from the blue. The purport of "*W. L.'s*" bland argument was to show that in not less than thirty passages of *Paradise Lost* the author had purloined portions of divers modern Latin productions—*imprimis* of the Jesuit Jacobus Masenius' poem *Sarcothea*, forming part of his *Palæstra Ligatæ Eloquentiæ*, published at Cologne in 1654, of Hugo Grotius' *Adamus Exul* (1601), of which Act ii. was reprinted at length, and

of Andrew Ramsay's *Poemata Sacra* (1633). A refutation on "general" grounds by Richard Richardson (*Zoïlomastix*, &c., 1747) having come forth, as if to prove that a literary sensation had been effected, Lauder issued proposals for printing by subscription the *Adamus Exul*, a work at the time not obtainable in this country; and Cave, the publisher of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, commissioned Johnson to write the prospectus of this undertaking. (See Mr. Sidney Lee's article on *Lauder* in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.)

So far matters had gone when Byrom, about Midsummer or Christmas 1748, composed the lines which follow. Other commentators on Lauder's "discoveries" had naturally demanded a more precise statement of his case before venturing on a final decision; and to this demand Lauder, desirous of more "revenge" and more glory, and still (as the advertisement for pupils on a fly-leaf in his essay shows) very hard-up, was preparing himself to furnish a response. It appeared in 1750, in the shape of his notorious, or rather infamous, *Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost* (of which a copy is now before me), with the sarcastic quotation on which he had already harped:

"Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rime;"

and with a splendidly insolent dedication, recalling the ways of Elizabethan pamphleteers, "to the Learned Universities of Oxford and Cambridge" — neither of which could lay claim to the nurture of the author. The history of human perversity contains no more extraordinary example of the perilousness of "urging a point too far." A true statement or fair criticism is inflated into a paradox; the paradox obliges its author to descend into particulars; and these have to be supported or proved *quocunque modo* — in the present instance by mendacious suppression and audacious forgery. Milton's indebtedness to other authors, ancient and modern, had never been a secret to those who had eyes to see. In the case of *Paradise Lost* in particular, the choice of the subject, long revolved in his mind and repeatedly recast as to its conditions, necessarily made him acquainted with other literary treatments of the Bible story of the Fall, and more especially with versions near in date to or actually contemporary with his own lucubrations on the theme. Luckily or otherwise, Lauder does not seem to have been



cognisant of all of these ; or he might have enlarged his anthology by manipulating "parallel passages" in J. B. Andreini's *L' Adamo*, which, according to Voltaire, Milton saw played at France in 1613 (when he was not quite six years of age), or from J. van den Vondel's *Lucifer*, which extremely remarkable work, one of the most interesting political allegories in literature, appeared in 1654, the very year in which (though the date was probably rather later) Milton was supposed to have entered upon the composition of his poem. That from such writers as Masenius and van den Vondel, Milton, if acquainted with them at all, should have borrowed details both of treatment and of ornament, assimilating in each case what he borrowed in the matchless mould of his own style, was, in accordance with his method of workmanship, not only probable but, so to speak, inevitable. *Paradise Lost*, writes Professor Masson, "while planned from the Bible, and while original in the entire conception and in every part, was also a mosaic of recollections from all that was best in Greek and Latin literature. Homer, Hesiod, the three Greek tragedians, Plato, Lucretius, Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, and the rest, had all yielded passages or flakes of their substance to be melted into the rich English enamel. But the learning displayed included more than the classics. The author's readings had evidently been wide and various in the mediæval Latinists and later scholars of different countries, and specially close and familiar in Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and others of the Italians. Of his acquaintance with all the preceding poetry of his own tongue there was no room for doubt." At the same time it was explicable enough that Milton's acquaintance with modern Latin writers of second-rate or restricted reputation, and consequently the nature of the hints more or less consciously derived from them by him in the composition of his epic, should have remained obscure to his English readers. On this basis Lauder formed his plan of operations ; but he added a very material piece of strategy of his own. First (with the aid, it was afterwards conjectured, of the Jesuits at Louvain), he selected a series of works, chiefly by Latinists of his own or the preceding century, and more or less coincident in subject with *Paradise Lost*. His attempt to establish against Milton the charge of borrowing his argument or plot is on the whole futile, in so far as essentials are concerned ; but the parallelisms established were not altogether unimpressive, and one, helped out by the judicious interpolation among

Masenius' marginal notes of the Miltonic word *Pandemonium*, was especially striking. In general, the selection of works was clever; partly because some of the writings (such as those of the Jesuit Masenius) or some of the particular works (such as the *Adamus Exul* of Hugo Grotius) cited by Lauder were difficult of access in this country; while references were judiciously added to other works, which the carelessness of the public might be trusted to leave unconsulted, such as Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas and Thomas Heywood's *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*. And it must, I think, be in candour allowed, that not only was Lauder successful from the nature of the case in adducing certain specious similarities of detail between the books cited by him and *Paradise Lost*, but that a few of these are unlikely to have been the result either of accident or of the device to which the "discoverer" had resorted in arranging his case. It was only his second step which led Lauder across the cleft separating demonstration from fraud. In something over a score of passages (if his subsequent confession is to be considered exhaustive) cited by him as the originals of Milton's plagiarisms, he either omitted a number of lines that weakened his case, or actually *inserted* other lines varying in number in the several passages, but occasionally as many as eight at a time, that seemed to establish it. These interpolations he seems now and then to have evolved from his internal consciousness, but the bulk of them were simply taken by him from the Latin Translation of *Paradise Lost*, published in 1690 by Hogæus (Hog) in London. The ingenious forger thus thought to smite his enemy with that enemy's own weapon. Of course the gratification derived from the apparently unanswerable degradation of a great name was general, and is admirably depicted by Warburton. See his letter to Jortin cited from Watson's *Life* by Mark Pattison, *Essays*, ii. 175: "Lauder has offered much amusement to the public, and they are obliged to him. What the public wants or subsists on is news. Milton was their reigning favourite; yet they took it well of a man they never heard of before to tell them the news of Milton's being a thief and a plagiarist. Had he been proved a —, it had pleased them better. When this was no longer news, they were equally delighted with another, as much a stranger to them, who entertained them with another piece of news,—that Lauder was an imposter. Had he proved him to be a Jesuit in disguise nothing had equalled the satisfaction."



The literature of the controversy is considerable, but need not be here detailed. A collection of writings belonging to it, including Mitford's copy of Lauder's *Essay*, with MS. notes, was recently sold at the Craig sale. A series of pamphlets concerning Milton's supposed plagiarisms from the *Sarcothea* of Masenius is stated to have been collected into a single publication by Abbé Dinouart in 1759. Lauder, with the usual folly of criminals, had reckoned without his host. Douglas (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), whose genius for detecting gentry of Lauder's sort was afterwards immortalised by Goldsmith, never more effectively proved himself

"The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks."

His *Letter to the Earl of Bath*, entitled *Milton Vindicated from the Charge of Plagiarism brought against him by Mr. Lauder, and Lauder himself convicted of several Forgeries and gross Impostures on the Public* (1751) was conclusive; and the cogency of his reasoning seemed doubled by the judicious moderation of his tone. Lauder's barefaced forgeries were irrefutably demonstrated by means of a simple comparison of his quotations from two of his authors in particular (Staphorstius and Taubmannus) with the actual passages, and with Høgeus' Translation; and the reader was made to feel that with ampler opportunities even more exposures could have been accumulated. But hereupon the virtue of Lauder's publishers was found to be broad-awake; and Johnson dictated to the culprit a confession which is almost as unique of its kind as the offence it avowed, not to mention that Lauder ventured to append to it a postscript impudently declaring the real motive of his fraud to have been to make fools of a few obstinate persons (the "partial admirers of Milton"), and his mistake to have consisted in overlooking the circumstance that the public at large would be made fools of at the same time. As for Johnson, although in his Preface to Lauder's *Essay* he had spoken respectfully of Milton, and in his Postscript had solicited aid for the poet's surviving indigent grand-daughter, he is not to be acquitted of the charge of having stood god-father to what would have been a scurrilous piece of work, even had its author's discoveries been facts.

But, as observed, these transactions, which it would have been interesting to pursue into greater detail, largely lie beyond the stage

which the controversy had reached when Byrom broke a modest but chivalrous lance in Milton's cause. The question intended to be raised by him through the Grammar School orators is one which admits of something being said on both sides of it. Milton's method of appropriation was a different one from Shakspeare's, and again a different one from Shelley's; and such was the marvellous originality of his own style that as a literary method it may be said to have justified itself. But his mastery of mosaic was an art, at which, both for the sake of literature and for their own sakes, it is perhaps well that modern poets have as a rule abstained from trying their 'prentice hands.]

### THE MASTER'S SPEECH.

#### I.

OUR worthy Founder, Gentlemen, this Day  
 Orders the Youth an Hour's poetic Play,—  
 Me, on its annual Return, to choose  
 One single Subject for their various Muse,  
 That you may see how Fancy will create  
 Her diff'rent Image in each Youngster's Pate.

#### II.

Now, since our *Milton*, a renownèd Name,  
 Had been attack'd for stealing into Fame;  
 I told 'em: "Lads, now be upon your Guard;  
 Exert yourselves, and save your famous Bard!" 10  
 He's call'd a Plagiary: 'tis your's to show  
 The vain Reproach, and silence *Milton's* Foe.

2 Our youth.—B. 3 And that I yearly at this time should.—B.  
 4 Varied muse.—B. 6 A diff'rent.—B. 8 Has been.—B. 12 To silence.—B.

*The Master's Speech.* As to Henry Brooke, who was still High Master at the Grammar School in 1748, see *ante*, p. 148.

1. *Our worthy Founder, &c.* So far as I know, this is a pleasing poetic fiction. Otherwise a provision of the kind on the part of Bishop Oldham, albeit he was at odds with Pope Leo X., would have formed an interesting contribution to the history of the Renaissance.



III.

"The Point," said I, "at which ye now take Aim,  
Remember, as ye rime, is Milton's Fame,—  
Fame as a Poet only, as attack'd  
For plund'ring Verses. Ne'er contest the Fact;  
Defend your Bard, tho' granted; and confine  
To three times six, at most, your eager Line."

IV.

Then lend a fav'ring Ear, whilst they rehearse  
Short and almost extemporary Verse;  
A Thought work'd up, that came into the Mind,  
With Rimes the first and fittest they could find.  
Such was their Task. The Boys have done their best;  
Take what you like, Sirs; and excuse the rest.

20

FIRST LAD.

I.

*MILTON* pursu'd, in Numbers more sublime,  
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rime.

16. *Ne'er contest the Fact.* This seems to have been the position taken up by Richardson in his *Zoïlomastix*, and is that on which Douglas conducts his argument during the first twenty-five pages of his *Letter to Lord Bath*.

17. *Tho' granted.* Though the fact (of his having "conveyed" from other poets) is granted by you.

*Ib.*, 18. *And confine.*

*To three times six.* Confine your effusions to not more than three stanzas of six lines each. Herein the High Master follows the excellent method of

University prize poems, and of school exercises on the same model. To my mind, verse composition, whether in Greek, Latin, or English (and why not in French or German?) is one of the best of mental exercises for boys: provided that in all cases with a definite subject are prescribed definite limits. And I am not sure but that I would say the same as to prose composition, viewed as training for boys, even if not intended to write for the papers.

26. *Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rime.* *Paradise Lost*, Bk. i. v. 17. See *Introductory Note*.

'Tis said : "The Bard did but pretend to soar ;  
For such and such *attempted* them before."

## II.

'Tis now an Age ago since *Milton* writ :  
The rest are sunk into Oblivion's Pit ;  
A Critic diving to their Wrecks, perhaps,  
Has, now and then, brought up some loosen'd Scraps.

## III.

We'll not dispute the Value of them now,  
But say one Thing which Critics must allow,  
Which all the Nations round us will confess :  
"*Milton* alone — *attempted* with *Success*."

## SECOND LAD.

## I.

WHEN *Milton's* Ghost into Elysium came  
To mix with Claimants for poetic Fame,

29 An age has now elaps'd.—B.

36. "MILTON *alone* — ATTEMPTED *with SUCCESS*." See Disraeli's *Amenities of Literature*, as cited in Father Baumgart's interesting study on Vondel (who, as stated above, was not included among Lauder's despoiled authors) : "Cædmon, Andreini, and Vondel, each or all, may have led Milton to consider the subject of his *Paradise Lost*. But Vondel is the one who is most likely to have impressed him." His *Lucifer* certainly remains one of the works which constitute his claim to be regarded as a national classic ; so much cannot be asserted of the *Adamus Exul* with regard to Hugo Grotius. Of the books cited by Lauder, du Bartas' *Divine Weeks and Works*, of which Sylvester's translation passed through seven editions, and is held to have been familiar to Milton, ought to be certainly excepted from the sweeping statement of the *First Lad*.



Some rose, the celebrated Bard to meet,  
Welcom'd, and laid their Laurels at his Feet. 40

II.

"Immortal Shades," said he, "if aught be due  
To my Attempts, 'tis owing all to you,"  
Then took the Laurels, fresh'ning from his Hand,  
And crown'd the Temples of the sacred Band.

III.

Others, in Crowds, stood muttering behind ;  
"Who is the Guest ? He looks as he were blind ;—  
O ! this is *Milton*, to be sure, the Man  
That stole from others all his rimeless Plan ;—

IV.

From those conceited Gentleman, perchance,  
That rush to hail him with such Complaisance. 50  
Ay, that's the Reason of this fawning Fuss.  
I like him not,—he never stole from *us*."

---

THIRD LAD.

I.

"CRIME in a Poet, Sirs, to steal a Thought ?"  
No, that 'tis not, if it be good for aught.  
'Tis lawful Theft ; 'tis laudable to boot ;  
'Tis want of Genius if he does not do't.

50 Who rush.—B.

56 If he cannot do't.—B.

52. *He never stole from us.* A testi- "le propre du génie, c'est féconder."  
*monium paupertatis* to themselves, since (PHILARETE CHASLES.)

The Fool admires, the Man of Sense alone  
Lights on a happy Thought, and makes it all his own ;

## II.

Flies, like a Bee, along the Muses' Field,  
Peeps in, and tastes what any Flow'r can yield,— 60  
Free, from the various Blossoms that he meets  
To pick, and cull, and carry Home the Sweets ;  
While, saunt'ring out, the heavy, stingless Drone  
Amidst a thousand Sweets makes none of 'em his own.

## FOURTH LAD.

## I.

A Critic once to a *Miltonian* made  
Of *Milton's* Plagiarisms a long Parade,  
To prove his Work not owing to his Genius,  
But to *Adamus Exul* and *Masenius* ;

60 Ev'ry flow'r.—B.

61 Blossom.—A.

63, 64 While midst a thousand sweets the stingless drone,  
Sluggishly saunt'ring forth.—B.

68. *Adamus Exul*. This Latin tragedy by Hugo Grotius was published by him, when a youth of eighteen years of age, on the threshold of his career as a politician and a jurist, at the Hague, in 1601. It was followed by his other sacred dramas, *Sophopompaneas* (Joseph in Egypt), and *Christus Patiens*. Modelled in form on Seneca, these tragedies have the same religious tendency as those of Grotius' friend Vondel. As to Milton's introduction to Grotius by Lord Scudamore at Paris in 1638, see Masson's *Life of Milton*, i. (1881), 752-4.
- Ib. Masenius*. Jacobus Masen, the author of *Sarcothea*, was a Jesuit writer of rhetorical, polemical, homiletical, and historical works, of which, apart from the merits of his allegorical poem, the historical (concerning the history of Treves) seem to be the most valuable. He was born in 1606, entered the Society of Jesus in 1626, and died at Cologne in 1681. See *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*, vol. xx.



That he had stol'n the greater Part by much,  
Both of his Plan and Matter from the *Dutch*;

70

## II.

"His *Abdiel*, his fine Characters, he took,  
And heav'nly Scenes, from such and such a Book;  
His hellish, too, the same; from such a one,  
He stole his *Pandemonium*,—— and so on;——  
Till *Milton's* Friend cry'd out, at last, quite giddy:  
"Poh! hold thy Tongue! he stole the Devil, did he?"

## FIFTH LAD.

## I.

WHEN *Oxford* saw in her *Radclivian* Dome  
Greek skill and *Roman* rivall'd here at Home,  
Wond'ring she stood, till one judicious Spark  
Address'd the Crowd, and made this sage Remark: 80  
"The most unlicens'd Plagiary, this *Gibbs*!  
Nothing in all his Pile, but what he cribs!

71 *Abdiel*, finest characters.—B.

71. ABDIEL. See *Paradise Lost*, notes to Book i. of the *Sarcothea* cited by Books v. and vi., for this beautiful conception of the "Servant of God" faithful found among the faithless angels. I am not aware that *Lauder* made this particular charge.

72. *He stole his* PANDEMONIUM. As already stated, *Lauder* accused *Milton* of having taken from *Masenius* the idea of the Council held in *Satan's* palace by his Infernal Peers; and emphasised the charge by interpolating *Milton's* word "*Pandemonium*" among the marginal notes to Book i. of the *Sarcothea* cited by him.

81. "The most unlicens'd Plagiary, this GIBBS!" The *Radcliffe Library* at *Oxford*, completed in 1747, was regarded as the greatest achievement of the celebrated architect *James Gibbs*, whom (to cite the *Dictionary of National Biography*) "his reverence for classic architecture led to an excessive respect for tradition; but his work is lifted far above the level of mere imitation, and has a distinctive style of its own."

## II.

"The Ground he builds upon is not his own ;  
 I know the Quarry whence he had his Stone ;  
 The Forest, too, where all his Timber grow'd ;  
 The Forge wherein his fusèd Metals flow'd ;—  
 In short, survey the Edifice entire,  
 'Tis all a borrow'd Work, from Base to Spire."

## III.

Thus with our Epic Architect he deals,  
 Who says that *Milton* in his Poem steals ;—  
 "Steals" if he will ; but "without Licence?" no !  
 Pedlars in Verse unmeaningly do so :  
 Him *Phæbus* licens'd, and the *Muses* Nine  
 Help'd the rare Thief to raise up—— A DESIGN.

90

## SIXTH LAD.

## I.

*LAUDER!* thy Authors *Dutch* and *German*  
 There is no need to disinter, Man !  
 To search the mould'ring Anecdote  
 For Source of all that *Milton* wrote.  
 We'll own, from these, and many more,  
 The Bard enrich'd his ample Store.

100

## II.

*Phæbus* himself could not escape  
 The Tricks of this poetic Ape :

94. A DESIGN, *i.e.* a work constructed *Art of English Poetry*, l. 186) :  
 on an original plan. Cf. *infra* (On the "So many Copies and so few DESIGNS."



For, to complete his daring *Vole*,  
From *his* enliven'd Wheels he stole,  
*Prometheus*-like, the Solar Ray  
That animated all his Clay.

III.

*Prometheus*-like, then, chain him down ;  
Prey on his Vitals of Renown ;  
With critic Talons, and with Beak,  
Upon his Fame thy Vengeance wreak :  
It grows again, at ev'ry Hour,  
Fast as the *Vulture* can devour.

110

SEVENTH LAD.

I.

*MILTONUM Vir, O facinus nefarium !*  
*Exagitavit tanquam Plagiarium.*  
*Miramur, hanc qui protulisset Thesin,*  
*Quid esse, Momus, crederet Poësin.*  
*Num, quæso, vult ut, hâc obstetricante,*  
*Dicendum sit quod nemo dixit ante ?*

103. *His daring VOLE.* A *Vole* (in both French and English) is a deal at cards, which draws the whole of the tricks ; but Byrom here uses it as if it were = the French *vol*, theft.

116. *Momus* = this caviller.

117. *Vult ut.* The syntax is here rather faulty. *Hâc obstetricante*: she (*Poësy*) aiding in the process.

118. *Dicendum sit quod nemo dixit ante.* This recalls the old prayer :

*"Pereant qui ante nos  
Nostra jam dixere."*

Byrom's Latin doggrel is hardly worthy of the spirited lines preceding it, although not bad in its way, and superior, so far as I can judge, to the average of his Latin verse of any sort.

## II.

*O admirandam hominis versuti  
Calliditatem, quâ volebat uti !  
Dixisset ipse, nimium securus,  
Quod nemo dicet præsens aut futurus,  
Dum Felis unguis persequentur murem  
Miltonum, scilicet, fuisse Furem.*

120

## III.

*Exulent ergo, (ejus ex Effatis)  
Quicumque Nomen usurparint Vatis ;  
Nullum vocemus prorsus ad Examen  
Eorùm Sensum, Vim, aut Modulamen :  
Furantur omnes ;——habeamus verum  
Poetam, exhinc, unicum Lauderum !*

130



## THE NIMMERS.

[These lines were, very possibly, written for recitation at the Manchester Grammar School, like the foregoing ; the point of l. 46 is scholastic, and the turn of phrase that follows resembles the "*variorum*" appeal in *The Country Fellows and the Ass* (*ante*, p. 168).

The words "*nim*" and "*nimmers*" are explained in Johnson as cant words for "steal" and "thieves;" this use, etymologically correct, was known to the Elizabethans, and is incarnate in Corporal Nym who was added by Shakspeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* to Falstaff's crew already immortalised in *Henry IV.* On Bardolph's *exit* in Act i. Scene iii. of the comedy, Sir John feels compelled to observe: "His thefts are too open ; his filching is like an unskilful singer ; he keeps not Time."

"*Nym.* The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

"*Pistol.* 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase!"

Ancient Pistol's sensitiveness anticipates the moral of Byrom's apologue. As similar to the term "*nimmers*" may be mentioned the designation of "kippers and wippers," applied to the clippers of coin in the Thirty Years' War.

A correspondent in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1808 (vol. lxxviii. p. 199), replying to Dr. Milner's vindication of the practice of praying to saints and angels, quotes these verses, which he remembers to have read thirty years ago, and has, he believes, never seen since, in illustration of the "miserable evasions" by Roman Catholics on the subject of the worship of saints. "*Worship* saints indeed! No such thing. We only *pray to them* ten times a day. Nimmers in perfection."]

TWO Foot-companions once in deep Discourse,—  
 "Tom," says the one, "let's go and steal a Horse!"  
 "*Steal!*" says the other, in a huge surprise,  
 "He that says I'm a Thief, I say he lies."  
 "Well, well," replied his Friend, "no such affront ;  
 I did but ask ye : if you won't, you won't."  
 So they jogg'd on, till, in another Strain,  
 The Querist mov'd to *honest Tom* again.

"Suppose," says he, "for Supposition's sake,—  
 'Tis but a Supposition that I make,— 10  
 Suppose that we should *filch* a Horse, I say?"  
 "Filch! Filch!" quoth *Tom*, demurring by the Way;  
 "That's not so bad as downright *Theft*, I own;  
 But — yet — methinks — 'twere better let alone.  
 It soundeth something pitiful, and low;  
 Shall we go *filch* a Horse, you say? why, no;  
 I'll filch no filching; and I'll tell no lie;  
*Honesty's* the best Policy, say I."

Struck with such vast Integrity quite dumb,  
 His Comrade paus'd; at last, says he: "Come, come! 20  
 Thou art an *honest* Fellow, I agree,—  
 Honest and poor; alas! that should not be,  
 And dry into the Bargain, and *no Drink!*  
 Shall we go *Nim* a Horse, *Tom*?—What dost think?"

How clear Things are when Liquor's in the Case!  
*Tom* answers quick, with casuistic Grace:  
 "*Nim*? yes, yes, yes, lets *Nim* with all my Heart;  
 I see no harm in *Nimming*, for my Part.  
 Hard is the Case, now I look sharp into't,  
 That *Honesty* should trudge i'th' Dirt afoot; 30  
 So many empty Horses round about,  
 That *Honesty* should wear its Bottoms out!  
 Besides, shall *Honesty* be chok'd with Thirst?  
 Were it my *Lord Mayor's* Horse, I'd *nim* it first!

24 Horse?—What dost thou.—B. 27 Nim? yes, e'en let us nim.—B.  
 30, 31 These lines are transposed in B.

31. *So many empty Horses.* So many use comes to that of Old English; e.g., in horses without a load. For examples of *Exodus*, v. 8, where the Authorised Version has 'ye are idle,' the A. S. has 'empty.'" Professor Toller notes: "It is curious how near Byrom's 32. *Its Bottoms.* The soles of its shoes.



And, by the by, my Lad, no scrubby Tit!  
There is the best that ever wore a Bit  
Not far from hence." "I take ye," quoth his Friend,  
"Is not yon Stable, *Tom*, our Journey's End?"

Good Wits will jump : both meant the very Steed,  
The Top o'th' Country, both for Shape and Speed. 40  
So to't they went, and, with an Halter round  
His feather'd Neck, they *nimm'd* him off the Ground.

And now, good People, we should next relate  
Of these Adventurers the luckless Fate.  
Poor *Tom* !——but here the Sequel is to seek,  
Not being yet translated from the Greek.  
Some say, that *Tom* would *honestly* have peacht,  
But by his blabbing Friend was over-reacht ;  
Others insist upon't, that both the Elves  
Were, in like Manner, *halter-nimm'd* themselves. 50

It matters not : — the *Moral* is the Thing,  
For which our purpose, Neighbours, was to sing.  
If it should hit some few amongst the Throng,  
Let 'em not lay the Fault upon the Song!  
Fair warning, all : He that has got a Cap,  
Now put it on, or else beware a Rap!  
'Tis but a short one, it is true, but yet  
Has a long reach with it, *Videlicet* :  
'*Twixt right and wrong, how many gentle Trimmers*  
*Will neither steal nor filch, but will be plaguy Nimmers.* 60

35. *No scrubby Tit.* A tit is a nag, or small horse. Cf. "tit-mouse." The use of "tit" for "small horse" is very common in Lancashire writers, both ancient and modern. See Nodal and Milner's *Glossary*, s.v.

39. *The very Steed.* The very same steed.

42. *His feather'd Neck.* His neck provided with feathers, i.e. with a mane.

55-6. *He that has got a Cap, Now put it on, or else beware a Rap!*  
The proverb as to the Cap that fits may have originated in the popularity of the theme to which *The Ship of Fools* gave permanent literary expression. The *Rap*—of Harlequin's wand—was probably a suggestion derived from the usages of Pantomime.

60. An Alexandrine in Dryden's manner.

## THE POND.

"*At qui tantuli eget, quanto est opus, is neque Limo  
Turbatam transit aquam, neque vitam amittit in Undis.*"

HOR. *Sat. I.*, i. 59-60.

[The following verses were written by Byrom, probably not long before the beginning of his personal intercourse with William Law, who in 1729 was living at Putney as an inmate of the family of Mr. Gibbon, grandfather of the historian, and as tutor to Edward Gibbon, the historian's father. It was on Tuesday, March 4th of that year, that the personal acquaintance of Law, to whose spiritual influence he afterwards became completely subject, was made by Byrom. In his account of this visit, on which he was accompanied by his friend William (afterwards Sir William) Mildmay, he writes in his *Diary*: "I repeated the verses about *The Pond* to him and Mildmay, and they laughed, and Mr. Law said he must have a copy of them, and desired I would not put the whole book into verse, for then it would not sell in prose — so the good man can joke." (*Remains*, i. 337.)

The book in question was of course Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*, of which his biographer Canon Overton cannot be far wrong in saying that it "probably constitutes to nine-tenths of those who have heard his name at all his one title to fame." Gibbon called it Law's master-work; and though in some of his other writings he may, in Canon Overton's words, display more intellectual power or rise to greater heights in both style and sentiment, this book alone, by reason of the features which it lacks as well as of those which it possesses, could secure the lasting popularity that has fallen to its lot. The passionate glow of its admonitory eloquence is hardly more notable than the raciness of its humour, strict as is the subordination in which the latter quality is held. And with the *afflatus* that is to be found in everything written by Law, *The Serious Call* combines abundant evidence of that gift of drawing concrete types, which is so congenial to English readers, and thus vindicates to itself a place among those moral allegories which have at all times been favourites of our nation.



Byrom records in his *Diary* under February 15th, 1729: "Bought Law's *Serious Call*" (*Remains*, i. 327); but six days later he told his sister Phebe that he had not read him yet (*ib.*, 328). If this is to be taken literally, it must have been between this date and the time of his visit to Law that he wrote *The Pond*, which is a paraphrase of the following passage in *The Serious Call*, and the first of the many reproductions by him in verse of his spiritual Master's prose. In chap. xi., which shows "*how great devotion fills our lives with the greatest peace and happiness that can be enjoyed in this world*," Law dwells on the experience that "though God, and nature, and reason, make human nature free from wants and full of happiness; yet our passions, in rebellion against God, against nature and reason, create a new world of evils, and fill human life with imaginary wants, and vain disquiets." Among these passions he instances pride, envy, and ambition; comparing the folly of those who allow themselves to be absorbed by these to that of a man who should rack his brains, and study night and day how to fly. And then, proceeding to speak of the passion of covetousness, he varies the figure, as follows:

"Again: if you should see a man that had a large pond of water, yet living in continual thirst, not suffering himself to drink half a draught, for fear of lessening his pond; if you should see him wasting his time and strength, in fetching more water to his pond; always thirsty, yet always carrying a bucket of water in his hand, watching early and late to catch the drops of rain, gaping after every cloud, and running greedily into every mire and mud, in hopes of water, and always studying how to make every ditch empty itself into his pond; if you should see him grow grey and old in these anxious labours, and at last end a careful, thirsty life, by falling into his own pond; would you not say that such a man was not only the author of all his own disquiets, but was foolish enough to be reckoned amongst idiots and madmen? But yet foolish and absurd as this character is, it does not represent half the follies, and absurd disquiets, of the covetous man.

"I could" he continues, "now easily proceed to show the same effects of all our other passions, and make it plainly appear that all our miseries, vexations, and complaints, are entirely of our own making, and that in the same absurd manner as in these instances of the ambitious and covetous man. Look where you will, you will see all worldly vexations but like the vexation of him that was always in mire and mud

in search of water to drink, when he had more at home than was sufficient for a hundred horses."

And then follows the life-like portrait of Cœlia, the fashionable lady, who "with no business upon her hands but to receive the income of a plentiful fortune," makes herself perfectly miserable, although in truth she "has nothing to torment her but her own spirit."

It was not till ten years, or more, after Byrom had first shown Law *The Pond*, that they discussed the question of repeating the experiment made in this poem. On July 24th, 1739, Byrom gave Law "the verses about the Pond, which I had written out a good while ago, and I tore them from the frank, for they were in a letter franked by Mr. White" . . . "he was for having all the letter, thinking that there was some writing; I told him that I had left off making verses in a manner, that if he wanted any—he said that he would give me subjects, so I came away" (*Remains*, ii. 254). When this mutual understanding had borne fruit, *The Pond* was once more remembered. In May, 1743, Law "talked of the verses about the Pond, and of printing them with the others, but I said that those about Enthusiasm (*vide* vol. ii., *infra*) would do better by themselves I thought."

At a later date—in January, 1793—Byrom's verses on *The Pond* found their way into *The Wesleyan Methodist, or Arminian Magazine* (p. 221), whence they were copied out in *MS.* by Mr. William Norbury. I have examined this copy, which was communicated to me by the late Mr. J. E. Bailey, but there are no variations between its text and that of A, except that in the Wesleyan Magazine the spelling of the poem seems to be modernised throughout.]

ONCE on a Time a certain Man was found  
That had a Pond of Water in his Ground,—  
A fine large Pond of Water fresh and clear,  
Enough to serve his Turn for many a Year.  
Yet, so it was, a strange, unhappy Dread  
Of wanting Water seiz'd the Fellow's Head.  
When he was dry, he was afraid to drink  
Too much at once, for fear his Pond should sink.  
Perpetually tormented with this Thought,



He never ventur'd on a hearty Draught ; 10  
 Still dry, still fearing to exhaust his Store,  
 When half-refresh'd, he frugally gave o'er ;  
 Reviving, of himself reviv'd his Fright :  
 " Better," quoth he, " to be half-chok'd than quite."

Upon his Pond continually intent,  
 In Cares and Pains his anxious Life he spent,  
 Consuming all his Time and Strength away,  
 To make the Pond rise higher ev'ry Day.  
 He work'd and slav'd, and oh ! how slow it fills !  
 Pour'd in by Pail-fuls, and took out — by Gills. 20

In a wet Season, he would skip about,  
 Placing his Buckets under ev'ry Spout ;  
 From falling Show'rs collecting fresh Supply,  
 And grudging ev'ry Cloud that passèd by ;  
 Cursing the dryness of the Times each Hour,  
 Altho' it rain'd as fast as it could pour.  
 Then he would wade thro' ev'ry dirty Spot,  
 Where any little Moisture could be got ;  
 And when he had done draining of a Bog,  
 Still kept himself as dirty as a Hog ; 30  
 And cried whene'er Folks blam'd him : ' What d'ye mean ?  
 It costs a World of Water to be clean !"

If some poor Neighbour crav'd to slake his Thirst,  
 " What ! — rob my Pond ? I'll see the Rogue hang'd first !

19 Slav'd, yet.—B.

10. *A hearty Draught.* Was this pronounced "drought" by Byrom ? Johnson has, *s.v.*, the rhyme :

"Delicious wines th' attending herald brought ;

The gold gave lustre to the purple draught."—Pope's *Odyssey*.

11. *Still dry, still fearing.* Constantly dry, constantly fearing.

20. *Pour'd in by Pail-fuls, and took out—by Gills.* The conceit recalls the suggestion of the Peasant in the first scene of Schiller's *Camp of Wallenstein* :

"*Nehmen sie uns das Uns're in Scheffeln, Müssen wir's wiederbekommen in Löffeln.*"



A burning Shame, these Vermin of the Poor  
Should creep unpunish'd thus about my Door !  
As if I had not Frogs and Toads enow,  
That suck my Pond, whatever I can do !”

The Sun still found him, as he rose or set,  
Always in quest of Matters that were wet ; 40  
Betimes he rose to sweep the Morning Dew,  
And rested late to catch the Ev'ning too.  
With Soughs and Troughs he labour'd to enrich  
The rising Pond from ev'ry neighb'ring Ditch ;  
With Soughs, and Troughs, and Pipes, and Cuts, and Sluices,  
From growing Plants he drain'd the very Juices ;  
Made ev'ry Stick of Wood upon the Hedges  
Of good Behaviour to deposit Pledges ;  
By some Conveyance or another still  
Devis'd Recruits from each declining Hill ; 50  
He left, in short, for this beloved Plunder,  
No Stone unturn'd that could have Water under.

Sometimes, when forc'd to quit his awkward Toil  
And, sore against his Will, to rest a while,  
Then straight he took his Book, and down he sat  
To calculate th' Expenses he was at :  
How much he suffer'd, at a mod'rate Guess,  
From all those Ways by which the Pond grew less.  
For, as to those by which it still grew bigger,  
For them he reckon'd not a single Figure : 60  
He knew a wise old Saying, which maintain'd  
That 'twas bad Luck to count what one had gain'd.

42. *Soughs*. The substantive *sough* connected with A. S. *silgan* “to suck;” (which Johnson derives from the French and compares Icel. *sóg* = “inlet.” A *sous*!) is given with the meaning “a “soughing wound” is a running sore.  
50. *Devis'd Recruits from each declining Hill*. Brought down fresh streams from every declivity within his reach.



"First, for my Self, my daily Charges here  
 Cost a prodigious Quantity a Year ;  
 Altho', thank Heaven, I never boil my Meat,  
 Nor am I such a Sinner as to sweat.  
 But Things are come to such a Pass, indeed,  
 We spend ten Times the Water that we need.  
 People are grown with washing, cleansing, rinsing,  
 So finical and nice, past all convincing ; 70  
 So many proud, fantastic Modes, in short,  
 Are introduc'd, that my poor Pond pays for't.

"Not but I could be well enough content  
 With what upon my own Account is spent ;  
 But those large Articles from whence I reap  
 No Kind of Profit, strike me on a Heap.  
 What a vast deal each Moment at a sup,  
 This ever thirsty Earth itself drinks up !  
 Such Holes and Gaps ! Alas ! my Pond provides 80  
 Scarce for its own unconscionable Sides.  
 Nay, how can one imagine it should thrive,  
 So many Creatures as it keeps alive,  
 That creep from ev'ry Nook and Corner, marry !  
 Filching as much, as ever they can carry.  
 Then, all the Birds that fly along the Air  
 'Light at my Pond, and come in for a Share.  
*Item*, at ev'ry Puff of Wind that blows,  
 Away at once the Surface of it goes ;  
 The rest, in Exhalations to the Sun :  
 One Month's fair Weather, and I am undone !" 90

75 From which. —B.

65-6. Although I never waste a drop "When I have laid proud Athens on a  
 of moisture. heap."

76. *Strike me on a heap.* So *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3 : We say colloquially "all of a heap."  
 D D

This Life he led for many a Year together,  
 Grew old and grey in watching of his Weather,  
 Meagre as Death itself, till this same Death  
 Stopt, as the saying is, his vital Breath.  
 For as th' old Fool was carrying to his Field  
 A heavier Burden than he well could wield,  
 He miss'd his Footing, or somehow he fumbled  
 In tumbling of it in,—but in he tumbled.  
 Mighty desirous to get out again,  
 He scream'd, and scrambled, but 'twas all in vain ;  
 The Place was grown so very deep and wide,  
 Nor Bottom of it could he feel, nor Side :  
 And so——i'th' Middle of his Pond——he died.

100

}

What think ye now from this imperfect Sketch,  
 My Friends, of such a miserable Wretch ?——  
 “Why, 'tis a Wretch, we think, of your own making.  
 No Fool can be suppos'd in such a taking ;  
 Your own warm Fancy”——Nay, but warm or cool,  
 The World abounds with many such a Fool.  
 The choicest Ills, the greatest Torments, sure,  
 Are those which Numbers *labour* to endure.  
 “What ? For a Pond ?”——Why, call it an *Estate* :  
 You change the Name, but realise the Fate.

110



## ON INOCULATION.

WRITTEN WHEN IT FIRST BEGAN TO BE PRACTISED IN ENGLAND.

[The date of these lines is fixed by an entry in Byrom's *Diary*, July 4th, 1729: "Thinking of verses on inoculation" (*Remains*, i. 385). The subject, which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is supposed to have first introduced to public notice in England, long occupied the attention of members of the medical profession here (including Dr. Byrom), among whom it came to be generally held that the inoculation of children when well was a safe way of getting through the then almost inevitable epidemic disease of small-pox (see Dr. Norman Moore's art. *Jenner* in *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xxix). According to a notice of La Condamine's *Discourse on Inoculation* (read before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris in 1754) in the *Monthly Review*, vol. xiii. (1755) pp. 138 *seqq.*, inoculation remained unused in France, notwithstanding the opinion put forth in 1723 by nine principal doctors of the Sorbonne, that it was lawful to make trial of the practice for the benefit of the public. La Condamine says: "But with some people, any remedy coming from *Turkey*, and well received in a Protestant country, does not so much as deserve an examination." The reviewer adds: "The first reason that prevailed with some people in France, was urged by Dr. Wagstaffe, &c., against Inoculation here; and the second is probably the cause of a great majority of our *Romanists* declining it to this day." The quotation is not wholly without a bearing upon Byrom's attitude towards the practice. His *Remains* contain frequent references both to the disease of small-pox and to the quasi-preventive remedy of inoculation, in the controversy concerning which he was led to take a special interest by his eminent friend Dr. Jurin (afterwards President of the Royal College of Physicians), who in his youth was patronised by Bentley and elected a fellow of Trinity not long before Byrom entered there (see art. *Jurin* in *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xxx., where his publications on the subject are enumerated; cf. *Remains*, i. 202. Jurin's account of Inoculation for the small-pox in 1726 (London, 1727) is among the books in Byrom's Library; see *Catalogue*, p. 123). In 1736 we find Byrom noting in his *Diary* that he conversed with Mr. H. Ord

about inoculation: "He said that his brother Hassell was like a distracted man after he had inoculated his child, but that he was for it himself, that his brother had had two died of the natural sort, and two got through the inoculation" (*ib.*, ii. 39). In the same year he notes: "Mr. Woolaston's children got better of the small-pox, but his man dangerously ill; Dr. Lee he talked on, as if inconsistent with himself" (*ib.*, 48). Finally, as late as April 25th, 1761, Thomas Patten writes to Byrom on the subject of these very lines, composed more than thirty years before: "There are numbers of good people who never read verse . . . . It is for this reason that I should be heartily glad to see your well-reasoned performance on the subject of inoculation published in prose, in which form I think it would generally be esteemed one of the most unanswerable books [*sic*] in the world, which greatly needs to be set right in that important point" (*ib.*, ii. 634).

It seems unnecessary to point out the fallacy in an argument which, whether well-reasoned or not, is at all events more tersely put than is common with Byrom. Whether a father does his best by his child in allowing it to run a risk, assuredly depends upon the nature of that risk. Those who ignore this part of the question, misrepresent the whole of it.]

## I.

I HEARD two Neighbours talk, the other Night,  
About this new Distemper-giving Plan,  
Which some so wrong, and others think so right;  
Short was the Dialogue, and thus it ran:

## II.

"If I had twenty Children of my own,  
I would inoculate them ev'ry one."—  
"Ay, but should any of them die, what Moan  
Would then be made for vent'ring thereupon!"

## III.

"No; I should think that I had done the best,  
And be resign'd, whatever should befall."—



"But could you really be so quite at Rest?"

"I could."—"Then, why inoculate at all?"

IV.

"Since, to resign a Child to God, Who gave,  
Is full as easy, and as just a Part,  
When sick and led by Nature to the Grave,  
As when in Health, and driv'n to it by Art."

16 As, when in Health, to drive it there by Art.—B.

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## MINCE-PIE.

[The following is the preamble to lines which might without blame have been omitted, but may, I trust, without offence be included, among Byrom's miscellaneous verse. "*Diary*, Tuesday, January 13th, 1730 (at Cambridge): rose twelve, Dr. Smith, Vernon called here, talked of natural philosophy, &c.; I said, nothing but matter of fact was philosophy; Beresford sent a note to desire my company and Hooper's to eat mince-pie to-night; his letter was: 'Serious Sir, Mince-pie; an answer in the affirmative will oblige,' &c. To which, having sent the woman for tea to Mrs. Quarles's—'Comical Sir,'" &c. (*Remains*, i. 406).

Beresford was a Manchester man, as well as a Cambridge friend. Dr. Francis Hooper, whom Byrom here calls his tutor, was of course not such in the technical college sense. He was a fellow of Trinity, and an intimate friend of Byrom's; and afterwards Librarian of Chetham's Library (*ib.*, 250 *et al.*)]

Comical Sir,

THE answer I give,  
 Shall be 'firmative,  
 So get ready your platter;  
 For my tutor and I  
 Shall come to your pie  
 Without mincing the matter.

Yours, J. B.

---



## DRINK.

[*Journal*, January 28th, 1730: "Dr. Hooper [cf. *ante*, *Introductory Note to Mince-Pie*] asked me to the Mitre; Dr. Smith, Chilton, Hough, and Coppendale there; we were very merry; the boy and his she-cat and the he-cat, and universal benevolence; I repeated the verses: 'You ask me, friend, &c.'" (*Remains*, i. 415, *seqq.*) And *ib.*, February 3rd, 1730: "Went with Dr. Morgan after supper to Egerton's chamber . . . we talked of anatomy, animal spirits, hereditary distempers, I repeated most of the verses of 'Drink,' Luther, Calvin, &c., which made them laugh much . . ." (*ib.*, 421.)

There are divers mysteries in the passage just cited; and I feel some hesitation about re-printing as Byrom's own the verses "repeated" by him on the occasion. Without being inordinately addicted to a habit regarded by Martial and others of the ancients as one of the chief afflictions incident to civilised life, and not wholly separable from it even in modern times, he was no doubt fain, if invited, to repeat his own verses to a *côterie* of *connoisseurs*. Yet the tone of this particular piece is for him rather light in connexion with a subject approaching so closely to the domain of ethics; and it may be thought noticeable that in his *MS.* the lines (69-78) in which the differences between religious denominations are humorously traced to Drink as their final cause, should have been veiled by him in shorthand (see *Remains*, i. 417, *note*).

Byrom, whose own temperate habits by no means rendered him averse to a glass of wine as a stimulant to good talk, was quite capable of perceiving the folly which makes politics, or anything else, "an excuse for a glass," and "a glass" an excuse for its consequences. He writes to his son "Tedy," who apparently had reported to his "Pappa" the jollifications at Manchester on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, in 1736: "And so you have had burnfires, and bells, and shooting, and drinking; for such is the custom of the world upon such occasions. Pray tell me, Tedy, do you think that if a man by drinking another man's health should lose his own, that other man would get it? Observe, Tedy, how simple and foolish men make themselves when they drink strong drink, and say to thyself, I will not be like these men, nor put anything into my body that will take away understanding from my mind." (*Ib.*, ii. 35.)

For the rest, this *jeu d'esprit* (which is rather long of its kind) is evidently the handiwork of a medical man, and may be compared with the more serious, and more interesting, passages concerning the habit of drinking in Books ii. and iv. of Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health* (1744). Oldham's ironical *Dithyrambic* in praise of drink, supposed to be spoken by a drunkard in a masque (*Works*, ed. Thompson, 1770, iii. 74-80), is in a different vein.]

YOU ask me, friend, what cause can be assigned  
 For all the various humours of mankind ;  
 Whence, in opinions, tempers, manners, mien,  
 Thought, speech and act, such diff'rence should be seen ?  
 Why, in one word to tell you what I think :  
 The cause of all these various things is — DRINK !  
 Ay, you may laugh ; but, if it may suffice  
 In men and manners to believe one's eyes,  
 DRINK, I do say it, is the subtle matter  
 That makes in human engines such a clatter 10  
 That gives account mechanical and true  
 Why men from men should differ as they do,  
 Account of ev'ry passion, system, strife,—  
 In short, of all the incidents of life.  
 For what is life ? Life, as a man may say  
 Is but the moisture of the human clay,  
 That holds the soul united to its tether,  
 And keeps the dusty particles together.  
 Cantábs, they say, Oxonian bards outshine,  
 That is, in other words, have better wine ; 20

19. *Cantábs, they say.* This probably refers to the indisputable fact that a greater number of English poets of high rank (not to speak of lesser lights like the author of these *Poems*) have been academic citizens of "Thebes," as Dryden was pleased to call his *alma mater*, than of the "Athens" which he flattered "in his riper age." The saying would be equally true if it referred to the writers of Greek and Latin

verse, or to the University poets of the class headed for all time by the late Mr. Calverley, who by the way began his academical life at Oxford.

The accentuation of *Cantábs* in this line, and more distinctly in l. 21 *infra*, is the same as that adopted by Byrom in the verses on Horace, *Od.*, i. 9, 18-20, l. 54 (*infra*): "There may be something for Cantábs to guess."



Change but the liquor, and, you'll see Cantábs  
Will be the minnows, Oxford men the dabs.

Why do the doctors, in consumptive cases,  
Advise in better air to wash our faces?  
Do not the doctors know, who thus prescribe,  
That air's the liquor which our lungs imbibe?  
Well the sagacious health-smiths point the way  
To stir life's fire and make the bellows play;  
The tainted lobe, regaled with fresher dew,  
Heaves and ferments the dregs of life anew,  
And, with fresh dew fermenting thus his dregs,  
A man once more is set upon his legs;  
He that before was down among the dumps,  
Looks up again, again bestirs his stumps,  
Pays off the doctor, and begins to think  
What place will yield him fittest air to drink.

30

When our distempers did their names receive,  
(One instance more, good doctors, by your leave,)   
Some chronic matters, such as gout and stone,  
That would the force of no *arcana* own,  
To save their credit, these, the learned dons  
Cried out, were fix'd hereditary ones:  
If a man's father, grand- or great-grand sire  
Had had the same, 'twas needless to enquire;  
Plain was the case, and safe the doctor's fame;  
The poor old ancestors bore all the blame.  
Now, I'll appeal to common sense and you,  
If such a flam as this can e'er be true?  
Judge if our thesis does not solve such failings  
Better than twenty Hippocrates' or Galens.

40

50

22. *Dabs*. Flounders. The word is still in use in the West of England.

27. *Health-smiths*. A compound apparently formed on the analogy of the A.S. "war-smiths"?

29. *Lobe*. A part of the lungs.

40. *ARCANA*. Secret remedies, *alias* physicians' Latin prescriptions.

50. *Twenty Hippocrates'*. The line should be scanned with caution, the *y* in twenty being practically elided; so as to avoid a mispronunciation of the name of "the Coan sage." (ARMSTRONG.)



Let these old gentlemen say what they please,  
 'Tis the same drink creates the same disease :  
 The same bad milk which through two children passes,  
 May send 'em both in time to that of asses ;  
 If one survives the other for a season,  
 'Tis intermediate drinking is the reason.  
 Father and son did one consumption strike ?  
 Truth is, they drank consumedly alike.  
 What wonder is't, if when relations hap  
 Oft to claim kindred by the self-same tap, 60  
 That he who like his father topos about  
 Should, like his father, suffer from the gout ?  
 Causes alike alike effects impart ;  
 Then, what occasion for new terms of art,  
 "Stamens," and "embryos," and "animalcules,"  
 And suchlike fixed hereditary calculus ?  
 It is so hardly to be understood  
 That all men's toes are made of flesh and blood.

In grave Divinity should it be sung  
 How different sects from different drinkings sprung, 70  
 You'll find, if once you enter on the theme,  
 Religion various, but the cause the same.  
 Now, therefore, Calvin's meagre jaws compare  
 With Luther's count'nance, ruddy, plump and fair ;

54. *That of Asses.* A "cure" very much used in the days of George II. and Lord Hervey. his *Johannes Calvin* (ii. 366-7, Elberfeld, 1863) compares the portraits of Luther and Calvin, and applies the comparison, much as in the text. Beza said of Calvin that "in his death he seemed what he was while still alive." His habits of life at Geneva were in conformity with the system which he could not enforce without representing it. Luther only in rare instances betrayed a consciousness of inability to take his own course, even at table.

65. *Stamens, and embryos, and animalcules.* "*Stamina* are those simple original parts of an animal body which existed first in the embryo, or even in the seed, and by the distinction, augmentation and accretion of which the human body at its utmost bulk is supposed to be formed by additional juices." (*Bailey's Dictionary.*)

73. *Calvin's meagre jaws.* Stähelin, in



Imagine them alive, and tell me whether  
These godly heroes ever drank together?  
If not, according to our present system,  
We may of course in diff'rent parties list 'em.

England indeed preserved the happy mean  
Betwixt the fat Reformer and the lean ; 80  
And yet, in England, num'rous sects prevail,  
Such is its great variety of ale.  
Hence Presbyterians, Independents, Quakers,  
And such-like prim salvation-undertakers ;  
Hence Anabaptists, Seekers and what-nots,  
Who doubtless suck in schism with their pots.  
Were't not for this, the whole fanatic fry  
Might come to church as well as you and I.  
Who can believe that organs and a steeple  
Should give offence to any Christian people? 90  
Does reason, think ye, tell these righteous folks  
That sin's in gowns and purity in cloaks?

84. *Salvation-undertakers*. "Under-takers" in the sense of "managers."

85. *Seekers*. The *Seekers* (NARES, *s.v.*), were a religious sect which came into notice soon after the Restoration, and appear to have attracted attention at Oxford in the days of Philip Henry. See Plumptre's *Life of Ken*, i. 47, note, citing Wood's *Fasti*, ii. 61.

89. *A steeple*. A "steeple-house" was the Quaker term for a church in the days of Monmouth's rebellion; (cf. Roberts *Life of the Duke of Monmouth*, 1844, ii. 88) and the steeple, conceivably because meeting-houses were prevented from adopting it, was regarded as a mark to be avoided. See Defoe, in the verses appended under the title of *The Storm, an Essay* to his celebrated compilation concerning the great storm of November, 1703:

"They say this was a high-church storm

Sent out the people to reform ;  
But th'embell left the moral in the lurch,  
For 't blew the steeple down upon the church.

From whence we now inform the people,  
The danger of the church is from the steeple.

From whence the learned do relate,  
That, to secure the Church and State,  
The time will come, when all the town,  
To save the church will pull the people down."

92. *Sin's in gowns and purity in cloaks*. See Chr. Wordsworth, *Social Life at the Universities in the Eighteenth Century* (1874), pp. 513 *seqq.* : "It seems that at one period puritans were no less jealous of the gown than of the surplice; for it is

Or do their saints, by gospel truth's command,  
 Reject the surplice and receive the band?  
 No, no ! 'tis DRINK that makes the men so fickle  
 ('Tis DRINK that builds the sep'rate conventicle)  
 Form to themselves a thousand diff'rent shams,  
 Which they call *scruples*, but, I say, are *drams*.

said of them in a volume not unlike Eachard's *Speculum Crape-gownorum* (1682) 'their ordinary Cant is : 'Beloved . . . we read, that honest Paul . . . left his Cloak at Troas : Why, Sirs, you see plainly from this Text, that Paul had not a Gown but a Cloak ; for, says the Text, he left his Cloak ; never a Gown had that precious Man to leave, Beloved ; and therefore you may be sure he was no Prelate ; for they, false Lowns, have no

Cloaks but Gowns.' " (*The Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*, &c., 1693.)

94. *Reject the surplice and receive the band.* The objections to the surplice are, or were, too familiar a theme to need illustration. The small bands, long regarded as a *minimum* of clerical, and to this day cherished as a *maximum* of academical, ceremonial *adjuncts* to ordinary costume are I believe still known as "Geneva bands."

## THE WOODEN HORSE.

[The following doggrel appears on fol. 29 of the *Chetham Library MS.*, at the close of an entry, dated apparently December, 1730, in which Byrom compares to the introduction of the Wooden Horse into Troy (whereof he had been reading in his Virgil) the scheme for the establishment by Act of Parliament of a public workhouse at Manchester. This, being a whig scheme, was vehemently opposed by Byrom and his friends. (See *Remains*, i. 470 *seqq.*)

From the further entry on the same page of the *MS.* : "Laocoon's speech to King Priam concerning the admission of the Wooden Horse into Troy," it may be conjectured that Byrom contemplated something more elaborate in the way of travesty than he can be said to have here accomplished.]

OLD Troy was a town of high renown,  
 As we [read] in ancient story.  
 Would you hear how it was quite turned to Greece,  
 Attend and I'll lay 't before ye.



The Greeks they say  
At that time of day  
Were folks of their own opinion.  
Now, these Greeks they did boast  
That Troy town they would roast,  
As a man would roast an onion.  
Many tricks had been tried  
By the Greeks, on which side  
To obtain the command of the town ;—  
But to make a short tale,  
They came off with a fall,  
And their [——] all fell down.

10

7. The transcript has: "Was a folks." iv. part ii. p. 276 :—  
I suppose the meaning is: "the Greeks  
were men of their mind, knew what they  
were about."

"For this is ev'ry cook's opinion :  
No sav'ry dish without an onion ;"  
and Prior's *Alma*, canto i. :

10. *An onion.* Pronounce *inion*.  
Nares cites from Heywood's *Spider and  
Fly*: "Your case in lawe is not worth an  
inion." Cf. Swift's *Works* (1755), vol.

"Or who would ask for her opinion  
Between an Oyster and an Onion."

16. The transcript has: "And their  
prejudices all fell down." (?)

## UPROUSE YE, THEN.

[On a pleasant journey from London home to Manchester *via* Oxford, Byrom, with a company of familiar companions, slept on June 7th, 1731, at the Swan "up the hill" at Bridgnorth. "But" he notes, "we should have gone to the Talbot by the look of it, though we had a good supper," after a vigorous stretch, succeeded by "a walk round the Castle hill, which is very remarkable, and agreeable for the height and prospect. I called them up this morning" (June 8th) "at six o'clock, and rang a bell that was on the staircase, but yet they none of 'em heard it, and I said to them" what follows. I am obliged to record the further entry in the *Diary*, that at Shrewsbury "we entered into the town and into



the church, and saw nothing that we liked, went to the Talbot, drank perry." (*Remains*, i. 517.)]

YE men that came from Brazen Nose  
 Into Bridgnorth upon your toes,  
 Pray, on your beds no longer lie,  
 If you would see fair Shrewsbury.

1. *From Brazen Nose.* At Oxford the travellers had called on Mr. John Clayton, who became a Hulme Exhibitioner at Brasenose College in 1729, and was afterwards a Fellow of the Collegiate Church at Manchester (cf. the lines *On a Manchester Fellowship Election, infra*): "in his room, drank cider and ate nothing; next morning breakfasted at Mr. Clayton's." (*Remains*, i. 515.)

---

## THE STATUE IN CHEAPSIDE.

[This epigram is preceded in the *Chetham Library MS.*, where it occurs in fol. 50, by these words: "Pray, are you for a statue in Cheapside, or against a statue . . . the Free Briton that comes here is very rampant about it, but I suppose you citizens don't much regard him, but take the advice which was given upon the like occasion in the reign of King Stephen."

The date of the epigram is 1731. "The only manifestation of party feeling this year was made by the citizens of London. A subscription had been entered into for the casting of a statue of William III. When it was executed, the city, influenced by Jacobite feeling, refused to receive it. Bristol was more loyal. The citizens there bought the effigy that London despised, and William soon stood erect in the midst of Queen Square." Dr. Doran, *London in the Jacobite Times*, i. 46.

The reference to King Stephen, the favourite of the Londoners, is purely facetious.]

BE easy, citizens, about the statue;  
 Nor mind this noisy fellow's hideous din.  
 What need you wonder at his bawling at you,  
 When he's employed, you say, to *rail it in*.

---



## LINES TO STEPHEN DUCK.

[These lines are taken from the *Chetham Library MS.*, where they appear in shorthand in the first column of fol. 16. They are followed by a note or jotting in which Byrom states that his friends Townshend and Brettargh called at his house in Manchester "as we were going to bed one night, and desired me to read Stephen Duck to 'em ; and we read and talked of him till about three o'clock ; and so I took the opportunity to transcribe this [poem] in haste, while they were talking" (*infra* Appendix). Mr. J. E. Bailey had already printed the lines in his account of the *MS.* in *The Palatine Note Book for May*, 1882, and in the reprint of that account (Manchester, 1882) ; and the text is the result of a comparison of the two transcripts, the slight differences between which it seemed unnecessary to particularise.

The date of the lines is accordingly fixed as 1730 or 1731.

Stephen Duck is well known owing to the ridicule poured upon him by the Tory wits, with the amiable intention of disparaging his patroness, Queen Caroline. In Pope's Imitation of the 2nd Epistle of the 2nd Book of Horace (1737), he apostrophises Cibber :

"Lord ! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see  
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me ;"

where Warburton condescendingly annotates : "*Mr. Stephen Duck*, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many, who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not,) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope. Queen Caroline chose this man for her favourite poet." Pope's "esteem" is also manifested in the following

### "EPIGRAM.

Behold ! ambitious of the British bays,  
Cibber and Duck contend in rival lays.  
But, gentle Colley, should thy verse prevail,  
Thou hast no fence, alas ! against his flail ;  
Therefore thy claims resign, allow his right :  
For Duck can thresh, you know, as well as write."

And Swift elaborated the same obvious point in his "*Quibbling Epigram*," written in 1730, "*On Stephen Duck, the Thresher and favourite Poet*:"

"The thresher *duck* could o'er the *queen* prevail :  
 The proverb says, *no fence against the flail*.  
 From *threshing* corn he turns to *thresh* his brains,  
 For which her *majesty* allows him *grains*.  
 Though 'tis confest, that those who ever saw  
 His poems, think them all not worth a *straw* !  
 Thrice happy *Duck*, employ'd in threshing *stubble*,  
 Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double."

The late Mr. J. E. Bailey rightly observed to me, that "one may learn all that is necessary to be known of Stephen Duck from the title-page of his "*Poems on Several Subjects*," which in the 7th edition (1730) describes him as "lately a poor *Thresher* in a Barn in the County of *Wilts*, at the Wages of Four Shillings and Six-Pence *per Week*," and his poems as having been "publicly read in the Drawing-room at *Windsor Castle*, on *Friday* the 11th of *September*, 1730, to Her MAJESTY, who was thereupon most graciously pleased to take the Author into her Royal Protection, by allowing him a Salary of Thirty Pounds *per Annum*, and a small House at *Richmond* in *Surrey*, to live in, for the better Support of Himself and Family." In point of fact, she made him her Librarian at Richmond, besides obtaining for him the living of Byfleet, in Surrey. He afterwards "fell into a melancholy;" and in 1756—curiously enough for the turn taken by Byrom's commendation—committed suicide by throwing himself off a bridge into the Thames near Reading (see Court-hope's note in Pope's *Works*, iv. 444).

His *Poems* must have been frequently republished after his death; for I have perused a copy entitled "*Poems on Several Occasions*, by the late Rev. Stephen Duck, with a Life of the Author, by the Rev. Joseph Spence, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, 4th edition, London, 1774." In these *Poems* it must be allowed that, in accordance with the tone of Byrom's verses, there is nothing to provoke exuberant ridicule, and much to challenge respect. There is, to be sure, a fulsome dedication to Queen Caroline; but this was *de rigueur*, except for the Opposition wits, and under the circumstances of Duck's case absolutely



indispensable. There is a Preface, which no doubt pitches the note of humility too low, in asserting of the author's productions "that, if they have nothing to delight those who may chance to read them, they have nothing to give Modesty a Blush ; if nothing to entertain and improve the Mind, they have nothing to debauch and corrupt it." Spence's "Account of the Author," for inserting which the latter duly apologises, sketches in appropriate fashion a remarkable instance of self-help, without pretending any extraordinary literary merit in the subject of the narrative ; and the ex-Professor of Poetry remembers to be critical, opining for instance that Stephen "seems to be a pretty good Judge too of a musical Line ; but I imagine that he does not hear Verses in his own Mind, as he repeats them." That this praise falls below rather than rises above the mark, seems proved by so good a couplet as this in the lines *On Poverty* :

"And yet thou art no formidable Foe,  
Except to little Souls, who think thee so."

Stephen Duck attempted many forms of verse, while judiciously eschewing blank, for which experience had taught him that "his Language was not sublime enough ;" in this metre he had originally written *The Shunamite*, which Spence says is generally reckoned his best piece. He managed the heroic couplet skilfully ; wrote Hudibrastic verse with sufficient ease ; and did not altogether break down in attempts at "irregular" lyric metres. He paraphrased Ovid and Boccaccio, and "imitated" Horace ; and had no objection to being either grave or gay, as the occasion of panegyric or compliment required. To subject his productions to a critical analysis would be absurd ; but he cannot be set down as a special adept in the art of sinking in poetry. On the other hand neither adversity nor prosperity struck out from him a spark of original genius ; he was one of those sons of the soil, not uncommon in the North, out of whom under fairly favourable circumstances anything can be made in the way of a second-rate success. Indeed, arithmetic was his first passion, and poetry was only a sort of a graft upon it. The real interest attaching to such a phenomenon as Stephen Duck lies not so much in the illustration he furnishes of the advantages of an educational ladder—for this kind of man is a credit to any station in life—as in the reflexion that there must have been much

that was imitable in the poetry of which he produced so adequate an imitation.

Of Byrom's prejudice against the literature of the Ancient Classics, and the rhetorical element in it, illustrations will be given elsewhere ; it seemed to him a danger to plain Christian morality. *Cæsar* may conceivably refer to Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamshire's twin tragedies of *Julius Cæsar* and *Marcus Brutus* (published in 1722, for which Pope procured a certain celebrity by writing two choruses for the latter of the pair): *Cato* remained a *bête-noire* of Byrom's, when as late as 1760 he objected to Addison's play being performed in the Manchester Theatre by the boys of the Grammar School (cf. *Remains*, ii. 616-7).]

DEAR Duck.

This comes to wish thee joy of thy good luck,  
 Thy yearly pension and thy country-seat,  
 So well bestowed upon thee by the great.  
 Thy verses, which have come to Lancashire,  
 We read, and we commend, and we admire  
 In heart a thousand and a thousand times.  
 We thank thee, Stephen, for thy honest rhymes,  
 Wherein thou shew'st a native genius bright,  
 And poetry upon its legs set right, 10  
 Which others with their vicious works and scurvy  
 Mostly endeavour to turn topsy-turvey :  
 Rare poets, truly ! who in Christian times  
 Can sanctify the foulest pagan crimes ;  
 Can from a Cæsar's or a Cato's tomb  
 Revive the old rascalities of Rome ;  
 Preposterous Wits ! that labour to set forth  
 A vain ambitious rebel Tyrant's worth,  
 Or canonise a sour self-murd'rer's pride,  
 And make a hero of a suicide ! 20  
 Stephen, I vow it were a better thing  
 For such as them to thresh, and such as thee to sing !



## FATHER JERDAN.

[These lines, which are entered in short-hand in the second column of fol. 62 of the *Chetham Library MS.*, I take to be a rough draft never carried further. The thought is a noble although not a new one: the abuse of charity is no argument against charity itself.]

ONE Father Jerdan once bestowed a gun  
 Upon a poor man passing through the town.  
 The poor man straight into an ale-house went  
 And, having sold the gun, the money spent :  
 To whom the Father answer'd in this fashion :  
 "I'd rather lose my coat than my compassion."

---

## A LADY'S LOVE.

[This Epigram is inserted on the authority of Canon Parkinson, who in a note to *Remains*, ii. 409, states it to have been sent by Byrom to Dr. Richard Edward Hall of Manchester, when the latter was paying his addresses to Miss Grace W——, his future wife. Inasmuch as on May 27th, 1731, Byrom declared to Mrs. Byrom: "I must write to Dr. Hall and wish him joy if I have time" (*Remains*, i. 508), the epigram was probably written not long before that date. Of Dr. Hall and his family, the last of whom, Miss Frances Hall, died at a great age in 1828, and was buried in the Derby Chapel of the present Cathedral, Canon Parkinson gives an interesting account in the note cited above.]

A LADY'S love is like a candle-snuff,  
 That's quite extinguish'd by a gentle puff;  
 But, with a hearty blast or two, the dame,  
 Just like a candle, bursts into a flame.

---

## ON THE WHIG WORKHOUSE BILL.

[These lines are entered as prose by Byrom in shorthand on p. 100 of the *Chetham Library MS.*, under the date of "April 30th, 1731." The reference is to the defeat of the Manchester Workhouse Bill, as a job designed to put the management of the institution entirely into the hands of the Whigs. The defeat appears to have been due to the agitation raised by the local opponents of the measure, among whom Byrom was one of the most assiduous. (Cf. *Remains*, i. 440, *note*, *et al.*; especially the account, *ib.*, 518, of the bells ringing at Manchester on Byrom's return to the town in June, 1731.) I cannot identify the Whig "Sir Harry"; unless he be either Sir Harry Hussey, Bart., who attended a meeting of the Shorthand Club in June, 1728 (*Remains*, i. 313), or, more probably, Sir Harry Liddell, Bart., created Lord Ravensworth in 1747, of whom Byrom makes mention in March, 1729, in connexion with the Trinity College case (*ib.*, 343). Dr. Plumptre, F.R.S., is frequently mentioned in Byrom's *Journal*. In the *Parliamentary History* for 1731 I am unable to find any reference to the Manchester Bill.

Sir Robert Walpole was in 1731 at the height of his power, though opposed by Carteret in the Lords and Pulteney in the Commons.

I have ventured to edit these two sets of lines with rather reprehensible freedom. The transcript, as will be seen, here and there leaves the metre in the lurch. I wish that I could conjecture an interpretation of the *lacuna* in l. 16.]

## I.

"THIS Manchester affair, at last,"  
Says Plumptre, visiting Sir Harry,  
"When we all hoped it should have passed,  
.Plague on't! has happened to miscarry!"—

## II.

"Why then, Sir Robert, I must say,  
Has used as ill," replies the Knight.  
"What! When he might have gained the day.  
Sneak off and leave us! Was that right?"—



III.

"Why, people said, it was a job,"  
Says Plumptre — as indeed it was ! 10  
"And so, on second thoughts Sir Bob  
Could not in conscience let it pass."—

IV.

"Conscience !" replies Sir Harry, still  
Angered the more at such expressions ;  
"He makes a conscience of my Bill !  
I'm sure I voted for ——

\* \* \* \*

When at the Common's bar Byrom, the Doctor, stood  
And told of matters what he could,  
Plumptre stood up, and said with front severe :  
"Pray, let me ask, how came you here ?"— 20  
"How came I here?" thought he; "how came I hither?"—  
"You must say something!"—"Why, Sir I walked thither."—  
"Walked thither, Sir! Pray, speak to my intention :  
What right claim'd you to be at that convention ?"—  
"What right ? Why, Sir, the right of every man  
To do his neighbour service where he can.  
Pray, did the persons there advance a claim  
Present to be in any but that same ?  
I would not injure, sir, nor yet define  
The rights of others ; but this claim is mine." 30  
Thus it appears, that questions put at random  
Were answered right. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

11 So on second.—*Transcript.* 14 The more angered.—*Ib.*

16 For j—ash—ns.—*Ib.*

17 When at the Commons Brother Byrom the Doctor stood.—*Ib.* 20 You there.—*Ib.*

21 How came I there.—*Ib.* 24 At that conversation.—*Ib.*

27-8 Pray did the persons there sir answer the claim to be  
Present by any right but that.—*Ib.*

30 Others, this is a claim of my own.—*Ib.*



## ON SPECIOUS AND SUPERFICIAL WRITERS.

[There is no clue to the date of these lines, the point of which is unfortunately so generally applicable that it is not worth while to seek for a special billet. I have accordingly inserted them before the piece which they precede in both A and B.]

HOW rare the Case, tho' common the Pretence,  
 To write on Subjects from a real Sense!  
 'Tis many a celebrated Author's Fate  
 To print Effusions just as Parrots prate.  
 He moulds a Matter that he once was taught,  
 In various shapes, and thinks it to be Thought.  
 Words at Command he marshals in Array,  
 And proves whatever he is pleas'd to say;  
 While Learning like a Torrent pours along,  
 And sweeps away the Subject, right or wrong, 10  
 One follows for a while a rolling Theme,  
 Toss'd in the middle of the rapid Stream,  
 Till out of Sight, with like impetuous Force  
 Torn from its Roots, another takes the Course;  
 While Froth and Bubble glaze the flowing Mud,  
 And the Man thinks all clear and understood.

6 Thinks that it is.—B.

2. *A real Sense.* A sense of their "Great Wits, affecting what they call 'to reality. think.'"

4. *Just as Parrots prate.*—

If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,  
 He means you no more mischief than a parrot.

—*Absalom and Achitophel* (Part ii).

6. *Thinks it to be Thought.* Cf. *Enthusiasm*, l. 181 (vol. ii. *infra*):

7. *Words at Command he marshals in Array.*

Deun eben wo Gedanken fehlen,  
 Da stellt ein Wort zur rechten Zeit sich ein.—*Faust*.

13. *Till out of sight.* Till, it being out of sight.



A shining Surface, and a transient View,  
Makes the slight-witted Reader think so too.  
It entertains him, and the Book is bought,  
Read, and admir'd without Expense of Thought ;      20  
No Tax impos'd upon his Wits, his Cash  
Paid without Scruple, he enjoys the Trash.

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## THE PASSIVE PARTICIPLE'S PETITION

TO

THE PRINTER OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

[This not infelicitious trifle ought beyond all doubt to have appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; but a conscientious search through the first ten volumes of that periodical, for which I am particularly indebted to Mr. Ernest Axon, has proved unsuccessful. The form of the piece may perhaps be due in its origin to the *Δίκη φωνηέντων* (the *Law-suit of the Vowels*) of Lucian; but doubtless there have been numerous *jeux d'esprit* on the same or on similar lines. Thus, I remember an excellent *Petition* of the letters forming the name (then so popular in the literary world) *Houghton*, for decisive information as to the way in which they ought to be pronounced.

As for the special grievance here brought forward, I have in the Notes given a few illustrations to show that it was urged by Byrom with reason. For the rest, a large proportion of the solecisms against which he protests were due to the retention by Elizabethan writers, after the inflexion *en* had been dropped, of forms of past participles common in early English. Irregular participial formations naturally followed in the wake of these. See Abbott, *A Shakespearian Grammar* (revised edition), §§ 342-3.]



## I.

URBAN, or SYLVAN, or whatever Name  
 Delight thee most, thou foremost in the Fame  
 Of Magazing Chiefs, whose rival Page  
 With monthly Medley courts the curious Age,—  
 Hear a poor *Passive Participle's* Case,  
 And, if thou can'st, restore me to my Place!

## II.

Till just of late, good *English* has thought fit  
 To call me *written*, or to call me *writ*.  
 But what is *writ* or *written*, by the vote  
 Of Writers now, hereafter must be *wrote* ; 10  
 And what is *spoken*, too, hereafter *spoke* ;  
 And Measures, never to be *broken*, *broke*.

## III.

I never could be *driven* ; but, in spite  
 Of Grammar, they have *drove* me from my Right.

1. *Urban, or Sylvan.* Sylvanus Urban, the celebrated pseudonym of Edward Cave as printer, publisher, and editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of which he was the originator. Johnson, in his *Life of Cave*, described the *Gentleman's Magazine* as "a periodical pamphlet, of which the scheme is known wherever the English language is spoken." Hence its editor could hardly "*lubentius audivisse*" by any other name than that which he assumed in this capacity.

5. *A poor Passive Participle's Case.* Strictly speaking, the "case" here pleaded is that of the Perfect or Past, rather than that of the Passive, Participle ; inasmuch as Passive Participles properly so-called cannot be said to be formed from any but transitive verbs ; and Byrom's list includes *risen, gone, fallen*.

10. *Hereafter must be WROTE.* Gray's *Elegy* was by the direction of the author brought out (in 1751) by Horace Walpole under the title of "*An Elegy wrote in a Country Church-yard*." "Wrote" was altered to "written" in the *Six Poems* (1753) ; but l. 26 remained :  
 "Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has  
*broke*."

11. *Hereafter SPOKE.* See *infra*, p. 85, *Advice to the Rev. Messrs. H— and H— to Preach Slow*, ll. 9-10 :

"Many a good Sermon gives Distaste  
 By being *spoke* in too much haste."  
 and *ib.*, ll. 23-4 :

"Not a Bit :

It must be *spoke* as well as *writ*."  
 A case, it is to be feared, not uncommon with self-constituted guardians of the Sovereign's English. *Vide meliora*, &c.



None could have *risen* to become my Foes ;  
But what a World of Enemies have *rose* !  
Who have not *gone*, but they have *went* about ;  
And, *torn* as I have been, have *tore* me out.

IV.

Passive I am, and would be ; and implore  
That such Abuse may be henceforth *forbore*,— 20  
If not *forborne* ; for, by all Spelling-book,  
If not *mistaken*, they are all *mistook* ;  
And, in plain English, it had been as well  
If what has *fall'n* upon me, had not *fell*.

V.

Since this Attack upon me has *began*,  
Who knows what Lengths in Language may be *ran* ?  
For, if it once be *grew* into a Law,  
You'll see such Work as never has been *saw* ;  
Part of our Speech, and Sense, perhaps, beside,  
Shakes when I'm *shook*, and dies when I am *died*. 30

VI.

Then, let the Præter. and Imperfect Tense  
Of my own words to me remit the Sense ;

21 Forborn.—A and B. 30 Di'd.—A.

17. *They have WENT about.* I doubt ii. (*On the Conversion of St. Paul*,  
whether Byrom could have quoted any v. 35):

example of this use of "went" from con-  
temporary polite literature ; he may of  
course have met with "wended" in verse.

25. *Has BEGAN.* As to the forms  
"began" and "begun" popular usage is  
particularly capricious. See *infra*, vol.

"When, within, *begun*  
The Father's revelation of the *Son*."

31. *The Præter. and Imperfect Tense.*  
Rather, according to a more correct gram-  
matical terminology, the Preterite or Past  
Indefinite Tense.

Or, since we two are oft enough agreed,  
 Let all the learnèd take some better heed,  
 And leave the vulgar to confound the due  
 Of Præter. tense, and Participle, too !

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## FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS BARBER.

### THREE FRAGMENTS.

[In a volume formerly belonging to Mr. J. E. Bailey, and now in my possession, there are bound up with the original editions of several of Byrom's separately published poems, his *Proposals for Printing by subscription his New Method of Shorthand, &c.*, two MSS., apparently in the same writing. Of these the former contains the Fragment of Byrom's poem *On Resignation* (see below), accompanied by a statement that it is communicated to W. F. by John Baldwin, Esq., in whose possession is the original MS., which has never been printed. "The same gentleman," it is here added, "afterwards very kindly lent me the Original to peruse, and also the following," of which the complete title as it stands in the second of the above-mentioned MSS., is: "*Two Epistles, from a Gentleman to his Barber; together with The Barber's Pole, in three Cantos. Written in the year 1736 (by Mr. Byrom, Author of Shorthand).*" The second MS. furnishes the following further information concerning these pieces: "The *First Epistle*, which is short, and only consists of forty-nine lines, thus begins." (See *Fragment I.*) "The *Second* is much larger, and thus commences." (See *Fragment II.*) "But the principal poem is *The Barber's Pole*, which consists of sixty-five closely-written pages in octavo. It thus commences." (See *Fragment III.*)

I have printed these Fragments in this place, to which, if really by Byrom, they according to their date belong. There is no reason for doubting their genuineness, though the Hudibrastic metre and manner were out of Byrom's ordinary way. He may have been interested in *Hudibras* through his kinsman Christopher Byrom, who added some valuable notes to Grey's edition, published in 1744. On the other



hand, the fragment *On Resignation*, as to the genuineness of which the external evidence is no better, may be safely claimed for him.

Can the barber "Thomas" possibly have been Thomas Sydall the younger, peruke-maker and barber, who in 1745, when a well-to-do tradesman and a *paterfamilias*, followed his father's example by joining (with the rank of ensign) the "Manchester regiment levied for the Young Chevalier," and, having been taken prisoner at Carlisle, was executed at Manchester on July 30th, 1746? His head, with Thomas Theodorus Deacon's, was placed on the top of the Exchange. For an account of *The Executed Sydalls, Father and Son*, see Harland's *Manchester Collectanea*, vol. i., *Chetham Society's Publications*, vol. lxxviii. pp. 208 *seqq.*

Curiously enough, another Manchester barber of Jacobite leanings is mentioned by Byrom in a letter to his wife, dated July 14, 1748. But Tom Podmore, "a queer dog of a barber," cannot well be in question here, as "*The Layman's Apology for Returning to Primitive Christianity, &c.*" by Thomas Podmore, at that time Barber and Peruke Maker in Manchester," bears date 1745. It was a manifesto in favour of Dr. Deacon's church, of which, according to Owen, Podmore, after being in the Rebellion, was named a deacon. (For an account of him see *Manchester Collectanea*, edited by J. Harland, *Chetham Society's Publications*, 1866.)

The title *The Barber's Pole* recalls that of *Papillotos* (Curl-papers), given by "Jasmin, Barber, Poet, and Philanthropist," to his Gascon poems, when first collected. See his *Life* by Dr. S. Smiles (1891).]

FRAGMENT I.

○ THOMAS, did you see my Beard,  
So long, so white, and eke so hard,  
Which thus afflicts a suffering Sinner,  
You would ere now have sent a Trimmer.

FRAGMENT II.

Thomas,  
I hope this short Epistle,  
Will serve the purpose of a Whistle,

And bring you hither in a Minute,  
When you shall see what's written in it.

## FRAGMENT III.

From under my Lime-Tree,  
May 23rd, 1736.

Thomas,

Methinks, 'tis wondrous strange  
How some Folks' constitutions change !  
When I was young, and went to School,  
I thought a poet a stark fool.  
As I grew up a taller Lad,  
I bolder grew, and thought him mad,  
And ne'er vouchsaf'd to read one once ;—  
So, left the School, and turn'd out Dunce ;  
And, thus equipp'd, from them was hurl'd  
Into a noisy, bustling World,  
Where in no time, nor in no Season,  
I e'er could meet with Rime or reason.

10

12 *E'er.* Ne'er.—*MS.*

---

THE BEAU AND THE BEDLAMITE.

[I have inserted these verses, as to the date of which I have no clue, close after *The Passive Participle's Petition*, on which it follows in A and B. The anecdote here versified may have a printed source ; but if so, I am not aware of it. The custom to which it refers, of visiting Bedlam as an ordinary show, was still very common about the middle of the eighteenth century ; Croker, in a note to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, quotes *The World* of June 7, 1753, where a Londoner describes himself as having, "to gratify the curiosity of a country friend, accompanied him in Easter week to Bedlam. To my great surprise," he writes, "I found a hundred people, at least, who, having paid their twopence apiece, were



suffered unattended to run rioting up and down the wards making sport of the miserable inhabitants." See Dr. Birkbeck Hill's note to his edition of Boswell's *Life*, i. 374; where he also aptly quotes a passage from Young's *Universal Passion* mentioning this custom.]

I.

A PATIENT in Bedlam that did pretty well,  
Was permitted sometimes to go out of his Cell.  
One Day, when they gave him that Freedom, he spied  
A beauish young Spark with a Sword by his Side  
With an huge Silver Hilt, and a Scabbard for Steel,  
That swung at due Length from his Hip to his Heel.

II.

When he saw him advance on the Gallery Ground,  
The Bedlamite ran, and survey'd him all round;  
While a Waiter suppress'd the young Captain's Alarm  
With: "You need not to fear, Sir, he'll do you no Harm." 10  
At the last he broke out: "Aye, a very fine Show!  
May I ask him one Question?" "What's that?" said the Beau.

III.

"Pray, what is that long, dangling, cumbersome Thing,  
That you seem to be tied to with Riband and String?"  
"Why, that is my Sword." "And what is it to do?"  
"Kill my Enemies, Master, by running them thro'."  
"Kill your Enemies? Kill a Fool's Head of your own!  
*They'll die of themselves, if you'll let them alone.*"

5 Scabbard of.—B.

9 *Waiter* = warder. The word was formerly used in the general sense of  
"attendant."

---



## ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

[I have no clue to the date of this excellent little piece (which I have accordingly inserted as near as possible in the order of the older editions), nor to its source. The anti-climax to the Youth's ambition (which resembles that of Charles Lamb aspiring to become Pope Innocent) is admirable. The anecdote is in perfect keeping with the character of the gentle but high-minded saint; whose figure is one of the most sympathetic in the history of the great religious movement of which his labours formed part. To the Society established by him for the relief of the wants of pilgrims at Rome, the Congregation of the Oratory there traces its origin.]

SAINT *Philip Neri*, as old Readings say,  
Met a young Stranger in *Rome's* Streets one Day;  
And, being ever courteously inclin'd  
To give young Folks a sober Turn of Mind,  
He fell into Discourse with him; and thus  
The Dialogue they held comes down to us.—

St. "Tell me what brings you, gentle Youth, to *Rome*?"

Y. "To make myself a Scholar, Sir, I come."

St. "And, when you are come, what do you intend?"

Y. "To be a *Priest*, I hope, Sir, in the End."

10

St. "Suppose it so,—what have you next in view?"

Y. "That I may get to be a *Canon*, too."

St. "Well; and how then?"

Y. "Why then, for aught I know,  
I may be made a *Bishop*."



St. "Be it so ;—  
What then ?"

Y. "Why, *Cardinal's* a high degree,  
And yet my Lot it possibly may be."

St. "Suppose it was,—what then ?"

Y. "Why, who can say  
But I've a Chance for being *Pope* one Day ?"

St. "Well, having worn the Mitre, and red Hat,  
And triple Crown,—what follows after that ?" 20

Y. "Nay, there is Nothing further, to be sure,  
Upon this Earth, that Wishing can procure.  
When I've enjoy'd a Dignity so high  
As long as God shall please, then—*I must die.*"

St. "What ! '*Must*' you die, fond Youth, and, at the best,  
But *wish* and *hope*, and '*may be*' all the rest ?  
Take my Advice : whatever *may* betide,  
For that which *must be* first of all provide ;  
Then think of that which *may be* ; and indeed,  
When well-prepar'd, who knows what may succeed, 30  
But you may be, as you are pleas'd to hope,  
*Priest, Canon, Bishop, Cardinal, and Pope ?*"

---



## MOSES' VISION.

[This piece, which shows Byrom in a vein of composition rarely attempted by him, could hardly have been written without a knowledge of Parnell's *Hermit*, although in the latter the Wisdom rather than the Justice of the Divine Government of the world is the subject of the story. Parnell died in 1718.]

MOSES, to whom, by a peculiar Grace,  
 God spake (the Hebrew Phrase is) "Face to Face,"  
 Call'd by an Heav'nly Voice, the Rabbins say,  
 Ascended to a Mountain's Top one Day ;  
 Where, in some Points perplex'd, his Mind was eas'd,  
 And Doubts concerning Providence appeas'd.

During the Colloquy Divine, say they,  
 The Prophet was commanded to survey  
 And mark what happen'd on the Plain below.  
 There he perceiv'd a fine, clear Spring to flow 10  
 Just at the Mountain's Foot, to which, anon,  
 A Soldier on his Road came riding on ;  
 Who, taking Notice of the Fountain, stopt,  
 Alighted, drank, and, in remounting, dropt  
 A Purse of Gold ; but, as the precious Load  
 Fell unsuspected, he pursued his Road.  
 Scarce had he gone, when a young Lad came by,  
 And, as the Purse lay just before his Eye,  
 He took it up, and, finding its Content,  
 Secur'd the Treasure, and away he went. 20  
 Soon after him a poor, infirm old Man,  
 With Age and Travel weary quite and wan,

2. (*The Hebrew Phrase is*) "Face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." *Face.*" See *Exodus*, xxxiii. 11 : "And 3. *The Rabbins say.* The tale is, or professes to be, taken from Talmudic literature.  
 the LORD spake unto Moses, face to



Came to the Spring to quench his Thirst, and drank,  
 And then sat down to rest him on the Bank.  
 There while he sat, the Soldier on his Track,  
 Missing his Gold, return'd directly back ;  
 Lit off his Horse, began to swear and curse,  
 And ask'd the poor old Fellow for his Purse.  
 He solemnly protested, o'er and o'er,  
 With Hands and Eyes uplifted to implore  
 Heav'n's Attestation to the Truth, that he  
 Nor Purse nor Gold had ever chanc'd to see ; —  
 But all in vain ; the Man believ'd him not,  
 And drew his Sword, and stabb'd him on the spot.

30

Moses, with Horror and Amazement seiz'd,  
 Fell on his Face. The Voice Divine was pleas'd  
 To give the Prophet's anxious Mind Relief,  
 And thus prevent expostulating Grief :  
 " Be not surpris'd, nor ask how such a Deed  
 The World's Just Judge could suffer to succeed.  
 The Child has caus'd the Passion, it is true,  
 That made the Soldier run the old Man thro' ;  
 But know one Fact, tho' never yet found out,  
 And judge how *that* would banish ev'ry Doubt :  
 This same old Man, thro' Passion once as wild,  
 Murder'd the Father of that very Child."

40

- 23 *Thirst* ;—he.—B.      25 While there.—B.      27 Lit from.—B. A reads Light off.  
 33 'Twas all.—B.      34 But drew.—B.      38 Preventing thus.—B.

27. *Lit off his Horse.* As both the forms "lit" and "light" occur, I have preferred the reading of B ; modern usage in the inflexion of "alight" appearing to favour either "alit" or alighted."

35. *Fell on his Face.* So, when Moses heard of the rebellion of Korah, "he fell upon his face." (*Numbers*, xvi. 4.)

36-7. *The Voice Divine was pleas'd To give the Prophet's anxious Mind Relief.*  
 So Parnell :

"Then know the truth of government divine,  
 And let these scruples be no longer thine."

## THE CENTAUR FABULOUS.

[By a probably undesigned coincidence in both A and B these stanzas are immediately preceded by the *jeu d'esprit* addressed by Byrom to Lady Betty Warburton (see *infra*). In Bishop Warburton's *Life*, by Hurd, he is said to have "descended from an ancient and very considerable family in Cheshire, at the head of which is the present Sir Peter Warburton, Bart., of Arley, in that county" (1794). The Bishop's biographer, with appropriate caution, continues: "I leave the rest to the genealogist, and go no further back in his pedigree than to his grandfather of the same name, who distinguished himself in the civil war of the last century."

The date of *The Centaur Fabulous* must, however, have been considerably earlier than that of the lines to Lady Betty, which were in no case written before 1746, and probably some years later. The first volume of *The Divine Legation*, with the *Dedication to the Free-thinkers*, appeared in the beginning of 1738, and was speedily followed by the *Vindication*, in which Warburton extricated himself from the charge of implied sympathy with Middleton brought against him by the "Country-Clergyman." The second volume followed in 1741. Inasmuch, however, as ll. 30 and 36 of our piece allude unmistakably to Warburton's masterful manner of dealing with his opponents, the ensuing lines may be thought to have probably not been written till after the publication of his *Remarks on several occasional Reflections* (by his assailants), which came out in two successive Parts in 1744 and 1745. The dates of the revised edition, in which Warburton too late attempted to complete his scheme, hardly concern the present purpose.

Byrom first met Warburton in March, 1736, just after the publication of *The Alliance between Church and State*, and two years before the publication of vol. i. of the *Divine Legation*. On this occasion Warburton "rejected the *Canticles*"; and Byrom exclaims on "the stupidity of these learned people, when not moved by the Holy Ghost, to reject the finest works, which are proved such by the comments of the Saints upon them" (*Remains*, ii. 28). His later censures on Warburton are to be found in the *Epistle to a Gentleman of the Temple*, v. 435, and



more especially in *Enthusiasm*, vv. 127 *seqq.* (See the notes to those poems *infra*, vol. ii., concerning the correspondence between Byrom and Warburton.

As to the point of Byrom's satire—the conception of which is felicitous, although its execution cannot be said to rise above the commonplace—Warburton's own statement, at the beginning of his *Divine Legation*, of the argument of the book will make it sufficiently clear. Indeed, lucidity in the statement of his arguments is a merit which Warburton's least kindly critics have not denied to him. He "erects the Demonstration," he says, "on these three very clear and simple propositions :

"1. That to inculcate the Doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is necessary to the well-being of Civil Society."

"2. That all mankind, especially the most wise and learned nations of antiquity, have concurred in believing and teaching that this doctrine was of such use to Civil Society."

"3. That the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is not to be found in, nor did make part of, the Mosaic dispensation."

"Propositions," he characteristically continues, "so clear and evident that, one would think, we might directly proceed to our conclusion—

"That, therefore, the law of Moses is of divine original."

But the capriciousness of men obliged him to develope the propositions leading to this conclusion in many volumes.]

# I.

**Z**EUXIS of old a Female Centaur drew,  
To show his Art, and then expos'd to View.  
The human Half with so exact a Care  
Was join'd to Limbs of a Thessalian Mare,

1. ZEUXIS of old a Female CENTAUR drew. See Lucian, *Zeuxis*, cc. 3-6, where there is a full description of Zeuxis' supposed adaptation of the ancient mythological conception of the Centaurs to the elegant sentimentality of his own age: "ἐν δὲ τοῖς ἄλλοις τολμήμασι καὶ θήλειαν Ἴπποκένταυρον ὁ Ζεῦξις ἐποίησεν, ἀνατρέφουσάν γε προσέτι παιδίῳ Ἴπποκενταύρῳ διδύμῳ κομιδῇ νηπίῳ." The Hippocentaur twins are delightfully *roccoco*.



That, seeing from a different Point the Piece,  
Some prais'd the *Maid*, and some the *Mare*, of Greece.

## II.

Like to this *Centaur*, by his own Relation,  
Is *Doctor Warburton's* DIVINE LEGATION ;  
Which superficial Writers, on each Hand,—  
Christians and Deists,—did not understand ;  
Because they both observ'd from *partial* Views  
Th' incorporated *Church* and *State* of Jews.

10

## III.

Th' ingenious Artist took the pains to draw,  
Full and entire, the *Compound* of the *Law* ;  
The two Societies, the *civil* Kind  
And the *religious*, perfectly combin'd ;  
With GOD ALMIGHTY, as a *Temp'ral* Prince,  
Governing both, as all his Proofs evince,

## IV.

*Without the Doctrine of a future State.*—  
Here with Opponents lies the *main* Debate.  
They cannot reconcile to serious Thought  
GOD'S Church and State, with LIFE TO COME *untaught* ;

20

18 To Govern.—B.

13-4 *segg.* Th' ingenious Artist took the  
pains to draw,  
Full and entire, the *Compound*  
of the *Law*, &c.

See the demonstration, in Bk. ii., Section  
5, of the *Divine Legation*, "that the  
great *Preliminary or Fundamental Article*  
of the *Alliance* is, that THE CHURCH  
SHALL APPLY ALL ITS INFLUENCE IN  
THE SERVICE OF THE STATE ; and that

THE STATE SHALL SUPPORT AND PRO-  
TECT THE CHURCH." In his early work,  
*The Alliance of Church and State* (1736),  
Warburton had undertaken to show that  
no union between Religion and Civil  
Society could arise but from *free compact*  
and conviction. (See Letter IV., *View*  
of *Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy*, cited  
in Hurd's *Life of Warburton, Works*,  
vol. i. p. 13.)



With *Law* or *Gospel* cannot make to suit  
VIRGIN of SION sinking down to *Brute*.

V.

ZEUXIS the *new*, they argue, takes a Pride  
In Shapes so incompatible *allied* ;  
And talks away, as if he had portray'd  
A *real* Creature, mixt of *Mare* and *Maid*.  
All who deny th' Existence of the Pad,  
He *centaurises* into *Fool* and *Mad*.

30

25-6. ZEUXIS the *new*, they argue, takes  
a *Pride*

*In Shapes so incompatible ALLIED.*  
Or, in the words of Mr. Leslie Stephen  
(*History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, 2nd edition, 1881, i. 355).  
"The *Divine Legation* is an attempt to support one gigantic paradox by a whole system of affiliated paradoxes." Mr. Stephen, however, has the candour to add that "grotesque as the argument appears, and must have been intended to appear, when thus bluntly stated, it is scarcely more than a caricature of a favourite method of arguing. Some apologists still venture to maintain that the Christian doctrine was revolting to the ordinary mind, in order to prove that its success was miraculous. An admission that it suited the wants of the time may suggest that its growth was spontaneous." The application of the historic method to the study of the ways of God to man had not revealed itself to Warburton and his age, and is perhaps still imperfectly understood by ours.

29. *The Pad*, the horse or mare (cf. note to *The Country Fellows and the Ass*, l. 21, *ante*, p. 169).

30. *He CENTAURISES into FOOL and MAD.* A and B cite "from the Dedication" prefixed to vol. i. of Part ii. of *The Divine Legation*—it is not, however, either of the Dedications, but the Preface to the edition of 1758; see Hurd's edition of 1811, vol. iv. pp. 67-8: "Who has not signalised himself against the DIVINE LEGATION? Bigots, Hutchinsonians, Methodists, Answerers, Freethinkers, and Fanatics have in their turn been all up in arms against it. . . . The scene was opened by a false Zealot" [the "Country-Clergyman" aforesaid], "and at present seems likely to be closed by a true Behmenist." According to Hurd, this is meant for *Law*; according to a note in B, for *Byrom*. But for this latter assertion I perceive no evidence. Unless, however, *The Centaur Fabulous* is to be supposed to have been written as late as 1758 or afterwards, *Byrom's* allusion must have been to earlier amenities of Warburton's controversial pen, which are not far to seek. The concluding passage of Part i. of his *Remarks on several occasional Reflections* may serve as a specimen: "In the meantime, I little suspected that

## VI.

If one objected to a Maiden Hoof,—  
 “Why, ’tis an *Animal*,” was all his Proof;  
 If to an Animal with *human* Head,—  
 “Oh! ’Tis a beauteous *Woman*,” ZEUXIS said.  
 “What! *Animal* and *Woman* both at once?”  
 “Yes; that’s *essential* to the *whole*, ye *Dunce*.”

## VII.

His *primary* and *secondary* Sense,  
 Like *Mare* and *Maid*, support his fond Pretence:  
 From joining-spot he skips to each Extreme,  
 Or *strides* to both, and guards the motley Scheme; 40  
*Solving with like centauriformal Ease*  
*Law, Prophets, Gospel*, quoted as you please.—

a set of men, who call themselves Believers, would, for the sake of combating only the *medium* of my demonstration, ever venture to call in question that very fact for which I was contending with *their* adversaries; and in a way their adversaries (except it were, perhaps, *Spinoza* and his man *Toland*) had never attempted, namely, by a virtual denial of the *representation*. If this was to be contested, I could have wished, for the honour of *Revelation*, it had been done by the professed enemies of it: and then I could have exposed their *prvarication* without much regret. As it is, I rather choose to draw a veil over this *infirmity of the flesh*, AND WAIT for the *renewal of a right spirit within them*.”

36. *That’s essential to the whole, ye Dunce*. “The conclusion is, that their” (Civil and Religious Society’s) “joint powers must co-operate thus to apply and enforce the influence of *religion*. But they

can never act conjointly but in *union* and *alliance*.” *Divine Legation*, Bk. ii. sec. 5.

37. *His PRIMARY and SECONDARY Sense*. This, I presume, refers to the paradoxical contention of Warburton, that the ancient lawgivers upheld, and the ancient philosophers taught, the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments on account of its civil usefulness, though they disbelieved in it themselves.

42. *Quoted as ye please*. Byrom probably refers to the heterogeneous and disjointed character of Warburton’s quotations, rather than to the want of scholarship which they frequently display. As to this secret “divined by more than one of his contemporaries, though even by them hardly in its full extent,” see Mark Pattison’s Essay on Warburton (*Essays*, ii. 169 *segg.*); where, in no spirit of unfairness, his verbal mistakes and misconstructions of passages quoted by himself are dwelt upon.



VIII.

Thus both went on, long-labour'd Volumes thro'.—  
Now, what must fair, impartial Readers do?  
Must they not grieve, if either of them treat  
On *Law* or *Grace* with Rudeness or with Heat?  
Of either *Zeuxis* they allow the skill,  
But that—the CENTAUR is a FABLE still.

47, 48 Allowing either Zeuxis wondrous skill,  
They say.—B.

48. *The CENTAUR is a FABLE still.* the use of the doctrine of future rewards  
The thesis, that the Divine Legation of and punishments, remains a mere fig-  
Moses is proved by his abstaining from ment.

---



THOUGHTS ON THE CONSTITUTION OF HUMAN  
NATURE, AS REPRESENTED IN THE SYSTEMS  
OF MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

[The allegory adapted in these stanzas is, of course, the immortal comparison, in Plato's *Phædrus*, of the human Reason to a charioteer driving two horses of mutually opposite character and tendencies, viz., the Will, obedient to the rein, and its restive yoke-fellow, the Appetite. I think there can be little doubt but that the particular *System of Moral Philosophy* which Byrom in his rather loose criticism had in view was Francis Hutcheson's, finally worked out in his treatise published posthumously under that title in 1755. It had been preceded by his *Ideas of Beauty and Virtue* (1725), and by his *Passions and Affections* (1728). For an account of Hutcheson's theory see Section iv. (*The Common-Sense School*) in Mr. Leslie Stephen's *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (vol. ii.)]

I.

STRONG Passions draw, like Horses that are strong,  
The Body-Coach of Flesh and Blood along ;  
While subtle Reason, with each Rein in Hand,  
Sits on the Box, and has them at Command ;  
Rais'd up aloft, to see and to be seen,  
Judges the Track, and guides the gay Machine.

II.

But was it made for nothing else beside  
*Passions* to draw, and *Reason* to be Guide ?  
Was so much Art employ'd to drag and drive  
Nothing *within* the Vehicle alive ?

10

5. *To see and to be seen.* An Ovidian turn of phrase more than once imitated by Elizabethan dramatists.

6. *Machine* = vehicle. This use is still common in Scotland. Cf. the "instrument" = the piano.



No seated *Mind*, that claims the moving Pew,  
Master of Passions, and of Reason too?

III.

The grand Contrivance why so well equip  
With strength of Passions, rul'd by Reason's Whip?  
Vainly profuse had *Apparatus* been,  
Did not a reigning *Spirit* rest within;  
Which Passions carry, and sound Reason means  
To render present at pre-order'd Scenes.

IV.

They who are loud in human Reason's Praise,  
And celebrate the Drivers of our Days, 20  
Seem to suppose, by their continual Bawl,  
That Passions, Reason, and Machine, is all;  
To them the Windows are drawn up, and clear  
Nothing that does not outwardly appear.

V.

Matter and Motion, and superior Man  
By Head and Shoulders, form their reas'ning Plan.  
View'd and demurely ponder'd, as they roll,  
And scoring Traces on the Paper Soul,

20 Who celebrate.—B.

22 Are all.—B.

11. *The moving Pew.* A family-pew of the eighteenth century, furnished with curtains, sofas, and a footman in livery, might well be compared to a coach. See C. J. Abbey on Church Fabrics and Services in Overton and Abbey's *English Church in the Eighteenth Century*. A passage in Pepys' *Diary* there cited (Feb. 15, 1669), shows that the use of the word was not yet limited to churches, where Wren was seeking to prevent the introduc-

tion of the thing. At the play there was no pretty woman Pepys did see, except his wife, "who sat in my Lady Fox's pew with her." Elsewhere he uses the word in the special sense borne by it already in the Elizabethan age. (See NARES *s.v.* *pew-fellow*.) The derivation of the word is through O. Fr. *pui*, an elevated space, and *puye*, an open gallery with rails, from *podium* (πόδιον), a balcony. (SKEAT.)



Blank, shaven white, they fill th' unfurnish'd Pate  
With *new* Idéas, none of them *innate*.

30

## VI.

When these Adepts are got upon a Box,  
Away they gallop thro' the gazing Flocks ;  
Trappings admir'd, and the high-mettl'd Brute  
And Reason balancing its either Foot ;  
While seeing Eyes discern, at their Approach,  
Fulness of Skill, and emptiness of Coach.

## VII.

'Tis very well that lively Passions draw,  
That sober Reason keeps them all in Awe,—  
The one to run, the other to control,  
And drive directly to the destin'd Goal.  
“What Goal?”—Ay, there the Question should begin :  
What *Spirit* drives the willing Mind within ?

40

## VIII.

Sense, Reason, Passions, and the like, are still  
One self-same Man, whose Action is his *Will* ;  
Whose Will, if right, will soon renounce the Pride  
Of an *own* Reason for an *only* Guide ;  
As God's unerring Spirit shall inspire,  
Will still direct the *Drift* of his Desire.

31 Mounted on a.—B.

33 Admir'd the trappings and high-mettl'd.—B.

47, 48 Transposed in B.

30. *With NEW Idéas, none of them* IN-  
NATE. An allusion to the fundamental  
doctrine of Locke and all his disciples, of  
which, in Mr. Leslie Stephen's words, the

“essence consists in banishing mystery  
from the origin of our moral instincts.”  
To Byrom no theory could have been  
more repugnant.



TO R. L., ESQUIRE,

ON HIS SENDING THE AUTHOR A HARE, ACCORDING TO AN

ANNUAL CUSTOM.

[Ralph Leycester, *alias* "Sir Peter" (as to whom see the *Introductory Note*, *ante*, p. 30), must have become squire of Toft some time before the following lines were written. Thus, especially if the considerations mentioned in the note to l. 60 be taken into account, these genial stanzas may be supposed to have been written somewhere about the year 1740. The Hudibrastic rimes are, I think, rather more laboured than is usual in Byron's earlier occasional pieces.

According to a note in A, we are to suppose that "the Author had, this year, received two hares from his friend, and wrote these verses in answer to the receipt of the latter." It is a sign (no doubt trifling in itself) of the changes in manners which are rapidly overtaking English life, that even presents of game, the last remnant of a kindly usage, are falling out of fashion. In testimony of this usage, as cherished by earlier generations, it is hardly necessary to appeal to the writings of Charles Lamb, *passim*. His praise of the custom in the *Last Essays of Elia* brought him a "basket of prodigiously fine game" from a "Correspondent Unknown," to whom he returned thanks in the humorous paper printed in the *Athenæum*, November 30th, 1833, and reprinted under the title of *Thoughts on Presents of Game, &c.*, by Canon Ainger, in *Mrs. Leycester's School, and other Writings in Prose and Verse*, by Charles Lamb (1885), pp. 325-6. In this lucubration he passes from the enthusiastic commendation of "a hare roasted hard and brown, with gravy and melted butter," to the general praises of the species. The essay must, however, not be quoted *in extenso* here, though after its fashion a "hunting of the gods." (Cf. Ebsworth's *Westm. Drolleries* (1875), ii. 64.)]

I.

WHAT! another Hare, *Peter*? Well, so much the better!  
I acknowledge myself to be doubly your Debtor;

Should ha' thank'd you indeed for the last afore now,  
 But the Forelock of Time has been short, of somehow.  
 I hope you won't take it, Sir, as an Affront ;  
 'Twas an excellent good one, for what there was on't.  
 But since by your Favour here two at a Time,  
 Let that be for Sense, and this other for Rime.

## II.

Indeed, when old *Jackson*, your Namesake and Neighbour,  
 Had brought what you call'd there "the Fruits of your Labour,—10  
 Of a whole Day's whole Labour : " so labour'd the Mountain,  
 (Thought I), and when got to the End of her Counting,  
 While the Neighbours all round her, with Wonder struck dumb,  
 Stood to see what huge Monster was coming to come,  
 At last, and with much ado, brought forth a Hero,  
 When drest, would have made much the same Bill of Fare-o !

## III.

Not that I lik'd your Present one Penny the worse !  
 No, if you think so, you are out of your Course.  
 Your Intention had had the same Courtesy in't, if  
 The Fruits of your Labour were ne'er so dimin'tive ;  
 Nor should I have fail'd of my Thanks, if old *Jackson*  
 Had not told me that he was oblig'd to go back soon.  
 I began once to write, but I could not proceed in't,  
 And indeed, as it happens, 'tis well that I didn't.

20

4 Short of somehow.—B.

15 At last she.—B.

10 Which, when dress'd, would make much.—B.

20 E'er so.—B.

4. *Short, of somehow.* I preserve this  
 interpunctuation of A, which suggests  
 that "of somehow" is a dialect or col-  
 loquial phrase ; though I have not to my  
 remembrance met with it elsewhere. The  
 meaning obviously is : "the forelook of  
 Time has somehow been too short to be  
 caught hold of."

6. *On't* : of it.

"Or have we eaten on the insane  
 root  
 That takes the reason prisoner?"

*Macbeth.*

11. *So labour'd the Mountain.* "*Par-  
 turiunt montes,*" &c.



IV.

Had I answer'd your *Minor*, perhaps 'tis a Wager  
Whether ever or no I had heard of your *Major* ;  
But now, having laid down your *Premises* twain,  
The *Conclusion* is good, and the *Consequence* plain.  
For, as old *Aristotle* said, some Time ago,  
Two Hens and two Bacons are better than one : 30  
Second Hares are the best, as a Body may say.  
D'ye take, Sir, the Force of the Argument—hey ?

V.

But as after your short Hare you sent a long Ditto,  
So you should by your Letter, and lengthen out it too.  
You made me to cry, with your bit of a Scrawl,  
Like our *Trinity* Friend—you know who,—“Is this all?”  
I expected to find an Account of Miss Puss  
As long as my Arm,—and to fob me off thus !  
I thought, when a *Cheshire Squire* sent a Hare hither,  
That at least he'd ha' sent the Hare's Pedigree with her. 40

VI.

Sir *Peter* of *Chester* would ne'er have been hind'ed  
From searching of Writings to find out their Kindred ;  
The *Field* they were in he'd ha' blazon'd, I trow ;  
And ha' show'd if your *Hares* had been *Co-heirs*, or no ;  
With many such Questions, so nice and so knotty,  
Of which you have said not a Syllable, — ;

26 Ever or not.—B.

34 It out too.—B(!).

29. As old *Aristotle* said. Did he ?  
36. Like our *TRINITY* friend. The  
personality alluded to must remain unident-  
fied ; but precipitate approval has rarely  
been regarded as a characteristic of *Trinity*  
—or indeed of *Cambridge*—criticism.  
41. Sir *PETER* of *CHESTER*. The  
learned antiquarian, the learned ancestor

of *Ralph Leicester*, to whom the latter  
was indebted for his sobriquet (cf. *Intro-*  
*ductory Note*, ante, p. 30).  
46. Not a Syllable, — ; How this  
*hiatus* should be filled up, is I fear but  
too palpably suggested by “the last words  
of *Higginbottom*.” (See *The Rejected*  
*Addresses*.)

Yet you fancy that I should have somewhat to say t'em,—  
As if I had an'thing to do, but to eat 'em !

## VII.

“Dr. JOHN, 'tis long since I receiv'd any Poë-  
“try : Argol, I've sent Hare and Service untó ye.” 50  
Very good, Master *Peter* ; you think, I suppose,  
That Verses, with me, are as common as Prose.  
“I send you a Hare ; send you me a Conceit ;”—  
Is the old Grammar Rule then gone out of your Pate ?  
Did your Master ne'er tell you, amongst other Stories,  
The Diff'rence betwixt *Lepōres*, and *Lepōres* ?

## VIII.

The last Time, indeed, that you sent me a Hare,  
My Fury was mov'd with another Affair ;  
And the Creature arriv'd just as I had my Head full  
Of a *Butcher-Hall* Challenge, so dire and so dreadful. 60  
But, now our dear Friend is remov'd to *Cheapside*,  
With right Hand, and left Hand, and Pen laid aside ;

50. *Argol*. “For here lies the point : if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act ; and an act hath three branches ; it is, to act, to do, and to perform ; argal, she drowned herself wittingly.” FIRST GRAVE-DIGGER in *Hamlet*.

56. *The diff'rence between LEPÖRES and LEPÖRES*. “The ancients must have loved hares ; else why adopt the word *lepores* (obviously from *lepus*), but for some subtle analogy between the delicate flavour of the latter and the finer relishes of wit in what we most poorly translate *pleasantries* ? The fine madnesses of the poet are the very decoction of his diet. Thence he is hare-brained.” CHARLES LAMB, *Thoughts on Presents of Game*, &c., u.s.

60. A BUTCHER - HALL *Challenge*. “Alluding,” says a note to A, “to an Advertisement appearing, at that Time, in the public Newspapers, wherein Weston” (as to whom see note to *A Horrid and Barbarous Robbery*, l. 145, ante, p. 72), “asserted the superior Excellence of his own Method of writing Shorthand, in point of Expedition ; and offered to make Trial of Skill therein with our Author or any of his Scholars.” Neither text nor note furnishes a precise clue to the date of these stanzas, inasmuch as Weston's challenges to Byrom and his pupils were as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa (see especially *Remains*, i. 67, 76, 160-1). He was most active as a rival teacher of



And, for fear I should take his *Bread* from him, has fled straight  
From *Butcher-Hall Lane* to the Corner of *Bread-street*.

IX.

Having put our Antagonist therefore to Flight,  
I return to the Hare here ;—adzooks ! what a Weight !  
The last that you sent us was presently gone ;  
But this, o' my Word, is a Whopper o' one !  
Adzookus, whene'er we begin to see th' End on't,  
We'll remember, old ARNOLD, thy worthy Descendant ; 70  
With Knives, and with Forks, and with Spoons we will thump her,  
And then, "to the Ladies of Toft" in a Bumper !

Shorthand in Byrom's early years, about 1724-5 ; but he came out again in 1736 with "a touch upon Mr. Byrom" (*ib.*, ii. 1), as well as with a "half-sheet challenge" in the same year (*ib.*, 3) ; and on the passing of the Shorthand Act in 1742 he reprinted his old charges (*ib.*, 323). The allusion in the text is probably to the challenge of 1736. As to Weston's places of residence in London I have no further information at command. Butcher-Hall Lane, so-called from the Butcher's Hall being situate in it, and also designated as Bladder or Blow-bladder Street, and near to the church of St. Nicholas Shambles, is now King Edward Street, Newgate Street. Bread Street, Cheapside, gives

its name to one of the wards of London, and is famous as the street in which Milton was born. (CUNNINGHAM.) I can hardly suppose the meaning of l. 62 to be that James Weston had *been* removed to the churchyard of All-hallows, at the corner of Bread Street and Watling Street ; for so grim a kind of humour is but little in Byrom's way.

67. *Presently*. Immediately.

70. *We'll remember, old Arnold, thy worthy Descendant*. I cannot explain the allusion.

72. *The Ladies of Toft*. See note to l. 74 of the *Letter to R. L., Esq., on his Departure from London* (*ante*, p. 45).



## TO THE SAME,

IN ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING LETTER:

"Toft, 13th November, 1761. Friday-night.

"Dear Byrom, I have sent you a hare that was alive this day. You must remember that formerly a Toft Hare would have produced a copy of Verses, and I hope that you still like Hares as well as I do Verses. Be that as it will, I shall be glad to hear in Verse or Prose that you are as well as I could wish you to be. I grow old, stir little from home, and lament that I am not able to put myself in your way s' oft as in former days.

"With kind love to yourself and family, I remain, yours most affectionately,

R. LEYCESTER.

"You find K. George and Mr. Pitt are the present darlings of this nation. Such strange alterations happen everywhere that I shall be surprised at nothing.

To Dr. Byrom, at Manchester."

"Killed 13th November."

[I have inserted this piece "out of date," since to its author old times and old friendships were never "out of mind."]

## I.

DEAR *Peter*, this tells you as soon as it could,  
That the Hare, which you sent us, was tender and good;  
And we send you thanks for it.—You say, "a Toft Hare  
Was wont to produce a Verse-copied Affair:"  
Which is true in the main; but Philosophers oft  
Give Effects to wrong Causes. It neither was *Toft*  
Nor Hare that was really productive of Metre,  
But,—as here you may see by Self-evidence,—*Peter*.



II.

The Hare was no more than occasional *Item*,  
That if Verses were willing, one might as well write 'em ; 10  
And *Toft*, tho' within but a few *Mille Passus*,  
Was as fit for the Purpose as foreign Parnassus.  
Its good-natur'd Owner was proximate Cause  
Of the free-flowing Rime and its modified Pause,—  
The *Phæbus*, at whose *Innuendo* the Muse  
Her Assistance, *jam nunc*, knows not how to refuse.

III.

Still, it seems, "you like Verse, as you hope I like Hare."  
Ay, for Intercourse' sake ; not the worth of the Ware !  
Shops would answer your Taste with a much better Line,  
And Shambles with full as good Provender mine. 20  
Nay, if one should reflect upon Cruelty's Source  
In the Gentlemen Butchers, the HUNT, and the COURSE,

10. *If Verses were willing.* A kindly hint of the possibility to which a middle-aged muse is usually liable.

11. *Tho' within but a few MILE PASSUS.* Toft is about a mile and a half from Knutsford, which is about fifteen miles from Manchester.

14. *Its modified Pause.* Cf. *Thoughts on Rime and Blank Verse*, *infra*, ll. 45-6: "As if Blank, by its grandeur and magnified pause,  
Was secure in its freedom from any such flaws."

22. *The Gentlemen Butchers, the HUNT, and the COURSE.* This very clear deliverance on "the morality of field-sports" to a Cheshire squire proves the enduring intimacy between Byrom and his accomplished friend. Thomson's *Autumn* (which, I take it, suggested to Matthew Arnold the famous phrase of "our young barbarians")

had been first printed as far back as 1730, and Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, which maundered over beasts as well as over human beings, was not published till 1768. But the kindly instincts which prompted the sentimentalism of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and which pervaded a large proportion of its literature, are fully recognisable in Byrom. His delicate moral organisation had its counterpart in his physical temperament. He was always a very moderate eater, and at times (though not apparently on any settled plan) almost a vegetarian in his diet. In 1739 he records how a friend asked him if he still kept his children without flesh, and how, on his saying yes, the friend "pished." (*Remains*, ii. 232.) When twenty years later he wrote these verses, he may have had but little "stomach" for the "prog" which he was invited to extol in verse.

'Twere enough to prevent either Pudding or Jelly  
From storing such Carcass within a Man's Belly!

## IV.

Still I think of old *Elwall*, invited to sup  
At your *Chester* Abode, when a Hare was cut up,  
How he gave me this Answer, concerning this Prog :  
"Dost thou ever eat Hare?"—"Dost thou ever eat Dog?"—  
Don't think that hereby one intends to degrade  
The Presentment, *Sir Peter*, which now you have made ; 30  
I would only suggest that the Thanks which I render,  
Stand up on their Feet not to Hare, but Hare-sender ;

23. *Pudding*. Hare-pudding, a still extant dish.

25. *Old ELWALL*. Edward Elwall, the noted "sabbatarian," for an account of whose strange opinions and career I must refer the reader to Dr. Grosart's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (vol. xvii.). Elwall's *Dagon Fallen* (1726), together with a tract in which he was under the designation of "the Arian Jewish Sabbatarian" assailed by J. A. Taylor, is among the books in Byrom's Library; and there are several passages in his *Diary* showing how much his sympathy with conscientious heterodoxy of the mystic sort interested him in this odd personage. In February, 1729, three years after the indictment of Elwall at Stafford for blasphemy (which was quashed before going to the jury), Byrom interviewed Elwall's wife and daughter Lydia (an "intolerable talking girl") at Wolverhampton, where he had hitherto flourished both as a tradesman and as an independent theologian (*Remains*, i. 321 *seqq.*). On October the 2nd, 1730, Byrom and Houghton, after dining at Chester with Ralph Leycester, paid a visit to

Elwall. They found him keeping his Sabbath, but, says Byrom, "he came down to Mr. Leycester, Houghton, Lancaster and me." (See Byrom's *Journal*, 1730-1, in the *Chetham Library MS.*, where he adds a short account of his intercourse with Elwall on this day and on the Sunday following; cf. also *ib.*, November 10th, 1731, where he mentions a doubtful rumour of Elwall's death.) Elwall, who actually survived to 1744, lived in London in the later years of his life, and was seen there by Byrom in 1735 (*Remains*, i. 586).

Inasmuch as according to his "countryman" Johnson (see Boswell's *Life*, G. Birkbeck Hill's edition, ii. 164, 251), Elwall "held that everything in the Old Testament that was not typical, was to be of perpetual observance (and so he wore a ribband in the plaits of his coat, and he also wore a beard)," he would necessarily have objected to the eating of *hare*. According to Dr. Grosart, though Fletcher of Madeley calls Elwall a Socinian Quaker, he never joined the Society of Friends.

30. *The Presentment*. Facetiously for "the present."



V.

Whose Case you describe so exactly like mine,  
That it runneth almost in a parallel Line.  
You "grow old:"—I grow older;—" stir little from home :"—  
I less, and abroad more unable to roam ;—  
You " lament that you cannot come in a Friend's way,  
As you formerly could:"—the same also I say.  
Now, the Case being common, how should it affect us,  
Seeing, "*Aliter non fit avite Senectus?*"

40

VI.

With *Gratitude*, first, as I take it ;—a Truth  
Which is common, indeed, both to Age, and to Youth.  
But, if Youth has neglected to fill up that Page,  
—My case !—it belongs to *Executor* Age  
To supply the defect which, tho' negligent, still  
We suppose the said Youth to have had in its *Will*.  
Old *Senectus* is tied, then, for Benefits lent us,  
To pay the just Debts of *Testator Juventus*.

VII.

With *Temperance*, next ;—since if Gratitude binds,  
For the sake of past Youth, our *Senescenter* Minds,  
They must, in a Body more subject to Phthisic,  
Guard against all Excess, and turn Food into Physic.  
One sees how corpuscular Eating and Drinking  
Make Youth in its Mentals so stout and unthinking ;  
Age, therefore, altho' not so paunchful or pateful,  
Will be much better off, being sober and grateful ;—

50

40. *Aliter non fit avite Senectus*. A however, is doubtful) is an unclassical ad-  
prints the word *avite* between two commas verb signifying "from of old;" and the line  
and with a capital A, as if it were the voca- is probably of Byrom's own manufacture.  
tive of "Avitus" and he the interlocutor 50. *Senescenter*. More senescent, or in-  
in some dialogue. The word (which, inclining to old age.

## VIII.

Two Helps, without which the mere animal Pow'r  
 In young or old Blood grows insipid or sour.  
 If the two Ventilators of Life do not mix,  
 Old Age would, I find, be as cross as two Sticks. 60  
 O grant me, ye Pow'rs both of Verse and of Prose,  
 To be thoughtful and thankful, choose how the World goes,—  
 Not, tho' the old Man should become twice a Child,  
 To be peevish and fretful, but placid and mild !

## IX.

Now, as touching K. GEORGE, and his Pensioner PITT,  
 Your two present Darlings of national Wit,  
 And the strange Alterations that seem in your Eyes  
 So great, as if nothing henceforth could surprise :—  
 If you have not yet seen Men and Matters so vary,  
 As to bring you, before, to a "*Nil admirari*" 70  
 In this changeable Island, one need not be told  
 That you are but a Youngster, but newly grown old.

## X.

What a Pleasure to come has our Coming to Age,  
 To emancipate Thought from so shifting a Stage ;

62. *Choose how.* However. Cf. *ante*, height when towards the close of the year  
 p. 95, *Verses spoken extempore at the* war had actually to be declared against  
*Meeting of a Club*, l. 10 and note. Spain.

65. K. GEORGE and his Pensioner PITT. The coronation of the young King had  
 Pitt resigned office early in October, 1761, taken place in September ; but, although  
 his advice to declare war against Spain his English birth and breeding, his youth,  
 having been overruled, but accepted from and his kindly courtesy had given rise  
 King George III. a pension of £3,000 to a warm feeling in his favour, he  
 a year, with a peerage for his wife. His had already forfeited much of it in con-  
 popularity, however, soon blazed forth sequence of the agitation against Lord  
 with renewed strength, and rose to its Bute.



And to fix it on Matters that will, in all Cases,  
Stand firm on their solid, immoveable Bases,—  
Real Objects! Your Epitaph, else, on the Hare,  
"KILL'D *November* 13th," is but one of a Pair  
With a poor hunted Peer's, "DECOLLAT. such a Day ;"  
What more than the *Puss* has the *Peerage*, I pray ?

80

# XI.

It would else be too true, what comes into my Mind,  
How our old Master *Bentley* divided Mankind.  
He was talking of Short-Hand, and how an erroneous  
"Natare" the Blockheads had made *Suëtonius*  
To write, for "Notare ;" —the World, he then said,  
Was made up of two Sorts, "Worriërs, Worriëd."

79. "A poor hunted Peer's: 'DECOLLAT. such a day.'" The allusion is of course to the beheading of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino in 1746, and of Lord Lovat in 1747. Cf. *The Contrast between Two Executed Lords, infra*.

83-5. *How an erroneous*  
"NATARE" the Blockheads had made  
SUËTONIUS

To write for "NOTARE."

I am afraid that "Suetonius" must be accentuated here as if the word consisted of five syllables.

Byrom repeatedly recurs to the passage in Suetonius *de Vita Caesarum*, lib. ii. (*Divus Augustus*), c. 64, concerning the care bestowed by Augustus on the early education of his grandsons: "*Nepotes et literas et notare aliaque rudimenta per se plerumque docuit*;" and to Bentley's conjecture of *notare* (to write in characters) for *natare* (to swim), which has been adopted by later editors. The application to shorthand was of course merely Bentley's fun, and was elaborated as such by his

pupil. See Byrom's speech to the Short-hand Society founded by himself for the preservation of his system, February 28th, 1728, where he cites Augustus as both a practitioner and a teacher of Shorthand: "I know the vulgar editions of that author, by substituting, or perhaps not daring to alter, the word *natare* for *notare*, by a solecism of one poor word allot the Emperor an employment very unsuitable to an uncle [*sic*] or monarch, that of teaching his nephews to swim. A pretty posture, indeed, for Augustus, to stand upon the banks of the Tiber exhorting Tiberius and Caius to cut strokes in the water; or, in some private bath, perhaps to play the frog himself, and teach them the rudiments of so polite a service. But this only shows that we have more editors than critics,—that there are few blunders a librarian can make but a commentator will defend." (*Remains*, i. 216.) See also *An Epistle to a Friend on the Art of English Poetry, infra*, l. 107.

*Dick*, he told me, should learn, and amidst the World's Hurry,  
As the potenter Choice, be a *Lawyer* and "worry."

## XII.

You see now, old Friend, how intentional Aim  
Sets out to comply with your *Copyhold* Claim ;  
And how Age would run on, if the Muse did not fix  
The Rhythmus of Dactyls to ninety-and-six,  
And prompt, what the Household requires me to add :  
That to hear of *Toft* Welfare they always are glad,  
Being always possess'd of a competent Stock  
"Of the best of good Wishes for all your whole Flock."

90

91 How age.—B.

96 For the whole of your flock.—B.

87-8. DICK, *he told me*, &c. Richard Bentley, junior, was, however, in point of fact brought up to no profession but that of miscellaneous authorship. Horace Walpole, who liked and used him for several years, till the inevitable quarrel occurred, wrote of him as having "more sense, judgment, and wit, more taste, and more misfortunes, than sure ever met in any man. I have heard," Horace Wal-

pole amiably adds, "that Dr. Bentley, regretting his want of taste for all such learning as his, which is the very want of taste, used to sigh and say, 'Tully had his Marcus.' If the sons resembled as much as the fathers did, at least in variety, I would be the modest agreeable 'Marcus.'" HORACE WALPOLE TO GEORGE MONTAGU (1750), *Letters*, ed. Cunningham (1886), ii. 210.



## “THE ART OF ACTING.”

[It is a great satisfaction to me to include in the present edition of Byrom's *Poems* the following, in my judgment extremely interesting, stanzas, from the *MS. "S. Richardson Correspondence"* in the Forster Library at South Kensington, to which I was made welcome by its ever courteous and obliging Librarian, Mr. R. P. Sketchley. It is there marked "Dr. Byrom;" nor can there be the slightest doubt but that it is correctly attributed to him.

Aaron Hill's strange career has been recently re-told by Mr. Leslie Stephen in a notice of him in vol xxvi. of *The Dictionary of National Biography*, largely based on the amusing life forming part of *The Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland*, 1753; see vol. v., pp. 252-276. (This series purports to be written "by Mr." [Theophilus] "Cibber, and other Hands," but was really by Robert Shiels. See Johnson's *Life of Hammond* in *Lives of the Poets*.) His course from the first followed eccentric grooves. The circumstances of his birth might have seemed to open a sure prospect of an excellent education in youth, with tranquil affluence to follow, but his father's selfishness left both him and his fortunes very much the sport of accident. He was an Eastern traveller at a time when he should have been intent on his removal from the fourth to the fifth form at Westminster School, and had written a history of Turkey before he had completed the twenty-fifth year of his life. At this date (1709) he likewise published a vindication in verse of the military qualities of Lord Peterborough; was made manager of Drury-Lane, and wrote his first tragedy "in little more than a week." In 1710 he further charged himself with the management of the Opera-House in the Haymarket, for which he wrote the libretto of *Rinaldo*, the first opera composed by Handel in England. Hill's genius decidedly lay in the direction of the theatre; but he soon threw up both managements. He had now married a wealthy wife, by whom he had a large family.

In 1715 he obtained a patent for the making of oil from beech-nuts, the first of a series of ambitious and unlucky speculations in which he lost much money, but which he was not the less fain to sing in "Pindaric" verse. Nor did they prevent him from producing in rapid

succession a long series of contributions to dramatic, epic, didactic, and other branches of literature; not to mention his controversy with Pope, in which, as the more straightforward and long-winded of the combatants, he cannot be said to have come off badly. After his retirement to Plaistow in Essex he continued his inexhaustible literary productivity, which I cannot here pursue in detail. To take only a single species of verse-writing, Dryden himself can hardly have produced a larger number of prologues and epilogues than Hill; although it must be confessed that Hill's multitudinous efforts of this description possess none of the merits, if they are without the chief blemish, of Dryden's. For the rest, Aaron Hill wrote on every subject between *The Creation* and *The Judgment-Day* (both inclusive), in a style which never mounted high, and occasionally approached perilously near to bathos. He was in fact one of those who mistake intellectual activity for intellectual power, and who are only the more surely forgotten because of their indefatigable efforts to be remembered. But he had aspirations which were not ignoble, and he was singularly free from two besetting literary sins of his times,—personal pettiness and fashionable pruriency. Moreover, he was gifted with insight into the dramatic art, which he assiduously cultivated, and which stood him in good stead in his own plays; although Bolingbroke was unusually reckless in ranking one of these among "the noblest dramas our language or any age can boast." Aaron Hill died February 8th, 1749, according to his biographer "in the very minute of the earthquake;" and he is buried in Westminster.

The poem entitled *The Art of Acting* will be found in vol. iii. pp. 385-408 of the second edition, in four vols., of *The [non-dramatic] Works of Aaron Hill*, published "for the Benefit of the Family." It had first appeared in 1746, with a rather absurd dedication to Lord Chesterfield, from whose absence as Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland—

("Happier *Ierne!* mourn our drains no more;  
Richly *reveng'd*, thou drain'st a nobler store,")—

the author takes occasion to mourn the blank prospect before the English Muses and the English Stage. (Hill's *Tears of the Muses*, by the way, for which see vol. iv. of his *Works*, represents an attempt, more happily conceived than executed, to adapt Spenser's famous lament to the circumstances of the author's own times.) Thus, by a rather abrupt transition, he passes to his proper theme, the statement of



his theory of the Art of Acting. Nothing simpler than this theory could well be imagined; and lest it should have been obscured by the luxuriant wealth of his poetic diction, the author afterwards reproduced it in prose (see *An Essay on the Art of Acting*, in *Works*, vol. iv. pp. 337-396). The gist of the whole lies in the following passage:

"1st. The imagination must conceive a strong *idea* of the passion.

"2dly. But that idea cannot *strongly* be conceived without impressing its own form upon the muscles of the *face*.

"3dly. Nor *can* the look be muscularly stamp'd, without communicating, instantly, the same impression to the muscles of the *body*.

"4thly. The muscles of the body (brac'd or slack, as the idea was an active or a passive one) must, in their natural and not-to-be-avoided consequence, by impelling or retarding the flow of the animal spirits, transmit their own conceiv'd sensation to the sound of the voice, and to the disposition of the gesture."

This rule is hereupon with considerable sagacity, and with impressive decisiveness, applied to the "ten dramatic passions" recognised by the writer. "All others," he says, are but "relative to, and but varied degrees of these." At the risk of wearying the reader, I reproduce Hill's applications in his own prose summary, but am forced to omit the *rationale* subjoined by him:

"Joy is expressed by muscles intense,—and a smile in the eye;

ANGER, by muscles intense,—and a frown in the eye;

PITY, by muscles intense,—and a sadness in the eye;

HATRED, by muscles intense,—and aversion in the eye;

WONDER, by muscles intense,—and an awful alarm in the eye;

LOVE, by muscles intense,—and a respectful attachment in the eye;

GRIEF, by neither muscles nor eye intense,—but both languid;

FEAR, by muscles and look both languid,—with an alarm in eye and motion.

SCORN, by muscles languid and neglected,—with a smile in the eye, to express the *light*,—or a frown in the eye, for the *serious*—species.

JEALOUSY, by muscles intense,—and the look pensive; or the look intense, and muscles languid, interchangeably."

All this being granted, and accounted for, it is clear that the actor's primary task is to conceive so strong an idea of each passion which he desires to represent, as to move the same springs within his mind as

would be touched were the passion itself to move. The rest is mere matter of practice; and this can be accomplished with the aid of "a long, upright looking-glass"—and of the necessary intelligence.

Aaron Hill's theory seems to me very good as far as it goes, which is not very far. Beyond a doubt, an indispensable part of every true actor's work as an artist is to *conceive* the character which he aims at representing; and this a vigorous and lively imagination may be trusted to accomplish, so long as the particular passion or play of passions, which a character is intended to convey, has been clearly ascertained. I remember a "controversy" not long since, in which two very distinguished actors, MM. Gôt and Coquelin, took part, and which turned on the question whether an actor was likely to succeed best if he felt the part he was representing, or if he was free from any such feeling. The question was an idle one: for whether he "feel" it or not, no actor can successfully represent a part, unless he has *imagined* it. But this is precisely the point in which inferior actors fail; while a yet inferior class is incapable even of understanding what it behoves them to imagine. Concerning Aaron Hill's elaboration of the physiological application of his theory I offer no opinion. Probably, rather more is needed for the kind of study recommended by him than the tallest and most upright of mirrors.

It will be observed that Byrom's stanzas in point of fact bear very slightly upon Aaron Hill's theory proper, whatever it may be worth, but speedily fall back on the "previous question": whether the Art of Acting is worth any serious discussion at all? Undoubtedly, this Art was at the time attracting no ordinary share of the attention of the literary public. I do not know the date of *An Essay on the Theatres*, or, *The Art of Acting, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry*, which is printed in *The Harleian Miscellany*, vol. xii. pp. 146 *seqq.*; but it must have been written before 1748, the year of the death of John Hippiusley the actor, who is mentioned in it as a living man. It is a light piece, something in the style of *The Rosciad*. In 1750 was published *The Actor: A Treatise on the Art of Playing*. This volume, as Mr. Charles Hughes (whom I have to thank for the loan of it) has pointed out to me, is ascribed by Lowndes to Aaron Hill, probably owing to a confusion between the latter and Dr. John Hill, who is thought by Mr. R. W. Lowe (*A Bibliographical Account of Theatrical Literature*, 1888,



p. 175) to have probably been the author of *The Actor*, of which a continuation came out in 1755. (Aaron Hill had died in 1749.) This series of essays or papers takes a wide range, such as theatrical criticism ought to take if designed to please anybody but "the Actor" himself. Robert Lloyd's *The Actor* was, as is well-known, quickly succeeded by Churchill's *Rosciad* (1761), which marks the climax of the literary fashion under notice.

Byrom's aversion to the stage was, as has been seen from previous poems, a sentiment of early growth. When he was a young man, opera and pantomime divided the favours of the town between them; and as a man of letters, to mention no other points of view, he had a healthy contempt for both these hybrids. (Cf. *A Letter to R. L.*, ante, p. 30; *Epilogue to HURLOTHRUMBO*, ante, p. 138; and Introductory Notes, *ib.*) As his principles of life and conduct established themselves with greater fixity, moulding themselves more and more on the precepts of his "master" Law, his contempt for the stage of his times as a would-be intellectual entertainment developed into condemnation of the theatre as an engine of moral corruption. "The playhouse," writes Law in his treatise *On Christian Perfection*, "is as certainly the house of the devil as the Church is the house of God." The disciple, although such wholesale denunciations were little to his taste, could not but seek to adhere as closely as possible to the master.

But a special interest belongs to Byrom's cavils against the stage in these stanzas owing to the fact that they are addressed by him (l. 8) to "Richardson and Freke," and emphasised (ll. 51 *seqq.*) by a warm tribute to the genius of the former. This is the more noticeable, inasmuch as Aaron Hill himself had a cordial admiration for Richardson, with whom he corresponded (see *Works*, iii. 301 *et al.*), whose *Pamela* he sang while still ignorant of its authorship (*ib.*, iii. 348) and whose *Clarissa* led him to pay its "editor" the exquisitely absurd compliment of entreating him to let his next masterpiece be in verse (*ib.*, iv. 66).

Byrom's own feelings towards Richardson, both as a writer and as a personal acquaintance, seem to have been those of sincere regard. (See his mention on March 11th, 1741, of *Pamela*, shortly after its first appearance (*Remains*, ii. 304); his friendly dealings with him as printer of the *Letter to the Templar* and *Enthusiasm* (*ib.*, 520-1), and a reference to Byrom's "kindly remembrance" of him in the letter of a common

friend (*ib.*, 596). Of John Freke (1688–1756), the eminent London surgeon, who was also held in high estimation as “a man of parts, learned in science, a judge of painting and of music,” see a notice, from the congenial pen of Dr. Norman Moore, in vol. xx. of *The Dictionary of National Biography*. There are several references to him and to Byrom’s intimacy with him in the latter part of the *Remains* (ii. 320, 423 *et al.*) It has been thought possible that Freke was the “*Templar*” to whom Byrom’s *Epistle* was addressed, and whom Bishop Sherlock in fun charged with having helped Byrom to make his verses. He certainly, together with Richardson, corrected the proof-sheets of *Enthusiasm* (*ib.*, 521). His death is sympathetically recorded in a letter from Lindsay to Byrom (*ib.*, 591).

The works of Richardson beyond all doubt began a new epoch in English literature, of which the influences were widely felt in other literatures, and which has not yet come to an end. In the course of this period Prose Fiction superseded the drama as the most widely effective literary form; while the stage came to be dissociated from the progress of contemporary letters. A reaction is thought to be at last setting in; but, whatever may prove to be its strength and its ultimate results, the relative claims of the novel and of the acted drama cannot be adjusted in quite so perfunctory a way as that attempted by the gentle fanatic who composed the ensuing stanzas.]

## I.

THE *Art of Acting*, Sir, by Aaron Hill,  
Shows that the Man has a poetic Quill,—  
A lively Turn of Thought, that could afford  
Of Rimes and Epithets a plenteous Hoard;  
That could the Subject, which he had in View,  
Thro’ ev’ry Maze of winding Wit pursue.

## II.

Nevertheless,—with Freedom may I speak?  
Yes, to be sure, to R——n or F——ke!—



I would have chosen, had I been to choose,  
Another Subject for Friend Aaron's Muse ; 10  
And left to manage for itself the Stage,  
The Nonsense, Folly, Madness of the Age.

III.

Tho' one may praise the Verse, one grieves to feel  
A Bard's Invention rack'd upon the Wheel  
To show the muscular Effect of Thought  
In Looks and Features, Nerves and Sinews, wrought,—  
For what? To teach his Buskin-footed Fools  
How to belie their Want of Sense by Rules!

IV.

The Soul, it seems, what passes by observes  
From some snug Place behind the Optic Nerves ; 20  
If pleas'd with Objects, she dilates the Brow ;  
If not, contracts, to frown them out, somehow ;  
And then the Muscles of the Face and Neck,  
Contiguous, take their Bias from her Beck.

V.

Thus, in progressive Impulse, thro' the Whole,  
Each Part obeys the Meaning of the Soul ;

17 *Buskin-footed.* Buskin-pated MS.(!)

9. *Had I been to choose.* Had I been Strung to obsequious bend, the *musc'ly*  
called upon to choose. frame

15. *The muscular effect of Thought.* Strings the shown image.—*Pleasure, pity,*  
See *Introductory Note.* shame,

19. *The Soul, it seems, &c.* Anger, grief, terror, catch th' adaptive  
"Shap'd in *conception's* mould, nature's spring,

prompt skill While the eye darts it, and the accents  
Bids subject nerves obey th' inspiring ring."

WILL :

—*The Art of Acting.*



Thought shapes the Look, Look Muscles, Muscles Mien ;  
 One Chain of Action runs each Step between ;  
 While Voice and Movement, Gesture, and the like,  
 All in one Concert are oblig'd to strike.

30

## VI.

This is the System, if I take it true,—  
 The Art which, as he says, is Nature too.  
 Grant it,—'tis what his Muse in tuneful Lays,  
 Tho' now and then a little harsh, displays ;  
 Yet all this while, this Art of Looks and Limbs  
 Is ill-bestow'd upon Theatric Whims.

## VII.

Actors and Actresses, I say again,  
 Are not the Pupils worthy of his Pen.  
 That Muse, which histrionic Wits applaud,  
 The Wise will think no better than a Bawd.  
 What "*Heliconian Nymph*" but would disdain  
 To dangle after those of *Drury-Lane*?

40

## VIII.

But, "Hold!" says mine.—"Why, what's the matter, Dame?"—  
 "Matter? Why, do you think you can reclaim

33—4. 'Tis what his Muse in tuneful  
*Lays,*  
 Though now and then a little harsh, dis-  
*plays.*

This guarded compliment recalls Warburton's praise of Byrom's own verse: "His poetical Epistles . . . were it not for some unaccountable negligences in his verse and language, would show us, that he has hit upon the right style for familiar

didactic Epistles in verse." (*Letters to Hurd*, p. 97 ; cf. *Remains*, ii. 522 note.)

41. What "*HELICONIAN NYMPH*."  
 There may be here an allusion to a line in Aaron Hill's *Progress of Wit, a Caveat for an Eminent Writer* (in which "Alexis" was intended for Pope):  
 "And each cold-croaking *Heliconian* frog  
 Leaps scornful, and bestrides th' un-  
 reigning log." —(*Works*, iii. 372.)



This aged Bard, so eager as to call  
The Censure upon Players Cant's low Crawl?"—  
"No, Madam; I can hardly hope for that."—  
"No? Then, what is it that you would be at?"—

IX.

"Only, to tell a certain Friend of mine  
That put it in my Head, what I opine."— 50  
"A certain Friend? What! He, who in plain Prose  
Without our Help has ventur'd to expose  
Vice in its odious colours, and to paint  
In his *Clarissa's* Life and Death a Saint?"—

X.

"Yes."—"Why, then, hush! and spare the Playhouse Bard!  
We must maintain our Poor, and Times are hard.  
The Tragic Jades cry: 'What becomes of us,  
If prosing Fiction may distribute thus  
All that is worth the Notice in a Play?'"—  
"Well, my dear Muse,—I have no more to say."

---

45. *This aged Bard.* This is a little after a fashion not usual with Byrom, but  
cruel, as the age of the author of the *Art* the meaning is obvious.  
*of Acting*, was, at the date of its first pub- 56. *Times are hard.* "Those who live  
lication, 61 years. The next line lumbers to please must please to live."

## ADDENDUM.

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PAGES 85 *seqq.* ADVICE TO THE REV. MESSRS. H— AND H—  
TO PREACH SLOW.

In the Introductory Note to these stanzas I omitted to notice "*An Answer to Dr. Byrom's Verses to Messrs. Haddon and Hayward upon preaching slow*, by the Rev. Thomas Cattell, M.A.," printed by Dr. Renaud in his edition of the late Canon Raines' *Fellows of the Collegiate Church of Manchester*, part ii. p. 231 (*Chetham Society's Publications*, 1891). This "Answer" begins :

"Brethren, as now I write in haste,  
So I would have you to preach fast ;  
To give the words of your Discourse  
Their proper time, and life, and force, &c."

and continues, with much spirit, in the same vein through the same number of lines as the original. Canon Raines adds :

"These lines have not been published. The impressive element was what he" (their author) "desired in a sermon, and he who wished to affect the heart, and to bring it humbled and broken to the Saviour, was not ignorant of what the pulpit demanded. What Mr. Cattell was himself as a Preacher is now unknown, but the earnest appeal, the tender tone of entreaty, the persuasive setting-forth of Christ, were obviously regarded by him to be essential parts of eloquence, and necessary requirements in a successful clergyman.

"Mr. Crossley thought that there was internal evidence that these admirable verses were written by Byrom himself. The style is his. Miss Atherton was aware of the lines, and, although intimately acquainted with probably all her ancestor's poems, did not seem to doubt that they were Cattell's."

No doubt Miss Atherton was right. Why should Byrom have gone out of his way to parody himself? Of course, "the style is his."



# The Fiftieth Report

(11th of the NEW SERIES)

OF THE

## COUNCIL OF THE CHETHAM SOCIETY,

*Read at the Annual Meeting, held by permission of the Feoffees, in the  
Audit Room of Chetham's Hospital, on Friday, the 5th of  
May, 1893, by adjournment from the 1st of March.*

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THE CHETHAM SOCIETY has now completed the fiftieth year of its existence. It was on the 23rd of March, 1843, that it was formally constituted, under the Presidency of Dr. Edward Holme, and the first Council elected. That Council included among its members five who long continued, with signal advantage to the Society, to be its ruling spirits—Canon Parkinson, Mr. James Crossley, Mr. Langton, Canon Raines, and Mr. Corser. To them the Society is indebted for some of the most valuable and useful of its publications. Of the first Council one member, and one only, still survives, Mr. James Heywood, F.R.S., though several original members of the Society are still living and still interested in its welfare. Twenty-five works were proposed for publication. Of these, sixteen have been issued by the Society. One—the Chartulary of the Priory of Lancaster—is now, after fifty years, in course of publication, another—the *Annales Cestrienses*, or Chronicle of St. Werburg—has been printed by the Record Society, while the remaining seven have, for various reasons, been dropped from

the list of contemplated works, though it would certainly be expedient to print one or two of them, should competent and willing editors be found.

With the thirty-ninth year of the Society's existence (1881-2) the First Series of its publications came to an end. Five volumes, besides the General Index from vol. 31 to the end of the First Series, were then in arrear; no other volume had been commenced, or even decided upon; the number of members had considerably diminished, and several of the older members of the Council were unwilling to give it their further assistance, and thought, perhaps not unnaturally, that the Society should come to an end. Happily other counsels prevailed, the venerable President consented to the continuation of a Society with which his own name and his literary reputation were so closely connected; competent and zealous editors were found for works of acknowledged interest, and a New Series of publications was decided on. For several years, however, the Council had the double work of not only making up the arrears of the Old Series, but of superintending the publication of the volumes for the New Series, and necessarily for some years the arrears increased. In 1888 the last volume of the Old Series was issued. Several causes have hitherto prevented the completion of that Series by the publication of the Index volume, but to-day the Council has the satisfaction of issuing to the members this long promised and long delayed Index to the last 84 volumes of the Old Series, as well as two volumes of the New Series, the second for the year 1891-2, and the first for 1892-3. The second volume for the year 1892-3 is already in the press, and will be ready in a few weeks. The work of the Society is therefore no longer in arrear, and the Council hope and believe that the volumes which have been issued during the last ten years will compare favourably with the earlier volumes of the Society, both in interest and in real utility.

The late Sir Stephen Glynne's "Notes on the Churches of Lancashire," edited by CANON ATKINSON, are undoubtedly of value and interest. Sir Stephen was a competent ecclesiologist and antiquary, and a careful and correct observer. The majority of the churches were visited by him in or about 1833, but some of them as late as 1873. There is, however, scarcely one church which at present remains in the condition in which it was at the date of his visit, and of many of them



his Notes form the only accurate description of the building as it was at that time. The Editor has supplemented these Notes by interesting details of ancient stones, inscriptions, brasses, tombs, and monuments, and especially by notices of old silver communion plate and bells with their inscriptions. In addition, he has recorded the alterations made in the churches up to the present time, so that the volume cannot fail to be acceptable to all who are interested in the ancient parish churches of Lancashire.

The Chartulary of the Priory of Lancaster, of which the first volume has already been issued and the second of which will shortly be in the members' hands, contains a large amount of information relating to persons and places in the northern part of the County in the thirteenth century, and forms a worthy successor to the Chartularies of Whalley and Furness, while the translation adds very greatly to the value of the work, and renders it accessible to many to whom it would otherwise have been a sealed book. The Chartulary is, however, only the introduction to the subsequent History of the Church of Lancaster, which MR. ROPER has in hand.

The second volume of MR. ROPER's Chartulary of Lancaster Priory, and a volume of Lancashire and Cheshire Wills, edited by MR. EARWAKER, form the publications for 1892-3. The Wills are of no less interest than the other volume devoted to the same subject which MR. EARWAKER has edited for the Society.

The long contemplated Poems and Common-place Book of John Byrom, including his Journal and Letters for the year 1730-31, edited by DR. WARD, will probably form the volumes for 1893-4.

The Council regret that it has not been found possible that the Life of Humphrey Chetham, undertaken by MR. C. W. SUTTON, should appear as one of the volumes for 1892-3, the jubilee year of the Society. MR. SUTTON has found that the work requires more time and labour than he originally anticipated, but it will be satisfactory to the members to know that he has made progress with it, and that it will probably be in the printer's hands before long.

The Council are glad to state that MR. W. A. SHAW has now undertaken to edit the Minutes of the Bury and Bolton Presbyterian Classis. These Minutes, with those of the Manchester Classis were among the original twenty-five works contemplated by the Society.

The following further works are in progress :—

*The Note Book of Thomas Jollie.* By Lieut.-Col. H. FISHWICK, F.S.A.

*The Lancashire Recusants of 1716: being a True List of the names of those convicted as Popish Recusants at the several Quarter Sessions within the County Palatine of Lancaster.* By JOSEPH GILLOW, Esq.

*Lancashire and Cheshire Wills. Third Collection.* By J. P. EARWAKER, M.A., F.S.A.

*History of the Chapelry of Newton.* By Rev. ERNEST F. LETTS, M.A.

*History of the Chapelry of Stretford.* By H. T. CROFTON, Esq.

*Visitationes exemptæ jurisdictionis Abbatis et Conventus Beatæ Mariæ Virginis de Whalley, A.D. 1500-1538.*



**Dr.**     *The Treasurer in Account with the Chetham Society, for the year ending February 28th, 1893.*     **Cr.**

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
By 199 Subscriptions for current year .....	199	0	0	To C. Simms & Co.—			
„ 154 Subscriptions collected for previous years.....	154	0	0	Vol. 26, “Materials for the History of the Church of Lancaster,” Part I.....	104	6	11
„ 7 Subscriptions paid in advance .....	7	0	0	Vol. 27, “Lancashire Churches.” .....	78	1	5
„ Books sold.....	8	18	10	“General Index.” .....	80	0	0
„ Consol dividends on £200 stock.....	5	7	4	Printing in progress .....	71	18	7
„ Bank interest.....	3	1	3	„ Sundry printing, Carriage of Vols., Stamped Envelopes, &c. ....	7	14	8
				„ Postages, &c. ....	0	15	5
				„ Mr. J. P. Earwaker for copying Wills at Chester, for a future Volume of the Society’s Series .....	21	0	0
Audited and found correct, 9th June, 1893.				„ Mr. W. A. Shaw, Collating Minutes of the Bolton Classis .....	3	10	0
				„ Sutton and Co., for Carriage of Vols. to Members:—			
				February, 1892 .....	4	13	2
				September, 1892.....	4	5	4
				„ Guardian Fire Assurance Society .....	1	5	0
				Balance in Bank Feb. 28th, 1893 .....	377	10	6
„ Balance brought forward from 1st March, 1892 .....	191	19	9		191	16	8
					£569	7	2

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